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BRITISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

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I

I HAVE been asked by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to write an article comparing daily journalism in America and Great Britain.

Broadly, the differences between journalism in America and in Great Britain and France are those of the people themselves. We had a habit of dismissing French journalism rather summarily, but there is one thing of which both London and New York could make a limited adaptation. The leading articles in the Paris press are a mixture of editorial opinion and news-interpretation. This feature is to some extent supplied in the London press by the leaders on the editorial page. I should personally like to read daily such a paper as the *Temps* or the *Journal des Débats*. On the other hand, the French papers have little news enterprise as we understand such enterprise, and our press, by accepting subsidies from political and private interests, would suffer a greater loss of public respect than does the press of Paris, where the practice is more or less countenanced. I do not mean to say that all papers in Paris are subsidized, but certainly all suffer from the fact that many of them are.

The British press has several marked advantages over ours. I should perhaps

put first that it has a big and interesting world to talk about. The interests of the British Empire, with its naval and governmental connections to make them real, are wide and varied. The newspaper reader may look at the map with an interest that is more than academic. I remember when I acquired a controlling interest in the *Baltimore News*, something over twenty-five years ago, I asked the head of the *Washington Star* to give me the secret of the success of that paper. He replied, 'I can do it almost in a sentence. If that corner drug-store over there should burn down and on the same day an earthquake should kill 10,000 people in Greece, the fire would have a column in the *Star* and the earthquake a stick.'

To the British, an event in Kamschatka or Chittigong is worth printing, and is perhaps editorialized about. Americans who have been in London might say that the British papers practically ignore American news. That is because there are not enough Americans to justify giving space to American news as such, and the British themselves have not been interested. One reason why I am in favor of the League of Nations is that it will tend to increase the interest of our people in the world beyond seas.

Of even greater advantage to the

press is the British system of government. Government by public opinion is very real. Parliament is the agent of the people: they have the power of enforcing their views at any moment. I do not say that this is a better system than ours. Perhaps it is too much of a 'push-button control,' and needs checks and balances to prevent too ready a use. Certainly it is less adapted to war than our system, but it is a great thing for the press. Matter about the government is 'hot stuff,' to describe it in journalese. A big debate in the House of Commons has the sporting interest of a prize-fight: it is for blood and not mere 'hippodrome.' The ministry may fall. If it does, a new one must be provided largely by newspaper readers. Reports of our Congressional debates are so dead that readers will not look at them, consequently newspapers cannot print them. They are futile, and no other man will shy away from futility as quickly as the American. The process by which changes are accomplished in the United States is indirect, indefinite, clumsy, and tedious.

Thus we in America are driven to find ways to interest and educate our reading publics. Our British brethren have those ways ready made for them. Criminal and kindred matter is thus forced to the front. I doubt if we print a greater volume of it than does the British press, but it is more in the foreground. This affects the character of the paper. Form thus becomes actually a matter of substance. The British papers all use the same kind of matter, but it is snugly tucked away, always on the same page and under modest headlines, where the British reader never fails to find it. I should say that this class of matter is more carefully read in British than in American papers. The fact that the American papers, or the general run of them, fling it in our faces certainly deters many people from reading

it. But this practice puts a stamp of vulgarity and bad taste on the paper that adopts it.

Lacking parliamentary debates and interest in world-news, and having acquired the bad habit of thinking that there must be something big, whether or no, every morning or every evening, we are too much inclined to 'play' sensations from the police stations and the courts. The London papers may have a high degree of life without any sensationalism at all. For this and other reasons London papers are better made up than ours, and they are not so ready to sacrifice order for window-dressing. Even our best papers mass their big stories on the front page. This makes it necessary to run continued lines, which are vexatious, and which tend to prevent newspaper reading in an orderly and thorough way.

As the London papers give their first page to advertisements, they are not tempted to follow our bad example. One often hears from Americans criticism of this practice, but there are points in its favor. First-page advertising renders impossible an over-emphasis which is one of our vices. I can testify personally to the fact that a regular reader gets used to this make-up and finds it most satisfactory. There is a certain reserve about it. One feels that he is not being overwhelmed by clamorous exploitation. It seems idiotic to have to be dictated to by make-up and headline artists as to the value of news.

It is surprising how otherwise sober American papers have been drawn into the fashions initiated by the 'yellows.' Every reasonable person is conscious of the impossibility of making the impression that is sought to be created by the headlines, namely, that the world is coming to an end every day. My own experience in writing for sober papers is that I hear much more from an

article modestly inserted on the second or third page than from one exploited on the first, especially if there is a continued line. The British have a way continuing an article to the bottom of the next column, which saves tops of columns for display. There are some signs of importing this extreme display of ours into London, but it is hoped that the end of the war will bring with it a return to the soberer methods. I am afraid that our extremes in this matter have already had a widespread effect in teaching people to read headlines only. I do not want to comment light-heartedly, for a thing that has gone so far must have some deep reason. Perhaps it is American to want to know the big things quick and to have them writ large. I should like very much to see some well-established American newspaper go back to the old way and give it a thorough trying-out. With our insistence on telling the whole story in the headlines as well as in the body of the article, we should at least eliminate the conflict between the two. To the outsider it often seems as if the headline writer had only skimmed through the copy and had no thorough-going idea of what it contained. An insider knows the difficulties that must be contended with — the unavoidable hurry and counting of letters and words, and the general confusion of the daily-newspaper office, especially around press-time. After all allowance is made, however, the headline seems to me to be one of the points of inferiority in the British-American comparison.

I consider the London papers on the average better written than ours. Especially is this true of editorials, or leaders, as they are called over there. The men who go out after the news are not up to our average as human beings. I think that they are outrageously treated by the public, and they would

not stand it if they had the same independence and sense of equality that Americans in their class have. A good reporter in an American city is a member of the community who is entitled to respect. Intrinsically he should belong to the same general class as statemen and diplomats, and he really is a greater influence in the world than many diplomats and statesmen. But in England 'press men,' as they are called, are patronized by their inferiors.

Naturally, in an old country like England writing is more of a profession than in America. Writers are bred from generation to generation. In conceding superiority on the average, I except the editorial writing that one may find in a few of our American papers, which is of a high literary quality and perhaps excels in force. I am not sure that, taking the country as a whole, our journalism has sought to develop editorial writing in the English sense. I have often heard the late W. R. Nelson, founder of one of our greatest provincial papers and a man whom in some respects I would put above any English editor, say that a newspaper should always be promoting its reporters to editorial-writing positions. Several very accomplished editorial writers were developed by the literary and intellectual traditions and environment of that particular paper, but Mr. Nelson preferred directness and simplicity, and finally got around to an editorial page without any long articles at all. His idea was to tell his readers in a few sentences exactly what his paper stood for.

He was a master in his judgment of the American people, and perhaps his opinions on editorial writing were sound, for such a clientèle as he served in the Middle West. But every London paper has leaders that are intellectually respectable both in the thought and in the presentation. I do not mean that there is literary affectation. The effort

is mainly in the direction of sound reasoning. Often there is a pictorial quality in the English leader that makes the points more easily understood. I recall a single sentence in the *Morning Post's* editorial on the Asquith Cabinet just before it came to grief: 'Asquith folds his hands; Sir Edward Grey wrings his hands; and all the rest rub their hands.' A column of fine writing would not have driven the point home so well at that particular moment.

The editorial work of Ian D. Colvin in the *Morning Post* is worth the price of the paper every morning. One seldom agrees with it, but it is always delightful and often instructive. The *Post* is a 'stand-pat' paper that hates and wards off everything that is progressive. But it is very difficult to be at once pious and interesting, and if a newspaper wishes to do the kind of thing that we all used to enjoy so much in the New York *Sun*, it must hold a brief for the devil. The *Morning Post*, by the way, is one of the most interesting of the British dailies. It is owned by a woman—Lady Bathurst. It has a tradition of presenting the news in a form most satisfying to a normally intelligent person. One values it as much for what it leaves out as for what it publishes. One will get in that paper an old-fashioned story about a current event, which is just what such a reader wants. It is published for a powerful but small constituency. Perhaps its circulation is over 50,000, but not much. It numbers among its readers a very large proportion of what is known as the ruling class. The qualifications for membership in that class are social as well as political. Deride such people as you will; they still have a solid and far-reaching influence in England. But the *Morning Post* as a newspaper enterprise cannot be counted in the same class with some of its competitors.

II

Lord Northcliffe is the master in Fleet Street. As I see him in his relations to journalism and the British press, his success is largely because of, first, his belief in the masses and, what is a part of the same thing, his sense of trusteeship of the public interest; second, his audacity; third, his energy; and fourth, his nose for news. His papers are literally bursting with prosperity. There is a reason. Others who have been purely sensationalists at bottom have had short periods of success, but Northcliffe goes on to greater and greater achievements. It is true, as Lloyd George said, that the *Times* is merely a threepenny edition of the *Daily Mail*, but it is extremely doubtful whether in all its long career the *Times* has ever really wielded more influence than it does to-day. The well-known witticism hits the bull's-eye. 'The *Times* is not the paper it used to be,' said somebody, many years ago. 'It never was,' replied someone else.

I have no desire to advertise Lord Northcliffe unduly; he does not need it; he does it for himself and everybody else does it for him; but one cannot talk about British journalism without talking about Lord Northcliffe. Fundamentally, Lord Northcliffe, like Mr. Ochs of the New York *Times*, has a passion for the news, and this forms the main-spring of the success of both papers. The publication of the news without fear or favor is very closely allied to a sense of public trusteeship to which I have just now referred. 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free.' If the news is printed frankly and fearlessly, there will not be much need of reformatory activities. Abuses are usually a growth of suppression.

There are many things to criticize in the leader of the British press, but I think that he must be credited with the

essential qualities that go to make a great newspaper man. Everyone gives him credit for success, but few are willing to admit — what I believe — that vision and ideality are at the bottom of it. In the summer of 1914, I was playing golf at old St. Andrews with a Glasgow shipbuilder. While we were waiting on the tee, the conversation turned to the Northcliffe press. He became much excited and denounced Lord Northcliffe with extreme bitterness. I was rather used to that kind of talk and let it pass for a while; but finally I said that I was a friend of Lord Northcliffe and admired him very much. Whereupon the Glasgow man refused to play golf with me any more, and picked up his clubs and marched off in high dudgeon.

Britain has, in my opinion, gained much from Northcliffe's journalistic activities, but she has undoubtedly paid a price for it. I do not know of any man with printing presses who hits out so quick and so hard. Certainly we have no such man in this straight-from-the-shoulder country of ours. He takes no pains to adjust his journalistic manner to the old-world manner by which he was surrounded. I use the past tense, for in the last ten years the Northcliffe press has destroyed almost every vestige of the beautiful English manner which gave to British public life a grace and dignity almost doge-like. With the absorption by the Northcliffe press of so great a proportion of what is vital — or, to put it less sweepingly, what is strenuous — in English daily journalism, old traditions of dignity and deference are disappearing with the noble old parks. Lord Northcliffe is a reporter at heart, and no matter what large task he may have on hand, his nose for news is always in good working order. He has sympathy with and understanding of the masses. He is an extraordinary business man as well as a great ad-

venturer. 'Be bold, be evermore bold, be not too bold,' might be his motto. He has no morbid sensibilities. Perhaps his combination of qualities could not exist if he were handicapped by a bump of reverence. At any rate, he has no such thing. If he makes a mistake, — and he makes many a one, — he does not show, even if he feels, remorse. Defeat does not bring discomfiture to him. He goes right on, a picture of the typical persistent John Bull.

Once only in my long observation of him have I noticed that self-consciousness in the Northcliffe press that appears when someone has 'got your goat.' That was during his illness last winter, when he had delegated the editorial authority to others. Mr. Lloyd George went from Paris to the House of Commons for the specific purpose of attacking Northcliffe. He did it in the highest style of the art. There was neither a spirited come-back nor the indifference which serves the same purpose. It was a curious episode. Spectacularly Lloyd George easily won, but Northcliffe really got the decision. The Northcliffe press was trying to do two things. It was hammering the Conference, to make it impossible for Lloyd George to soften the hard terms that had been agreed on for Germany, as well as to help France in her effort for a greater degree of security. That was the immediate objective. I doubt if Lord Northcliffe's heart was in it, for it involved shooting around President Wilson's feet more than he could have liked. But he was deeply disturbed over the British election which had brought forth the Lloyd George Ministry in association with a dominating Tory party in the House.

He reckoned that the situation was one full of possibilities of mischief to an England vibrant with radicalism. France's security had little to do with the case, directly; but on that side

Lloyd George was open to attack; and the Northcliffe press sought, by a flank movement, to weaken the Prime Minister, preparatory to facing him around from the Tory allegiance toward the popular demand for a peaceful revolution. It is possible that the promotion of Northcliffe's younger brother, Rothermere, and Lord Burnham to viscounties, thus depriving Viscount Northcliffe of the distinction of holding, among journalists, the first place in the peerage, was an item in Lloyd George's refusal. The game is played that way in British politics.

Northcliffe's course herein aptly illustrates his methods and his singular power of politico-journalistic insight. Lloyd George had not taken any chance on winning for the Coalition, and to this end, in the matter of nominations for seats, he had given a blank check to Sir George Younger, the Tory manager. The latter had appropriated for his party every Coalition seat he could lay his hands on. He so out-traded the managers of the other parties that in the landslide the Tories gained something very like supremacy in the new House. Now the Harmsworth brothers, Northcliffe and Rothermere, divide in politics, Northcliffe being Unionist and Rothermere Liberal; but there is no politics with Northcliffe where journalistic matters are concerned — a thoroughly sound position for an editor. Northcliffe was flabbergasted at the anomaly and the danger of a fundamentally Conservative Government, although headed by Lloyd George, in the face of what he regarded as a popular mood of extreme Radicalism. Firstly, he wanted to bring conditions into parallel, to prevent serious trouble in the country; and secondly, he wanted to line up the Northcliffe press on the side where there were the most people. He does not like to be separated from the crowd; and it is only fair to say

that in that particular he follows the most practical journalistic and political examples. In neither field has an effort for broad results been successfully addressed to the élite.

A survey of Fleet Street by anyone having a knowledge of newspaper conditions will show the extent to which Northcliffe has been helped by his competitors. Of course, it is always thus, more or less; but Northcliffe has been singularly favored. He has had indeed one very strong competitor in the *Telegraph*. That paper is headed by a very fine man, Lord Burnham. He is moderate and just, but he is not a fighter. The *Telegraph* is a good newspaper, but it is less aggressive in going after the news than the Northcliffe press. I have already referred to the *Morning Post*. It, as well as the *Telegraph*, was handicapped during the time that the *Times* sold for a low price by having the same price.

In the half-penny field the *Chronicle* under Robert Donald was an excellent paper, but did not attempt to offer an aggressive competition to the *Daily Mail*. It had the disadvantage of an ownership not connected with the management, which afterward resulted in Donald's losing control of a property he had so well managed.

The *News* is owned by a large commercial interest. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, its editor, is a man of great intellectual gifts, and has frequently attacked Northcliffe in a way that another man might have felt. But while a newspaper owned by rich people and with a socialistically inclined editor may have a limited success, it cannot seriously challenge such a paper as the *Daily Mail*. While such a man as Gardiner is reasoning well and writing in the best literary style, Northcliffe is opening up new channels in which to push his enterprise, going for news hot-foot, and keeping in warm-blooded touch with

the great undercurrents of public feeling and thought.

An American newspaper-man wonders at the backwardness of the evening papers in London. Some day there will be a great evening paper in London. There are intrinsically no reasons why the evening papers should remain merely bulletins for the journals of the following morning. The same causes that have led to the development of so many fine evening properties in America will operate in London when the same methods, sufficiently modified and adapted, are applied in London. The *Westminster Gazette* is edited by a man of conscience and judgment, J. A. Spender, but it is commonly supposed to be subsidized by the Liberal party funds. Certainly, Mr. Spender's excellent editorials do not show independence of that party. The other evening papers are somewhat leaner in news, and lack the distinction of the *Westminster Gazette* editorials.

With the exception of the *Observer*, edited by Mr. Garvin, and owned and controlled by Waldorf Astor, and leaving out the pictorial press, there is not much to say of the Sunday papers.

There is a paper published outside of London that is perhaps the greatest mouthpiece of Liberalism in the world — a paper that deserves and enjoys the respect of the public regardless of parties and temperaments. The *Manchester Guardian* is a newspaper of high ideals and common sense — a very rare combination. Its news-content is most excellent, and its editorials are well written in the sense that they are well reasoned and expressed in plain and intelligible language. I doubt if any other paper in England has so much direct influence on the thought of its readers. It is a true leader of public opinion. There has recently been an effort to have an edition of this paper established in London, and I know of

no journalistic enterprise that would be productive of so much good. The *Guardian* in London would not only confer direct benefit, but would have a sobering and wholesome effect on the Northcliffe press, which, with its admitted activity in the public interest, needs the restraining influence of the kind of competition that would be offered under such an editorship as that of Mr. C. P. Scott.

III

An American has an embarrassment of knowledge in detail and less perspective when he turns to the American side of the journalistic picture. As a managing editor of the *Kansas City Times* some years ago, and as controlling owner of the *Pioneer Press and Dispatch* in St. Paul, and the *Evening News* and the *Sun* in Baltimore, for some years a director of the Associated Press, and latterly as an officer and correspondent of the *New York Times*, I am familiar with many phases of American journalism. In what I have written about the British journalism within the sphere of which I have been in the five years of war, I have freely conceded to it certain points of superiority. The point of superiority that first looms up on the American side is one that would strike a man whose business it has been to build, but not a pure critic. The relation of our journalism to its chief source of support — mercantile advertising — is free from danger and confusion. I regard this danger as the greatest that presents itself in the development of independent journalism. I do not mean to cast any reflection whatever on the merchants who patronize the newspapers. On the contrary I think they behave with great restraint toward the journalistic institution for which they so largely furnish the sinews of war. Nor do I think they would be

pleased at bottom if they could break down journalistic standards and reduce that profession to the status of a pure business.

It is a fact, however, that in England the relation is entirely different. I do not say that the advertiser demands any share in the conduct of newspapers there, but the relation is certainly one that I would feel very uncomfortable and anxious about if I were running a paper in London. The newspapers there have just begun to develop the advertising business as we know it over here. Within a few years the department stores in London will make full use of the advertising columns of the newspapers. Unless there is a change in present practices, it is inevitable that British journalism will be confronted by the greatest single menace to which daily journalism can be exposed. Only recently in a libel suit in London the fact was brought out that newspapers rather habitually accepted pay for advertising that appeared as reading matter.

It is often difficult to tell what is advertising and what is reading matter in a London paper. Until recently, when, led by an American, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, the big shops began to use large advertising, the newspapers have been relieved of the consequences of their methods through the fact that no merchant has spent enough money to tempt him to tamper with the newspaper which carried his business. London has all of this pressure yet to meet and resist. We have gone through with it on this side of the water, and newspapers have become freer and freer from anything like advertising domination. It is frankly admitted that in the cities newspapers are dependent for their profits on the business of a few big department stores. It would seem to be a perilous position. It is an inverted pyramid, but it has been kept right-side up.

I am of opinion that extra-journalistic domination from any other quarter is impossible; but the advertiser can get at the newspaper, especially one that has not yet reached the goal of success, in most convenient ways. I can give an instance from my personal experience. In 1905, after I had had the *Baltimore News* for thirteen years and success seemed to be sure, one fine afternoon all the department-store advertising which had been in the paper in bulk for some years suddenly disappeared. The management had always been rather cold-hearted toward the advertiser, in view of its conviction that independence of all outside influence was necessary in the conduct of the paper; and the raising of the advertising rate had furnished to our customers an excuse for an organized movement to discipline us. Their meetings were secret and we were able to obtain but little information. Such as we could obtain we published, and we made a candid but moderate statement of the position in which we found ourselves. If an organization of this kind could be formed and maintained, it meant that any paper could be destroyed by its large local advertisers.

Some of my conservative friends from other cities, in a spirit of kindness, came to Baltimore and urged me not to keep up a fight of this kind, but to try to come to terms in private. I believed in the other method and was anxious to demonstrate the soundness of independence as a newspaper policy and the stability of newspaper property. At the end of a few weeks the merchants who were boycotting us were themselves boycotted by their customers to such an extent that they voluntarily surrendered. The only thing that we did to protect ourselves was to publish the facts, and this we did in no intemperate spirit. We did not work up any counter-boycott by private means. It con-

vinced me, and I think a good many others, that, if a newspaper were on the right terms with its public, no movement by advertisers could prevail against it.

I believe this to be an advantage that is very generally enjoyed by daily newspapers in America. Our best papers stand in a firm and sound relationship to the people, and in spite of the superiority in so many respects of British journalism, I do not believe that on the whole it approaches ours in this fundamental respect. I would not undertake to give the whys and wherefores wisely or dogmatically, but some of the reasons are obvious.

We serve a larger and more homogeneous public. Between the people and the press in England there stands a ruling class. There are relatively more millions of people in England who do not read at all. Our masses are more alive to newspaper influences. England is more of a political democracy than we, but it is a social aristocracy. The greater portion of England is willing to wear the brand of inferiority. I do not know of any country in which, at least before 1914, position and money bought so much for their possessor.

We have no similar submerged class; in fact, we may be said to have none, now that foreign elements have been assimilated. Nobody here is willing to acknowledge inferiority, and that is the main point. Our press addresses freemen, not only theoretically, but in practice. And very alert freemen. They are quick and shrewd. It is easier to aggregate individual opinion into public opinion here than it is there. In spite of the better material that the British press is able to give its public, as I have pointed out, we are able in America through education and equality more easily and more fully to develop and bring to bear the forces of public thought. It thus results that

our newspapers are more conscious of their trusteeship, and fidelity to their trusteeship finds a surer reward. There arises a relation between readers and newspapers that I have not found on the other side, where faith and optimism are lacking. In nearly every American city there is at least one paper that enjoys the confidence and affection of the community. There is reciprocal usefulness, the good newspaper receiving solid support and using its strength to promote the welfare of its community. It must be admitted that the progress of our journalism in this direction was more or less affected by the wave of sensationalism that swept over the country. There are evidences that this movement has run its course and that our representative newspapers are going back to old standards.

Many readers will remember the beginnings of the movement away from partisan and personal journalism toward the higher standards of independence. This movement began in the provincial cities, at the time when the morning paper was supreme. The morning paper had not lived up to its opportunities. Most of these papers were at that time used by their editors for personal or political purposes and were deficient in ethics. Most of them were sold for five cents.

As the morning field was occupied, newspapers forty or fifty years ago began to choose the evening field. The general dissatisfaction with the character of the existing papers suggested to the new men different policies, and they turned pretty generally to civic activities on non-partisan lines. In order to avail themselves of the upward gravitation of cheapness, they made a price of two cents, and in some cases one cent.

For a period of twenty years or more the success of these newspapers encouraged similar enterprises throughout the country, and such papers as

the Chicago *Daily News*, the Kansas City *Star*, the Indianapolis *News*, the Detroit *News*, the Washington *Star*, the Buffalo *News*, the Baltimore *News*, and many others forged to the front and affected the character of American journalism. The public confidence which rewarded the optimism and honesty of newspapers that accepted public service as their standard was at the bottom of the great advertising development upon which American journalism now rests. It was natural that papers entering homes and bringing the news into the family circle should, as time went on, become the medium of information between the merchant and the housewife. Confidence in the reading-matter columns of the newspapers was gradually and subtly extended to the advertising columns, and the shrewd merchant was not slow to avail himself of this great instrumentality for the expansion of his business.

This development of journalism has had no parallel in England. There has never been in that country advertising of store news on any such scale as we have had it here. I can remember the time when advertising in newspapers was a kind of favor from the merchant to the paper. The merchant was not serious about it, and did not believe in it. He usually carried a 'standing card,' as it is called. He liked to see his own name and it did not cost much. There is still a great deal of advertising of this kind in British newspapers. 'Peter Jones, Draper, Oxford Circus. Spring Styles Now Ready,' is a type of advertisement which one still sees much of in the columns of the London daily.

This is not serious advertising, and in my opinion it survives because the British papers have not yet approached the subject of department-store advertising in the same way that the American paper has. In America we have almost got rid of the impression

among advertisers that people read their advertisements by chance and because they happened to be in some conspicuous position. Advertising charges cannot be paid on any such basis as that. There must be recognition of the fact that there is a large public which wants advertising because it is advertising. Women especially desire information as to what sales are going on in the stores. They want items and prices from which to make up their shopping lists. Until the London papers draw the line sharply between reading matter and advertising, they will never come into their own as mediums for the merchants; and until real advertising matter is included, they will be lacking in an interest that is very general and is needed to round out the daily newspaper.

As long as one of the most respectable and conservative newspapers in London can accept a guinea for a notice in its society column, and, to drop into our good print-shop slang again, 'get away with it,' London journalism has not yet put itself in the relationship with the reader that good newspapers in America enjoy.

I have spoken of a class of newspapers throughout the country that may be regarded as the bone and sinew of our journalism. I may be permitted to put into my comparison an American newspaper to which I think will be generally conceded the position of leadership in our journalism; in fact I think that, all things considered, the New York *Times* is now the foremost English-speaking paper. It certainly prints more news than any other, and no British paper excels it in quantity or quality of matter. The London *Times* today spends more money than it ever did for cable news, but the expenditures of the New York *Times* on that head are vastly greater. Our *Times* has been built up by conservative methods, and

its success is a source of encouragement to legitimate newspaper enterprise.

It has seemed to me that greed for news, if I may use such an expression in speaking of such a paper, has been one of the largest elements in its success. As Mr. Ochs and Mr. Van Anda have been at one in their effort for 'All the news that's fit to print,' so Mr. Ochs and Mr. Miller have been similarly at one in the editorial conduct of the paper. Moderation and reasonableness make a great policy to go with news enterprise. It is a fine thing, and, as all practical men know, a difficult thing, to maintain over the years a policy of fair play, of hearing both sides in the news columns. Regardless of what the *Times* has favored in its editorial columns, it has always printed the news, and a finer thing could be said of no paper. It has been the better able to maintain this policy because the *Times* never crusades. Therefore it never gets excited. It keeps before it always its main business of printing the news. Its standard has been one of sterling worth, and the fact that it has avoided self-exploitation and exaggeration of all kinds has made public confidence, when once gained, very solid.

The old London *Times*, especially under the Delane editorship, spoke with greater authority on government affairs. The last thing that the New York *Times* would wish would be any kind of underground connection with officials, which would be necessary if it were to speak for any government, or to occupy such a position as the London *Times* used to. It does speak in a peculiar way for average sense and average virtue. Mr. Miller is a man of great learning, he is a true scholar and philosopher, as well as a man who knows the world on the practical side. If he had chosen, he could have ministered to the intellectual élite, but this would have vastly limited the usefulness and

development of the paper. While the *Times* represents no class, it admittedly has the best audience in America, considering both character and numbers. With such a paper and many other strong representatives in the field of journalism, America need not flinch at any comparison with England.

IV

I want to speak of what seems to me a serious blemish on our journalism. I am constantly struck by its failure to develop a sense of responsibility in its dealings with the individual. In a general way, the press appreciates its obligations to the public interest. The average editor accepts in practice the principle of public trusteeship. Ideality is much more common in the newspaper office than is known or admitted by the layman. I believe that much of the cynical attitude toward newspapers arises from newspaper disregard of what is due from the printing-press to the individual. Many men who in their private relations would not think of doing deliberate injustice show in the conduct of newspapers a Hunnish contempt for the rights of the individual. It is often as if a big motor-car ran over a pedestrian, and the driver did not even take the trouble to stop and ask the name, much less pick up the victim.

I know from intimate association that American journalism, by and large, has ideals. It is patriotic. It recognizes public duty. It makes sacrifices. It is truly representative of American spirit and altruism. Its faults are those of our young and virile civilization. No one who watched the course of the newspapers during the war period — before and after we entered — could fail to be impressed by the really fine spirit and leadership of the press. In face of the fact that we had a large German population, — and one that, by reason of its

intelligence and prosperity and average good citizenship, formed an important body in the newspaper constituency, — the press was practically solid against Germany from the first. When America came into the war, our public showed such a degree of spirit and loyalty that cases of disloyalty stood out by contrast and were branded with the mark of infamy. But the fact is that treachery was very rare in America, and much of the credit is due to the press.

I do not sympathize with the patronizing attitude of the club-window toward the press. Its faults are largely those of the public it serves. Nor does it, in my opinion, often consciously pander to depraved tastes, as is so often alleged. Certain sections of the press are guilty of this fault, but I think that the press as a whole is less open to the charge of debased commercialism than other professions and businesses. I believe that journalism will keep abreast, perhaps a little ahead, of public demand for improvement. But I have never been able to understand why newspapers with a high standard of public duty should be so lacking in ordinary decency to the individual. I speak somewhat feelingly. Two years ago I cabled my paper a statement of the tonnage destruction by submarine which for months I had been trying to induce the naval authorities to make public. The figures appeared in the paper as 1,600,000 tons a month. The next day a statement was printed conspicuously to the effect that the correct figures were 600,000, and that the error was one of cable-transmission. Included in the correction was a cable from the British Admiralty censor saying that my dispatch had gone through his office with the correct figures, and it would have been impossible for me, even if I had wished, to cable 1,600,000.

The same afternoon, a New York paper which enjoyed a peculiar pres-

tige in American editorial rooms commented on the previous day's dispatch as if I had perpetrated a fake, completely ignoring the corrections published in the morning. Months later, a weekly paper which objected to something else I had written, because it contradicted statements previously published by it, impeached my testimony by charging me with unreliability in the publication of the submarine statistics. I cabled this paper at once, begging it to set me and itself right, as its reflection upon me was entirely unfounded. My request was in good temper. I told the editor where he could put his hands on the irrefutable proof of my innocence in five minutes. I pointed out that my service was going to many papers at distant points, and that a charge of this sort would injure me greatly in my work. The paper curtly refused my request, leaving me the alternative of bringing a libel suit in war-time, or resting under a widely disseminated reflection on my reliability — my chief stock in trade as a correspondent. What this editor did, no man with the slightest pretensions to decency would think of doing in his personal relationships. He would be cut in his club for doing the like thing.

The pose of infallibility is too common in the newspaper office. No one but the editor and his associates is deceived. Everyone knows that the newspaper is but a rough approximation; it cannot in the nature of things be an accurate history of the day's doings. Newspapers would occupy much better place in public regard if this fact were kept constantly in the foreground. I always felt uncomfortable and unhappy as a newspaper editor and owner at the unavoidable cruelties involved in the effort to print the news from day to day. A newspaper must rely largely upon hearsay testimony, which is notoriously unreliable. No two witnesses in

a court and under oath will give precisely the same testimony about a given state of acts. For years I printed daily on my editorial page a correction column to which every person with a grievance had access. Most of my assistants, especially the old fellows, were bitterly opposed to the scheme, but it worked well. It measurably righted the inevitable injustice to innocent people, and it was a wholesome deterrent of reportorial carelessness. Of course, this does not go far enough: there should be full and prompt reparation in all cases of error; but the general adoption of such a column would tend to remove one of the chief sources of suspicion of journalistic motives and methods. The editor should be a gentleman professionally as well as personally.

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I realize how insufficiently the comparison between English and American journalism has here been covered. It is a big subject. For example, the varying estimate of the press of the two countries as to what constitutes news is an article in itself. As a reader, I value most in the English paper what it leaves out. We expand big news more. The signing of the Peace Treaty is given three or four sticks on the back page of the *Temps*, under a two-line head; the London paper gives it two columns; while we print a whole page.

We seem always to be tremendously excited about the world's doings. The British paper takes it all much more quietly. We are more keen on 'human-interest matter.' Is n't it that our cousins are grown-up, while we are more youthful?

Take our Sunday papers. They have with a few exceptions ceased to be newspapers. Except for the front and editorial pages, a Sunday paper might be printed the following Sunday. Some of

them are printed on the previous Wednesday; and one may buy a Chicago Sunday paper in Arizona of a Sunday morning. Features, gossip, and the Comic Supplement are the pabulum.

I wonder if critics realize the compulsion of popular demand? In Baltimore I tried to make the *Sun* on Sunday a newspaper like the other six issues. I could make no progress. Comparatively little demand existed for such a paper. Our competitors were beating us because Sunday was the natural producer of big revenue in such a city. For months I rode around on Sundays, investigating. I bought advertised dogs and birds in order to get into the two-story house where live the grown-up 'little children,' who constitute the Kingdom of Heaven of the successful newspaper — the people who follow newspaper leadership and read advertising. Everybody I saw considered the Comic indispensable. I had to adopt it, and my paper finally became the leader in the Sunday field. Before I put comics in the evening edition, I was horrified and awakened to find that the best-thinking man in town read the funny pictures printed by my competitor. 'You ought to buy "Abie the Agent,"' he said. 'I enjoy it more than anything I see in any paper.' There is a great difference in point of view inside and outside the newspaper office. Perhaps criticism is better off not to have its sympathies with practical difficulties appealed to.

To sum up, I should say that the American press enjoys the confidence of the public in a greater degree than the British, for the reasons I have stated. There, as here, with some notable exceptions, the power has ceased to reside altogether in the editorial page. I am prepared to believe that a greater influence can be brought to bear by the Northcliffe press to-day than was ever

before exercised by a single editor in the history of daily journalism. The thing is accomplished by what may be called an atmospheric disturbance. The English public has developed a certain nervosity (perhaps Northcliffe has done it), and movements in sections of the community are carried on by a sort of hue and cry. It is England rather than France that nowadays, on the surface, yields to excitation, although there is stability beneath. The overthrow of the Asquith government and the demotion of Kitchener were two of the greatest feats of 'main strength and awkwardness' ever known in journalism. The method was rough, but it had great sagacity and strength behind it.

If it may be said of English-speaking journalism that there is far greater distrust of the accuracy with which news is given than used to be the case, the statement needs examination and explanation. This phenomenon has occurred in the face of increasing educational opportunities for the people.

The *apriori* philosopher would naturally suppose that popular education was based on the reading of newspapers, and that education and confidence in the press should move with fairly equal stride. Superficially, however, the public does not demand of the press a continually higher standard. May it not be that the comparative loss of confidence comes from the increase of popular knowledge? There is less blind belief and a greater spirit of inquiry. Buckle insists that doubt is the progressive force in the world. Formerly a thing was believed because it was in print. I admit that the argument works both ways, but the decline of this faith is in my opinion due more to the diffusion of knowledge than to deterioration in journalism. The people are beginning to see that daily journalism partakes of the unreliability of human testimony in general.

The printing press formerly served the intellectual élite. Its merits conformed to the service rendered and the class addressed. One can admit deterioration in certain directions, but is there not standing ground for a very large counter-claim? Where before there was one reader, there are now a dozen. Good newspapers have been produced and sold for a cent. One may lament that journalistic enterprise has sought its conquests too much in the direction of cheapness, quantity, and large circulations, but after all, nothing in modern life is a greater marvel than a paper like the *New York Times* at one cent or two cents. There were, and still are, many fine papers at a low price that are educating the people out of their narrowness and ignorance. And as these new people emerge, they first demand quantity and cheapness.

Perhaps the universal opportunity for a modicum of learning has grown, through its very universality, a less valued, but not necessarily a less valuable prize. Is not the whole process one of democratization? The peaks are lower, the common level is higher, the whole prospect loses in picturesqueness. The elect grieve when distinction fades out. A wider common knowledge does not compensate for the decline in dignity and reverence which seems to follow the rise of Democracy. I am in deep water when I suggest such a thing, but it seems to me that we have suffered in poetry and painting and in religious spirit as we have come out into the garish daylight. But my point is that journalism has been affected as everything else has, and should not be set aside for special criticism.

There remain several interesting contrasts to consider. The steadily increasing capitalism of newspapers, particularly in England, will be righted by competition. Capitalism has had a sudden opportunity and has brazenly

seized it. The newspaper heart is not there, and the unfit capitalist cannot hold as against the craftsman and expert. The average capitalist, unless he was born an editor, and found it out only when he entered journalism, is apt to think of it in terms of pure business. I would rather back absolute inexperience to succeed in a daily newspaper than the typical experience acquired in business. Large experience shows that the less the director of the daily newspaper puts his heart in the counting-room, the greater will be the ultimate flood of dollars. The counting-room must be run in orderly fashion, of course, but it is the functional side, whereas the organic side is upstairs. There may be a golden egg every day

downstairs, but the hen that lays it roosts above.

Sensationalism may succeed for a time, or temporary prosperity be attained by unworthy methods; but given a field of suitable size and not over-filled, trained and enlightened effort in daily journalism, if sufficiently equipped with faith and financial resources to go through the preliminary struggle, will usually succeed in America. Some find it 'a man-killing job,' but it seems to me to be the greatest work-a-day task that an ambitious person with ideals can find — helping a community and at the same time making a worldly success for one's self. It is a vocation for optimists. Idealism is the very stuff of journalistic success

JAVANESE LETTERS¹

I. THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW SPIRIT

BY RADEN ADJENG KARTINI

[These letters tell their own story. They were written to several intimate Dutch friends by a girl of the Orient who, in spite of her longing for Western freedom, remained always a true daughter of the East. Her great desire to educate her people was not to make of them pseudo-Europeans, but better Javanese. — THE EDITORS.]

JAPARA, JAVA.

I HAVE longed to make the acquaintance of a 'modern girl,' that proud, independent girl who has all my sym-

pathy! She who, happy and self-reliant, lightly and alertly steps on her way through life, full of enthusiasm and warm feeling; working not only for her own well-being and happiness, but for the greater good of humanity as a whole.

I glow with enthusiasm toward the new time which has come, and can truly say that in my thoughts and sympathies I do not belong to the Indian world, but to that of my pale sisters who are struggling forward in the distant West.

If the laws of my land permitted it, there is nothing I had rather do than give myself wholly to the working and striving of the new woman in Europe;

¹ Translated from the original Dutch by AGNES LOUISE SYMMERS.

but age-long traditions which cannot be broken hold us fast cloistered in their unyielding arms. Some day those arms will loosen and let us go, but that time lies as yet far from us, infinitely far. It will come, that I know; it may be three, four generations after us.

Oh, you do not know what it is to love this young, this new age with heart and soul, and yet be bound hand and foot, chained by all the laws, customs, and conventions of one's land. All our institutions are directly opposed to the progress for which I so long, for the sake of our people. Day and night I wonder by what means our ancient traditions could be overcome. For myself, I could find a way to shake them off, to break them, were it not that another bond, stronger than any age-old tradition could ever be, binds me to my world; and that is the love which I bear for those to whom I owe my life, and whom I must thank for everything. Have I the right to break the hearts of those who have given me nothing but love and kindness my whole life long, and who have surrounded me with the tenderest care?

But it was not the voices alone which reached me from that distant, that bright, that new-born Europe, which made me long for a change in existing conditions. Even in my childhood, the word 'emancipation' enchanted my ears: it had a significance that nothing else had, a meaning that was far beyond my comprehension, and awakened in me an evergrowing longing for freedom and independence — a longing to stand alone. Conditions both in my own surroundings and in those of others around me broke my heart, and made me long with a nameless sorrow for the awakening of my country.

Then the voices which penetrated from distant lands grew clearer and clearer, till they reached me, and to the satisfaction of some who loved me, but

to the deep grief of others, brought seed which entered my heart, took root, and grew strong and vigorous.

And now I shall tell you something of myself, so that you can make my acquaintance.

I am the eldest of the three unmarried daughters of the Regent of Japara, and have seven brothers and sisters. What a world, eh? My grandfather, Pangerin Ario Tjondronegoro of Damak, was a great leader in the progressive movement of his day, and the first regent of middle Java to unlatch his door to that guest from over the sea — Western civilization. All of his children had European educations; all of them have, or had (several of them are now dead), a love of progress inherited from their father; and these gave to their children the same upbringing which they themselves had received. Many of my cousins and all my older brothers have gone through the Hooge-Burge Schole — the highest institution of learning that we have here in India; and the youngest of my three older brothers has been studying for three years in the Netherlands, and two others are in the service of that country. We girls, so far as education goes, fettered by our ancient traditions and conventions, have profited but little by these advantages. It was a great crime against the customs of our land that we should be taught at all, and especially that we should leave the house every day to go to school. For the custom of our country forbade girls in the strongest manner ever to go outside of the house. We were never allowed to go anywhere, however, save to the school, and the only place of instruction of which our city could boast, which was open to us, was a free grammar school for Europeans.

When I reached the age of twelve, I was kept at home — I must go into the 'box.' I was locked up, and cut off

from all communication with the outside world, toward which I might never turn again save at the side of a bridegroom, a stranger, an unknown man whom my parents would choose for me, and to whom I should be betrothed without my own knowledge. European friends — this I heard later — had tried in every possible way to dissuade my parents from this cruel course toward me, a young and life-loving child; but they were able to do nothing. My parents were inexorable; I went into my prison. Four long years I spent between thick walls, without once seeing the outside world.

How I passed through that time, I do not know. I only know that it was terrible. But there was one great happiness left me: the reading of Dutch books and correspondence with Dutch friends were not forbidden. This — the only gleam of light in that empty, sombre time — was my all, without which I should have fallen, perhaps, into a still more pitiable state. My life, my soul even, would have been starved. But then came my friend and my deliverer — the Spirit of the Age; his footsteps echoed everywhere. Proud, solid, ancient structures tottered to their foundation at his approach.

At last in my sixteenth year, I saw the outside world again. Thank God! Thank God! I could leave my prison as a free human being and not chained to an unwelcome bridegroom. Then events followed quickly that gave back to us girls more and more of our lost freedom.

In the following year, our parents presented us 'officially' with our freedom. For the first time in our lives we were allowed to leave our native town, and to go to the city. What a great and priceless victory it was! That young girls of our position should show themselves in public was an unheard-of occurrence. The 'world' stood aghast;

tongues were set wagging at the unprecedented crime. Our European friends rejoiced, and as for ourselves, no queen was so rich as we.

But I am far from satisfied. I would go still further, always further. I do not desire to go out to feasts, and little frivolous amusements. That has never been the cause of my longing for freedom. I long to be free, to be able to stand alone, to study, not to be subject to anyone, and, above all, *never, never* to be obliged to marry.

But we *must* marry, must, must. Not to marry is the greatest sin that the Mohammedan woman can commit; it is the greatest disgrace that a native girl can bring upon her family.

And marriage among us — miserable is too feeble an expression for it. How can it be otherwise, when the laws have made everything for the man and nothing for the woman? When law and convention both are for the man; when everything is allowed to him!

Love! what do we know here of love? How can we love a man whom we have never known? And how could he love us? That in itself would not be possible. Young girls and men must be kept rigidly apart, and are never allowed to meet.

Will you not tell me something of the labors, the struggles, the sentiments, of the woman of to-day in the Netherlands? We take deep interest in all that concerns the Woman's Movement.

I do not know the modern languages, alas! We girls are not allowed by our law to learn languages; it was a great innovation for us to learn Dutch. I long to know languages, not so much to be able to speak them, as for the far greater joy of being able to read the many beautiful works of foreign authors in their own tongue. Is it not true that never mind how good a translation may be, it is never so fine as the

original? That is always stronger — more charming.

We have much time for reading, and reading is our greatest pleasure — we, that is the younger sisters and I. We three have had the same bringing up, and are much with one another. We differ in age, each from the other, but one year. Among us three there is the greatest harmony. Our little quarrels are splendid; I find them so: I love the reconciliations which follow. It is the greatest of all lies — do you not think so, too? — that any two human beings can think alike in everything. That cannot be; people who say that must be hypocrites.

I have not yet told you how old I am. I was just twenty last month. Strange, that when I was sixteen I felt so frightfully old, and had so many melancholy moods! Now that I can put two crosses behind me, I feel young and full of the joy of life, and the struggle of life, too.

Call me simply Kartini; that is my name. We Javanese have no family names. Kartini is my given name and my family name, both at the same time. As far as 'Raden Adjeng' is concerned, those two words are the title.

You are well informed about the Javanese titles. Before you mentioned it, I had never given the matter a thought, that I am, as you say, 'highly born.' Am I a princess? No more than you yourself are one. The last prince of our house, from whom I am directly descended in the male line, was, I believe, twenty-five generations back; but Mamma is closely related to the princely house of Medeira; her great-grandfather was a reigning prince, and her grandmother a princess. But we do not give twopence for all that. To my mind there are only two kinds of aristocracy, the aristocracy of the mind, and the aristocracy of the soul — of those who are noble in spirit. I think

there is nothing more commonplace than those who allow themselves to depend upon their so called 'high birth.'

I have always been an enemy of formality. I care nothing for form. I am happy only when I can throw the burden of Javanese etiquette from my shoulders. The ceremonies, the little rules, that are instilled into our people, are an abomination to me.

Among us, beginning with myself, we dispense with all ceremony and speak our own sentiments freely.

In order to give you a faint idea of the oppressiveness of our etiquette, I shall mention a few examples. A younger brother or sister of mine may not pass me without bowing down to the ground and creeping upon hands and knees. If a little sister is sitting on a chair, she must instantly slip to the ground and remain with head bowed until I have passed from her sight. If a younger brother or sister wishes to speak to me, it must only be in high Javanese;¹ and after each sentence that comes from their lips, they must make a *sembah*; that is, to put both hands together, and bring the thumbs under the nose.

If my brothers and sisters speak to other people about me, they must always use high Javanese in every sentence concerning me — my clothes, my seat at the table, my hands and my feet, and everything that is mine. They are forbidden to touch my honorable head without my high permission, and they may not do it even then without first making a *sembah*.

If food stands upon the table, they

¹ Javanese is not one language, but several; there is one language for the aristocracy and another for the vulgar. A nobleman addresses an inferior in the language of the common people, *Ngoko*; but he is always answered in High Javanese, known as *Krâmiâ* or court speech. Between the two there is a middle speech, *Madja*, used in familiar intercourse between friends and equals.

—THE TRANSLATOR.

must not touch the tiniest morsel till it has pleased me to partake of that which I would (as much as I desire). Should you speak against your superiors, do it softly, so that only those who are near may hear. Oh, yes; one even trembles by rule in a noble Javanese household. When a young lady laughs, she must not open her mouth.

If a girl runs, she must do it decorously, with little mincing steps and oh, so slowly, like a snail. To run just a little fast is to be a hoyden.

Toward my older brothers and sisters I show every respect, and observe all forms scrupulously. I do not wish to deny the good right of anyone, but the younger ones, beginning with me, are doing away with all ceremony. Freedom, equality, and fraternity! For my little brother and sisters, toward me and toward each other, are like free, equal comrades. Between us there is no stiffness — there is only friendship and hearty affection. The sisters say 'thee' and 'thou' to me, and we speak the same language.

JAPARA.

Certainly, Stella, I cannot thank my parents enough for the free bringing up which they have given me. I had rather have my whole life one of strife and sorrow than be without the knowledge which I owe to my European education. I know that many, many difficulties await me, but I am not afraid of the future. I cannot remain content in my old condition; yet to further the new progress I can do nothing: a dozen strong chains bind me fast to my world. What will be the outcome? All my European friends ask themselves this question. All can see that the situation is critical for us; and then they say that it was a mistake for my father to give me the little education which I have had. No! No! Not on my dearest father lies the blame. No, and again no!

Father could not foresee that the same bringing up which he gave to all of his children would have had such an effect upon one of them.

There is no help for it. Some day or other it will come to pass, must come to pass, that I shall have to follow an unknown bridegroom. Love is a will-o'-the-wisp in our Javanese world! How can a man and woman love each other when they see each other for the first time in their lives after they are already fast bound in the chains of wedlock?

I shall never, never fall in love. To love, there must be first respect, according to my thinking; and I can have no respect for the Javanese young man. How can I respect one who is married and a father, and who, when he has had enough of the mother of his children, brings another woman into his house, and is, according to the Mohammedan law, legally married to her? And who does not do this? And why not? It is no sin, and still less a scandal. The Mohammedan law allows a man to have four wives at the same time.

If I could learn the Dutch language thoroughly, my future would be assured. A rich field of labor would then lie open to me, and I should be a true child of humanity. For, you see, I, as a born Javanese, know all about the Indian world. A European, no matter how long he may have lived in Java and studied existing conditions, can still know nothing of the inner native life. To understand that, one has to be born a Javanese. Much that is obscure now and a riddle to Europeans, I could make clear with a few words.

I cannot tell you anything of the Mohammedan law, Stella. Its followers are forbidden to speak of it with those of another faith. And, in truth, I am a Mohammedan only because my ancestors were. How can I love a doctrine which I do not know — may never know? The Koran is too holy to be

translated into any language whatever. Here no one speaks Arabic. It is customary to read from the Koran; but what is read no one understands! To me it is a silly thing to be obliged to read something without being able to understand it.

Religion is intended as a blessing to mankind — a bond between all the creatures of God. They should be as brothers and sisters, not because they have the same human parents, but because they are all children of one Father, of Him who is enthroned in the heavens above. Brothers and sisters must love one another, help, strengthen and support one another. O God! sometimes I wish that there had never been a religion, because that which should unite mankind into one common brotherhood has been through all the ages a cause of strife, of discord, and of bloodshed.

What do we speak at home? What a question, Stella, dear! Naturally, our language is Javanese. We speak Malayish with strange people who are Easterners, either Malays, Moors, Arabs, or Chinese, and Dutch with Europeans.

O Stella, how I laughed when I read your question: 'Would your parents disapprove if you should embrace them heartily?' Why, I have yet to give my parents or my brothers and sisters, the first kiss! Kissing is not customary among the Javanese.¹ Only children of from one to three, four, five, or six are kissed. We never kiss one another. You are astonished at that! But it is true. Only our young Holland friends kiss us, and we kiss them back; that has only been recently.

At first we loved to have them kiss us, but never kissed them in return.

¹ Havelock Ellis says that the kiss is unknown throughout Eastern Asia. In Japan, as in Java, mothers kiss their babies; but Chinese mothers sometimes frighten their children by threatening to give them the white man's kiss. — THE TRANSLATOR.

We have only learned to kiss since we have been such friends with Mevrouw Ovink. When she would embrace us, she would ask us to kiss her. At first we found it queer, and acquitted ourselves awkwardly. Does this seem strange to you? No matter how much I should love one of my Dutch friends, it would never come into my head to kiss her without being asked. You ask why? Because I do not know whether she would like it. It is pleasant for us to press a soft white cheek with our lips, but whether the possessor of that pretty cheek also finds it pleasant to feel a dark face against hers, is another question. We had rather let people think us heartless, for of our own accord we would never embrace.

Let me tell you a story that is neither amusing nor interesting, but dull and monotonous and long-drawn-out, and will demand much patience.

It is the history of three brown girls, children of the sunny East; born blind, but whose eyes have been opened so that they can see the beautiful, noble things in life.

Already in her earliest youth, when emancipation was for her an unknown word, and when books and other writings which spoke of it were far beyond her reach, in one of the three sisters was born the desire to open the door of life.

It was recreation hour at the European school at Japara. Under the yellow blossoming waroe trees in the school-yard, big and little girls were grouped in happy disorder. It was so warm that no one cared to play.

'Shut your book, Letsy, I have something to tell you,' pleaded a brown girl, whose costume and head-dress betrayed the Javanese.

A big blonde girl, who leaned against the trunk of a tree reading eagerly in a book, turned round and said, 'No, I have to study my French lesson.'

'You can do that at home, for it is not school work.'

'Yes, but if I do not learn my French lessons well, I shall not be allowed to go to Holland year after next; and I am so anxious to go there to study at the Normal School. When I come back later as a teacher, perhaps I shall be placed here, and then I shall sit on the platform before the class as our teacher does now. But tell me, Ni, you have never yet said what you were going to be when you grew up?'

Two large eyes were turned toward the speaker in astonishment.

'Only tell me.'

The little Javanese shook her head and said laconically, 'I do not know.'

The first thing that she did when she got home was to run to her father and lay the problem before him.

'What am I going to be when I grow up?'

He said nothing, but smiled and pinched her cheek. But she would not allow herself to be put off, and waited, teasing him for an answer. At last an older brother came in, and answered the question. Her greedy listening ears heard these words: —

'What should a girl become? Why a Raden Adjoë [a Javanese married woman of high rank], naturally.'

The little girl was satisfied with the answer, and went quickly and happily away.

'A Raden Adjoë,' she repeated several times to herself. 'What is a Raden Adjoë?' The idea was with her always; she thought constantly of the two words 'Raden Adjoë.' She must later become such an one. She looked around her, saw and came in contact with many Raden Adjoës, regarded them attentively, studied them, and what she learned (as much as a child could understand) of the lives of these women, caused the spirit of opposition to awake in her heart against this being a Raden

Adjoë — this ancient iron-bound rule, that girls must marry, must belong to a man, without being asked when, who, or how.

This little girl reached the age of twelve and a half, and it was time that she should say farewell to her merry, childish life, and take leave of the school-benches on which she had been so glad to sit, and of the little European companions among whom she had studied so willingly. She was old enough to come home according to the custom of her country. It demands that a young girl remain in the house, and be rigidly secluded from the outside world until that time when the man for whom God has created her shall come and take her to his dwelling.

She knew all too well that with the school door much that was unutterably dear would be closed to her forever. The parting from the dear teacher, who bade her farewell with such sympathetic, cordial words, counseling resignation, and from little companions, who with tears in their eyes pressed her hand.

It was hard, but it was as nothing in comparison with the giving up of her lessons, the ending of her studies. She was so bent upon learning, and she knew that there was much more yet to be studied before one can even go through the lower school. She was ambitious, and she did not wish to stand below her little white friends, most of whom were going to Europe later, or her brothers who went to the High School.

She implored her father to allow her to go to the High School at Samarang with the boys: she would do her best; her parents would never have to complain of her.

Caressingly he stroked the dark little head, his fingers pushed back tenderly the rebellious locks from her forehead, and softly and yet firmly, the word 'No' came from his lips.

She sprang up, she knew what 'No' from him meant. She went away and crept under the bed to hide herself; she wished to be alone with her grief.

Once her teacher had asked her if she could not go to Holland to study with Letsy, his daughter, who was her friend. She listened eagerly and with shining eyes.

'Would you not like to go?'

'Do not ask me if I would like to go; ask me if I may,' came hoarsely from her trembling lips.

Gone, gone was her merry childhood; gone everything that made her young life happy. She still felt herself such a child, and she was that in fact, too, but the law placed her inexorably among the full grown.

Ni sinned every second.

She watched her younger sisters with hungry longing every time that they went out of the door, armed with their school-books, to go to the temple of wisdom where knowledge was to be found.

For a time she tried to study her lessons by herself; but it seemed useless — a pupil alone without a master soon grows discouraged. With a deep sigh she hid her books away.

Ni found it hard, but not so hard as to feel that her own mother was opposed to her. She too closed her heart to her, because her child's ideas were diametrically opposed to her own.

Still her life was not so wholly colorless and dull. There were two who held to her, who loved her just as she was; she felt their love warming her inmost being, and clung to them with all the tenderness of her thirsting heart. They were her father and her third brother — the youngest of her older brothers. It is true that they could not satisfy her most intimate and dearest wish to be free; could never gratify her longing to study. But her dear father was always so good to his little daughter, his own

silly girl; she knew that he loved her, she felt it. He would look at her tenderly, his gentle hands would stroke her cheeks, her hair, and his strong arms would go protectingly round her.

And she knew that brother loved her, too; although he had never told her so, had never spoken a loving word to her, had never caressed her. But a thousand little delicate attentions of which only a loving heart could think spoke constantly of his warm affection for her. He never laughed at her when she told him her thoughts, never made her shiver with a cold 'Go your own way; as for me, I am a Javanese.' Ni felt so rich with the love of her two dear ones, and with the sympathy of her brother.

But her father was not always with her; he had his work to do, and where he worked she might not go. She must never go out of the fast-closed place which was her dwelling. And her brother was at home only once in the year, for he went to school in Samarang.

Her oldest brother came home. He had obtained an appointment in the neighborhood and lived with his parents. If Ni had suffered before his coming, from the coolness of nearly all those who lived in the house with her, from their indifference to all that interested her, from her imprisonment, there now began a series of teasings and tormentings which added a thousand times to her distress. Ni was wild; she could not dance to the piping of her brother. 'Young people should be submissive and obey their elders,' was constantly preached to her; and above all, 'Girls must be submissive to their older brothers.'

But headstrong Ni could not see why this should be. She could not help it, that she should have been born later than her brother; that was no reason why she should be submissive to him. She was not answerable to anyone, only to her own conscience and her own

heart. She would never give in to her brother except when she was convinced that he was right.

At first he was astonished, and later he grew angry, when he saw that a little girl who was half a dozen years younger than he dared to defy his will. She must be forcibly suppressed. Everything was wrong that Ni did. She was severely reprimanded for each little fault. No day passed that brother and sister did not stand facing each other in anger — he with a dark countenance and stern words that made her heart bleed, and she with quivering lips tremblingly defending her good right to do something which he wished to forbid.

She was entirely alone in her fight against the despotism of her brother — her future protector, whenever she should have the misfortune to lose her parents, until she should leave his roof under the protection of the man for whom God had created her! He took very good care not to torment her when her father was there; father would never have allowed it, and he knew very well that she was too proud to tell.

But the others who lived in the house were silent too, although they knew that she was within her rights. A girl had no right to do anything that would even partially detract from the importance of a man. It was not right for this girl to oppose her ideas to those of her self-willed brother.

In later years, when Ni recalled all this, she could understand perfectly why the man was so egotistical. Always, by everyone in the house, he was taught as a child to be selfish, by his mother most of all. From childhood he was taught to regard the girl, the woman, as a creature of a lower order than himself. Had she not often heard his mother, his aunts, and all the women of his acquaintance say to him in scornful, disdainful tones, 'A girl is only a girl'?

It is through woman herself that man first learns to scorn woman. Ni's blood boiled whenever she heard deprecating words about girls spoken by a woman.

She had always been fond of reading, but now her love for reading became a passion; as soon as she had time, when all her little duties were done, she would seize a book or paper. She read everything that came into her hands; she greedily devoured both the green and the ripe. Once she threw away a book which was full of horrors. She did not have to look into books when she wished to know of loathsome, nauseating things; real life was full of them; it was to escape from them that she buried her soul in realms which the genius of man has fashioned out of the spirit of fantasy.

Her father took a great pleasure in her love of reading and showered her with presents of books. She did not understand everything that she read, but she did not allow herself to be discouraged by that. What she could not understand in the first reading became in the second less obscure, and at the third or fourth, it would be quite clear. Every unknown word that she found she noted down; and later, when her dearest brother came home, she would ask him its meaning. And he helped his little sister so willingly and lovingly.

A little brother was born, and this helpless baby held Ni back from misfortune; he brought her again into the good path from which she had begun to wander. She was fast becoming a bad child toward her mother. She had closed her heart more and more toward her, and the little brother made the doors of that heart spring wide open again. Little brother taught her what a mother is, and what a child owes to its mother.

Four years went by, calm and quiet on the surface, but to those who could see below it, full of strife for Ni. She

learned much in those years: self-mastery, submission, not always to think first of herself; but peace and acquiescence she had not learned, could never learn; her head was haunted by turbulent thoughts, fostered by things that she saw around her, connected both with her own life, and with the lives of others, which made her blood boil. Voices, too, still came to her from the distant West in books, newspapers, and magazines, and in letters from Dutch friends.

She had scarcely been away from her parent's house a single time.

Her oldest brother, meanwhile, was given a position at a distance, and Ni was ashamed that she should be so very glad. He was still her brother, although he had not loved her.

Time and separation work wonders; they took away all resentment from Ni's heart, and she grew to love her brother truly. She felt sorry for the great boy who had allowed himself to be deceived by the silly flattery of fawning, favor-seeking men. It comforted her to think that toward the last she had noticed a change in his conduct toward her. He said nothing in words, but his actions spoke of his sorrow for his former injustice; and Ni thanked God with tears in her eyes that her brother was beginning to be fond of her. She who had been formerly disliked and hated was now first. She was always with him, and he would do more for her than for anyone else.

Ni was now sixteen. The oldest sister married, and with the wedding celebration changes came into her own life. Ni learned to know her sisters, who up to this time had lived near her, but as strangers. There could never have been very much confidence between her older sister and herself; she was only an older sister. And Ni did not wish to be so regarded by the younger ones: she wished to be loved, and not feared.

Freedom and equality were what she asked for herself; ought she not to begin by giving them to others? The intercourse between the younger sisters and herself must be free and unrestrained. Away with everything that would hinder it. With Bimi and Wi, a little sister who had meanwhile come to the 'box,' Ni took sister's room. And the three lives that had hitherto been strange to one another, flowed together and became as one.

Father has borne so patiently with all my caprices: I have never heard a harsh or bitter word from his lips. He is always loving and gentle. Through everything I feel his great love. Some time ago, when I pressed him for a decision, he looked at me so sorrowfully, it was as if his sad eyes asked, 'Are you in such haste to leave me, child?'

I turned away my head; I did not wish to see the dear true eyes; I wanted to be strong and not weak.

My heart almost broke once, when, as we two stood opposed to each other, father clasped me in his arms, and in a voice trembling with emotion said, 'Must it be so, child? Is there no other way? Must it be?'

And we stayed there, heart pressed to heart, looking into each other's eyes.

That was a heavy time, as heavy as a time can well be on this earth. It was shortly before father's illness. Later, when father was recovering, mother said to me, 'Ah, child, give in to him.'

'I cannot,' I answered in a choking voice.

I am going to study here at home, and fit myself for the profession of teaching, just as well as one can be fitted by self-study when it is supported by a strong will, and perseverance.

I had already thought of this plan, but Mevrouw Abendanon gave it the impetus which pushed it forward, when

she suggested some time ago that, without waiting for further arbitrations of capricious fate, we three go ahead and study here at home.

We have had a governess for two months; in her we have found a charming and affectionate friend. She is still very young, a girl of strong character who has left her family in the fatherland and come here to earn her daily bread.

Dutch has always been my favorite study, and many people say that I am thoroughly at home in it. But, heavens! fondness for a language is a very long way from knowledge of it. It is fortunate that I like Dutch so much, for I can understand easily how hard it must be for people who do not like the language, and yet are obliged to study it. Next to languages I like geology. I also enjoy mathematics, but I am still struggling with the groundwork of history. Not that I do not like history; I think it is interesting and very instructive; but the manner in which it is set down in schoolbooks has little charm for me. I should like to have a teacher who knew how to make the dry parts interesting. What I do think delightful is ancient history; it is a pity that so little of it has come my way. I should love to study the history of the Egyptians, and of the old Greeks and Romans.

I read in the paper that some Chinese girls had asked permission to take the teacher's examinations. Hurrah for progress! I feel like shouting aloud in my joy. Of what good is the preservation of a few old traditions? We see now that the strongest and oldest traditions can be broken; and that gives me courage and hope. I should like to meet the gallant little Chinese girls; I should be so glad to know something of their thoughts and feelings — their 'soul.'

I have always longed to have a Chinese girl for a friend. I have often wondered about the inner life of such a girl. It must certainly be full of poetry.

During the last year I often heard something about myself which distresses me. I am a coquette. Do not spare me, but answer outright. Am I a coquette? and if so, in what way? I am seriously troubled, for I dislike anything that is inconstant.

Someone, no slanderer, said that I speak with my eyes. Is that true? I have asked my sister to watch me well, and to tell me what they see in me that is strange; what there is in the play of my eyes. And my truth-loving little sister says — she is always conscientious — that my eyes dance as if they were saying much when I talk long — never mind with whom. Believe me when I say that I do not do it intentionally; that I have no thought of pleasing; and that, if what she says is true, it is unconscious and in spite of myself.

It is a strange sensation, when one has always thought one's self a serious, candid girl, to hear all at once that one is a coquettish creature. I was astonished and distressed; I had never given the matter a thought, and would not be guilty of such conduct knowingly.

I am told that I must modestly (hypo-critically) cast down my eyes. I will not do that: I will look men, as well as women, straight in the eyes, not cast down my own before them. I know very well that we shall be made to promise, perhaps under oath, when we go from here, that we will not bring to our families the terrible disgrace of sharing our love and sorrow with a European; on that point they can be at peace.

We would never think of such a thing; inevitably it would be wreaking destruction upon the whole cause. For our own sakes, we could not, we, who wish to set ourselves up as examples.

I am a child of Buddha, and it is taught that we should eat no animal food. When I was a child, I was very ill. The doctors could not help me, they could suggest nothing. Then a Chinese convict,¹ who had been friendly with us children, begged to be allowed to help me. My parents consented, and I was healed. What the medicines of learned men could not accomplish was done by 'quackery.' He healed me simply by giving me ashes to drink of the burnt-offerings dedicated to a Chinese idol. By drinking that potion, I became the child of that Chinese divinity, Santik-Kong of Welahao.

Our land is full of mysticism, of fairy tales, and of legends. You have certainly heard many times of the enviable calmness with which the Javanese meets the most frightful blows of destiny. It is *Tekdir* — foreordained, they say, and are submissive. The fate of every man is determined, even before he sees the light of life. Happiness and misery are meted out to him before his birth. No man may turn away that which God has decreed. But it is the duty of everyone to guard against misfortune as far as possible; only when it comes despite their efforts, is it *Tekdir*. And against *Tekdir* nothing in the world can prevail.

¹ Formerly in Java convicts were released from prison to work the government lands. — THE TRANSLATOR.

And now I am going to tell you something pleasant. While we waited for opportunities which were to come in the uncertain future, we began our work in earnest, just as we are. We have opened a little school here at home. It has now seven pupils, daughters of native chiefs. We have heard that others are coming, and from a distance.

Our school must not have the air of a school, or we that of schoolmistresses. It must be like a great household of which we are the mothers. We shall try and teach them love as we understand it, by word and deed.

Do you know *We Two*, by Edna Lyall? It is a very fine book. It treats of atheism and Christianity, of true Christianity and of its frightful perversion, of which, alas, there is so much in the world. The atheist, Luke Raeburn, is a great figure, and Erica Raeburn too is a noble character, who from a zealous atheist becomes a sincere and believing Christian. They were a father and daughter who loved each other devotedly, and depended each upon the other.

We read too the *Soul of a People*; that is about Buddhism and is a beautiful book. We are anxious now to read something about Judaism (do you not say that?). Perhaps Zangwill's *Dreams of the Ghetto* will be what we seek.

(To be continued)

UP FROM INSANITY

BY E. J.

I

HERE is a narrative of my adventures in the land of insanity.

They are vital and real to me, but all such 'stories,' as we newspaper men call them, of a personal and psychological nature are mighty hard to make clear and readable. They usually get all tangled up in the telling, for we are apt to stress the wrong things. Happenings that mean much to us sentimentally oftentimes have no value in a narrative. And, secondly, inasmuch as rebuilding a mind presupposes rebuilding the whole life, it would take a genius in narration to put over anything approaching a concise picture of the enterprise in five or six thousand words.

However, in my poor way (you, Mr. Editor, and you, the reader, must not expect too much of me), I can at least tell you *something* of what it means to reconstruct a mental and moral organization.

It has now been something over twenty years since, for me, the curtain went down, and I am just emerging into something like a right relation to my fellow beings.

Roughly, my fight has resolved itself into four phases. First, I had to struggle to reconstruct my mind — to bring order out of chaos in thinking. It required about fourteen years to effect this change, which, viewed in the light of certain of my experiences, *seems* to have involved the renewal of at least a part of the tissue of the brain.

I realize that I am almost a pioneer in

this field of written experience of insanity. It is a privilege conferred upon few men in this world to return from this dark and weird adventure to live a normal life, and of this handful, comparatively fewer still are equipped to write about it. So that I feel some responsibility to be accurate, and not to make random statements designed to startle the reader rather than to instruct him.

I shall later point out why I believe my brain-tissue was renewed, and also show that some evidence exists that the functions were merely arrested.

Secondly, — going back to the four stages of my rejuvenation, — my will had again to be brought into action, for you must understand not only that insanity is a paralysis of the mind, but that in my own case the will was equally weakened. And I am convinced that the major portion of insanity is just that — a failure of the will to control the mind, which, running rudderless, so to speak, goes on the rocks.

A friend of mine 'lost his mind' last year — and had n't found it at last report — from thinking too much about his income tax. The impulse to think about his dwindling fortune was greater than the power of his will to check.

I shall attempt seriously to show that the centre of the will is distinct from the centre of the mind; is a separate functioning organ. We have been accustomed to talk about a strong will, — a self-willed person, the old folks used to say, — knowing little or nothing about it. Some men, posing as authorities, seem to think that the will is the

sum total of the personality. But my experience is that personality is an accumulation of experience, whereas will is a force. I became sane four or five or six years — it is hard to draw definite lines in a world so shadowy — before my will came into action, during which period I was as ineffective for service as a derelict at sea.

Thirdly, — coming back again to the periods of my advance, — my moral life had to be rebuilt. When the mind went, everything went with it. During the years of my 'come-back' I was as unmoral as a savage. I alienated every friend from me, and every relative but my mother, — it is something to say that not even the antics of an insane man can wreck the affections of a true mother, — and I was compelled to beat it up and down and across the country, fleeing from an adverse reputation.

Fourthly, my physical health had to be restored. Such a strain was placed upon my nerves and organs generally that, if I had not originally possessed almost superhuman vitality, I should long since have been pushing daisies, as they say over the water, in an unhonored grave.

II

I suppose, first of all, you would like to know how it feels to be insane. Well, it is indeed a melancholy sensation. There is a great deal of morbid curiosity about it, and a great deal of misconception. Like most conditions, the more we know about it, the less awe-inspiring it is. The American Indians used to believe, I am told, that when one of their number went off his head, he was possessed of the Evil One, and they would kill him — which was fortunate, probably, for the poor Indian. On the other hand, lately a movement has arisen to change the name of insane asylums to mental hospitals. We now recognize former 'madmen' as merely sick people.

We used to think of insane people as wild-eyed humans, gnawing at prison bars, or raving in a straight jacket. That was very melodramatic, but, like most melodrama, untrue. To-day we have with us the 'nut,' which is the recognition by society of the man of impaired mental faculties in our midst.

I personally violated on one memorable occasion the conception of insanity of a well-known New York publisher. In the depths of despair — nothing else would have driven me to it — I went to New York, visited the great man in his office, told him my story without a blush, and requested slight financial aid while I put the story on paper. He listened to me with apparent deep interest, and was about to enter into a contract with me to write the book, when a partner of his happened to walk into the office.

I had known this partner personally for several years; I had played golf with him, and he had heard me lecture on my explorations in Africa. When he heard at second-hand, and very much abridged, the story I had told, he turned to his partner and said, with a friendly smile, that I was the biggest liar alive — that what I was trying to do was to put over something unusual and sensational; that he had known me for years as the sanest of his acquaintances. And he queered my deal completely.

It was to him inconceivable that an insane man could play golf, go to Africa, or talk about his experiences. And he considered himself very shrewd and wise, and to this day he believes that he saved his house from exploiting a yarn which he thought was a fake. But he was simply ignorant, that was all.

I will endeavor to tell you how a man feels when his mind fails him. There are several sorts of insanity, or diseases of the mind, brought on, in a large percentage of cases, by wrong thinking somewhere down the line. You will

probably come back at me at once with the assertion that drink is a prime cause of insanity. Yes, surely; but a man who is thinking straight, with a developed will, does n't drink himself into any such condition.

I came into an unstable mental state through influences which I knew nothing of until as late as two years ago. I was always at high tension, and on edge mentally, but this tension became very acute in my twenty-first year. You will notice, as I go along, that all the epochs of my mental career happened at or near the expiration of a seven-year cycle. I 'lost my mind' at maturity, made a material advance at twenty-eight, became what I considered sane at thirty-five, and now, as I approach my forty-second year, as definite a change for the better is coming over me. I mean that my will is coming into play.

Like Tolstoi, who noticed and wrote rather fully about the relationship of this cycle to his own advance, I believe that the renewal of the bodily tissue (or *some* physical change) sums up, as it were, more or less suddenly, all the *tendencies* and *efforts*, or the degenerating processes, as the case may be, of the seven years immediately past.

Looking back, I believe that I was consistently going down the mental incline, my mind becoming more and more unstable, during the entire period from my fourteenth to my twenty-first year. At any rate, I more or less suddenly observed that my mind had the tendency to wind itself up, become stimulated to spurts of furious activity, when thoughts, pictures, memories, imaginary experiences — with the ego central in every one of them — would whirl through my brain with furious speed, under the highest stimulation, supplied from what source, I know not.

Inevitably a reaction would set in, and I would fall into mental sluggishness and the depths of woe. Whereas,

during one period I seemed to be all life, all vibration, with every good fortune possible, during the reverse I was to all intent lost irredeemably — doomed to suffering and to death.

This sort of thing went on — I was conscious of it, at least — for about three months. Then nature turned the trick.

I was, at the time, a traveling person, going from village to village in a buggy, the period of the ubiquitous automobile being not yet upon us. On this never-to-be-forgotten day in March it was raining, and not only raining but blowing — cold and raw.

I got down from my buggy before a store in a cross-roads village, and beat it to the shelter of the interior. Outside that wet and homely threshold, I left my old self. In a twinkling, when I came face to face with a group of men seated around a stove in the dark, gloomy store, a weakness came over me that marked the fatal division in my career. All day long, more or less, my mind had been going at fever pitch, running in 'high,' with never a break.

When the reaction came, I underwent a slump in consciousness, which left me totally unable to speak, and so weak that I had to lean against an upright in the store to keep from falling. Even as I leaned there I was conscious of my negro driver saying to the merchant, whom he evidently knew, and who was inquiring my mission, 'Yes, an' he's as sharp as a *steel trap*.'

Yes, as sharp as a steel trap with the spring broken.

Behind the counter, where I attempted to talk with the merchant, the best I could do was to grin diabolically. There is an old saw, — you have heard it hundreds of times, — 'Keep a stiff upper lip.' The fact, it seems, has long been recognized, that some relationship exists between the upper lip and the mentality. It does. In my case that

poor weak grin was the symbol of idiocy, and the merchant knew it and so did I. But I could n't stop grinning. All power of control was gone.

I dare say that simple country bumpkin of a man had never before been face to face with a man suddenly gone insane. It is, in a sense, quite an experience. But he rose to it nobly. He put his hand on my shoulder like a father; talked to me kindly, God bless him! helped me into my buggy, and stood in his wet doorway and watched me drive away into the cold gloomy world.

Some day I am going to visit that store again and stand again on that threshold. I dare say the kindly man who supported me in my first agony is dead, but I shall say a little prayer for him in his distant world.

My destination was a hotel seven miles away. We drove and drove through the torrential downpour. I crouched down in my corner of the buggy, a poor, shrunk, lifeless figure. Doubtless the negro beside me realized that something had gone wrong with the steel trap, because he kept his peace. We came at last to a long avenue of poplars leading into the town, and I have never forgotten how agitated they were in the terrific wind, with streaks of rain driving through them.

Just as dusk was enshrouding the wet, bedraggled town, we drove up to the hotel, as cheap and crude a joint as you could find in seven states. The proprietor of the place, with commendable enterprise, came to the buggy and stood under the drip of his tin porch-roof and took my bag and helped me out. He was very profuse with his welcome, but I could merely hold out my hand to him and grin like a Cheshire cat. When I walked into the lobby, — he had gone before me, and I fear winked at the company of his pals around the stove, — I encountered a deadly silence, and every man's eyes upon me. I suddenly

became terrified, grinned horribly, and trembled like an aspen leaf.

Men in other walks of life might have had more respect for a fellow being in the throes of a stroke so terrible. But that raw bunch, to a man, burst out laughing right in my face. The horrible part of it was, I seemed to have lost all power of locomotion, and could only stand and stare at them, their eyes being a magnet for my own which held me in a mental vice.

When I finally got to my room, — which I did by the grace of Heaven, — I fell across the bed — done for.

There was a dull sensation in my head as though a mass of débris — I have never been able to separate that word débris from the feeling — were there. The feeling in the frontal part of my head, over my eyes, was just as sensible to me as it would be in my cheek if I caught up some of the flesh and pinched it. Undoubtedly some collapse of tissue had occurred. Mingled with the present sensation was a certain dull and faded consciousness of the old ego. But all power of guidance over that consciousness was gone.

I fell asleep as I lay there fully dressed, and some time in the night awoke, and feeling stronger, got up, found a match, and lighted a little lightning bug of a lamp which I found on a faded old bureau. By this flickering light I viewed my new self in the mirror — a person I had never seen before, a horrible caricature of a man, whose eyes had gone back into the head until they appeared at the bottom of deep black holes in the face. The cheek-bones had risen into hills of pallid flesh. But that was not the worst: from the features some vitalizing thing had gone, so that what I looked upon was a mere skull with almost expressionless flesh upon it — a ghost in the dim light.

From some cause, whether from the effect of the reaction of the picture

upon me, or for some more physical reason, an intense nausea came over me as I stood there before the mirror, and I became violently ill.

III

That, my friends, is insanity, the ultimate curse of God. From that condition it is a long and thorny road up to be your instructor. Let us consider the foundation for the cure, with the words as a preface, — which is the moral of all this, — that if from such material the human will can mould a man, there is hope, high hope, for you to become anything you want to become.

But everything in the world is qualified, and there is a destiny for the human soul. So that we need to analyze optimism rather keenly. The key to my rejuvenation was the goal set in the wreck of a mind, which, as I kept it in sight, enabled me to steer a course.

Consider me for three months an imbecile, with a demoralized mass of brain in my head, in which, as I have said, a dim consciousness of my state persisted, plus a weakened vitality of the whole physical organism, — I dropped in weight from one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and nineteen pounds, — plus again a desire, welling up from somewhere in the personality, to 'come back.'

I do not wish to be over-mystical. I realize acutely that your interest in this narrative as an element of instruction to be taken seriously is very tentative. You are from Missouri, when it comes to a man who has been insane really opening your mind to new thoughts. So that I, more than others, must be careful to keep on an even keel. But I want to say to you that from the beginning nature *seemed* to make me a promise of survival which I relied upon. They say God takes care of idiots and children. Of course, I can prove nothing;

I should be a fool to try. I am not *certain* myself of any so-called occult influences in life, although I shall tell of one experience which gave me a severe jolt; but after twenty years of living in a different world from yours, one of the messages I bring back is, that for me there seemed to be some thread of destiny running through the web.

You will probably say that all men who survive profound and stirring experiences feel the same way: witness the soldiers in the war. And I have no reply.

One day, after I had been at home in the country for three months, and after my new state had become settled, and my daily mental experiences had been stabilized, as it were, into a certain programme of collapse and partial revival, during one of my lucid moments I got on a horse to take a ride, and the brute ran away with me. Up to that time I had deluded myself with the thought that I wanted to die; but I was suddenly aware, as the animal dashed madly under me, that I did n't want to die *that way*. After fifteen minutes of frenzied struggle with the animal, I checked him, and rolled ingloriously off his back, physically exhausted.

But, lying there in the dirt of the road, with the horse grazing nonchalantly up the way a bit, I was suddenly conscious of a renewed mental vitality. The sensation in my head was as though someone had poured cold water through my brain, washing out the débris from the rotten mass.

Don't be dismayed by my being dull. The most illuminating experiences in the world are not always dramatic. The picture of that weak figure in the road is not stirring; but right then, in that poor moment, occurred the thought that saved me and made it possible for me to sit here in the bright sunlight by the sea to-day, and contemplate a useful life.

What had happened to me? Simply this: my attention had been *focussed*,

and the random thoughts had been for one brief part of an hour concentrated. I was, for a few minutes, until the old aimless, disintegrating mental processes reasserted themselves, a new man.

Alas, what a lesson! My mental energy had poured, as it were, through a lens and burned an idea into me. The essence of that idea was, that what my will lacked the power to compel, circumstances had compelled for me.

Aye! now for a gigantic thought. I would force circumstances to do my bidding further. If I could not control my mind, I would force circumstances to control it for me. I would put myself into dangerous situations, like the one from which I had just escaped, to compel me to concentrate my faculties upon measures of safety.

So I went to Africa, with a well-known Southerner as a companion, to hunt big game.

Let me tell you something that occurred in connection with that trip — something odd, after the way events sometimes fall out in this world.

On my way through New York I called on a celebrated specialist who lived on University Heights. It was a stormy December night, and I found the great physician seated before an open fire in his library, with his wife, who was one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon.

The great man talked to me intimately, with a fine show of friendliness, for half an hour, and as he talked, I could not help but contrast his condition with my own. There he was, a man less than forty, rich, famous, living in an elegant home amid exquisite surroundings, reposing on a stormy night in the soft and soothing atmosphere of his library, before a leaping fire. And there was I, alas! destitute of every consolation.

He told me, that doctor, that I had only six months to live, and his advice

to me was to go out and hunt and roam the world and make the best of the passing hours. 'Life is sweet,' said he, proclaiming a startling philosophy to a dying man, 'and I am glad you are going, not I. And yet, my boy, if we were to change places to-night it would n't matter a whole lot to me. The main thing is to be a man, and act like a man, and you have the opportunity.'

General Grant opened his autobiography with a sentence like this: 'Man proposes and God disposes.' The ways of nature are inscrutable, and sometimes, indeed, the race is not to the swift. When I returned from Africa, I learned that *six months* after I left the United States that great physician had died — insane.

In his own words, we did change places in many regards. He became insane and died in six months, and I became sane and lived to marry a woman quite as beautiful as the statuesque blonde whom I thought so astoundingly lovely on that stormy night.

And I have lived to say — how many times I have thought of his words — that nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part.

IV

I came back from Africa much improved. I had lived in the open, roamed the wilds, and so enhanced my general health that my periods of slump were not so terrifying as they had been. I had been doing interesting things and dangerous things, so that, as I planned, circumstances had, in a measure, focussed my thoughts for me. And as I dealt with actual things and actual vital conditions, the experience had brought my mind down more to earth from its ethereal wanderings.

But I struggled in the dark for seven long years before there came a time when I could say that I was actually

improved. These seven-year periods were mile-posts, or, better still as a simile, platforms, where I could cease the struggle for a time, feel a sure footing, and, as it were, look around the landscape and say, 'I am thus far up the mountain, anyway.'

I wish I could write this first experience of known improvement in a way that you would understand and remember; for an actual experience of this nature must indicate a law of mind to which all may give heed with profit.

I was sitting one day in the old Astor Library in New York, reading, when all at once I noticed that the ideas from the printed page were going *deeper into my head* than ever before. Theretofore, all my consciousness — my whole mental life — had been lived right in the very front of my brain, and everything existed as impressions. There were no definite ideas or thoughts in the mind, at all. If I read anything it left an impression merely, and I could never recall anything concrete upon which that impression was based. In other words, the mind lacked the vigor to separate the units, so to speak. But on this particular day — it was a red-letter day, indeed — I suddenly began to experience thoughts going into my head as separate units, individual and apart from each other — as separate mental impulses, almost as material things.

I was only seven years up from insanity; still queer, still weak, still unmixable in the great compound of life; but for all that I had discovered a great law of thinking.

I know now, — which I discovered then, — and you must know it, too, if you are a student of this subject of mind, that effective thinkers are precisely those who have the power to separate ideas into their component parts — to deal with thoughts as units of plans and ideas. Many men now conceive of thoughts as *physical things*, and

you need go no further than my own homely countenance to demonstrate how thoughts can modify the physical. My face has been transformed from pudding to iron under the influence of more and more rigid thinking.

The power came to me that day in the Astor Library to think, and after that new fields opened for me.

Out of an ambition to write I became a newspaper man. That ambition to write came along shortly after my mind went bad, and grew almost into a madness in itself. I am going to tell you something about that before I close this article, as it brings out an experience with occult phenomena which I believe is unsurpassed as 'proof' of an abiding unseen influence in human experience.

But we will contemplate first my development in the intervening years, when, as I have said, I became a newspaper man, a reporter. Now you must understand that when Nature, Providence, or God, deprives you of one sense, of expansion in one direction, it makes up the deficiency to a degree in another. There is nothing mysterious or mystical about it. The deaf, the blind, the dumb testify to the truth of this law.

Now, I was cut off largely from physical life. It was natural therefore that I should project my personality, as it were, into life which was non-physical, or the spiritual, if you please. You see there are many and multiplying phases of this development from insanity.

As a reporter I developed the sixth sense to a startling degree, and it assured me a success which otherwise I never could have commanded. For I was, and am, the poorest mixer in the world. Men look upon me, with my odd ways, askance to this day. In any company I am the fifth wheel to the cart, the unknown quantity.

But when it came to gathering news,

I was the equal of any of them. As an example of the superlative working of this sixth sense, on one occasion I was in New York on a mission for my paper, which was one of the great journals of the East, when I learned that Doctor Cook was out of the North with the claim to the Pole.

I instantly abandoned what I was doing, and caught the first train home; and that night, while the linotype machines were still in the throes of the big story, went to the managing editor's office and told him to go slow on the yarn — that Doctor Cook was a fake.

The managing editor had confidence in my judgment, and the result was that the next morning my paper was, I believe, the only one in the United States which qualified the doctor's achievement. And we straightway launched a fight on him which terminated in driving him from the country.

I once wrote a murder story in such a way as to implicate a woman, and she was arrested on the strength of my statements, and tried. I was put on the witness-stand, and the attorney for the defense made me confess that my 'newspaper instinct' prompted me to write what I had written. The jury apparently took no interest in 'newspaper instinct,' and acquitted her. But a year later she confessed the crime, and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

I became very deeply interested in the spiritual side of life during those years, but I cannot say that I learned anything new from my own experience, except an ability to 'sense' a happening, or the state of mind or the state of being of an individual. My mind seemed to possess tentacles stretching out into the unseen. Which may account for an experience which I am now going to relate, concerning which a note I made of it at the time states that a personality attuned to the un-

usual may catch messages unknown to more normal minds.

This incident goes deep into the subject of the occult.

It occurred in the winter of 1917, when I was living in California, and revolves around the ambition to write which had taken hold of me. That ambition had ridden me for years like a madness, urging me on, and ever on, to write. And I wrote. But it was impossible, it was unthinkable, that a man whose mind was in the condition mine was in could really do any creative literary work.

You will understand that it is one thing to write a newspaper article, giving off from your immediate investigations, and spurred by an immediate impulse, certain facts; but quite another to evolve from your own mind a plot, arrange events in logical sequence, and produce a unified result.

The incident centres around a woman — I might almost say the most insignificant little woman I ever saw. One can never tell, I might say in passing, who is insignificant, if any are, in this world. She arrested my attention and held it for weeks because she persisted in 'cutting' me. I am rather used to having people shy off from me. Carlyle remarks, in an essay on Burns, that a miserable man makes more enemies than friends. And heaven knows I have never been popular. But this little creature rubbed it in, as we say. She was a friend of my mother and used to come to the house, but every time she saw me she acted as a cat I once owned did when she saw a clay statue of a pug dog which reposed on the corner of the hearth. That she did not want my company was the most evident fact to me concerning her.

But one day she surprised me by calling while I was alone, coming up on the porch, and sitting down with a show of friendliness which amazed me.

'You are alone,' she said, stating a fact rather than asking a question, 'and I have come to talk with you.'

She then told me, after a few preliminary remarks, — this 'insignificant' woman to whom I would not have given a second thought if she had not hurt my feelings, — that she had come to me through promptings she had received; that prior to her marriage (to a rich lumberman of the Middle West) she had been a professional medium.

'But,' she added, 'since my marriage I have given up that life; not one of my present friends knows of it, and I am giving you more of my confidence than I have ever given anyone else.'

She continued: 'Now, I am sacrificing my feelings to come to help you. I never come near you that the experience does n't almost put me in bed, — your mind is so agitated, — but I am going to brave the consequences to tell you something you ought to know.'

'I am acquainted with your whole past history. Heaven knows it is black enough. But I am going to tell you something that you don't know. Your uncle ——' — mentioning the name of my mother's oldest brother — 'died insane. It was his life's ambition to express himself in literature, but he could n't master his mind enough to put it over, as you say. He died with his message pent up in him. Now ——' — mentioning his name again — 'is trying to express himself through you. So you must recognize that you have a purpose in the world, and stop worrying and prepare to do your work.'

Then she went on in a light way: 'You so-called literary men amuse me. You imagine that your own mind and your own experience are the source of your stories. It has never occurred to you that, to be really successful, you must get into touch with the great reservoir of experience, which is psychic — has it?'

Now, in the light of that bolt out of the blue, let me impress this upon you. No living soul, not even my mother, knew of any ambition of mine to write. And no one in California, not in three thousand miles, perhaps, knew that I had ever been out of plumb mentally. And, as for my uncle's condition being common knowledge, I myself had never heard a hint of it, and I was verging on forty years of age. He died, by the way, when I was five years old.

I asked my mother one day about this uncle. She camouflaged the facts by telling me that he fell downstairs and hurt his head, and was n't 'quite right' afterward. There is a possibility, of course, that my little friend wormed from my mother the facts she told me, but I don't believe it; my mother, like most Southerners, takes too much pride in her family to tell facts like that. And even if she did, the further incident which I will relate could have, I believe, come from no source on earth save some mysterious power that this ex-medium possessed.

I saw her again this past winter, 1919, for the first time for two years. Her first words to me were, 'My, how you've improved! It is the first time I have ever been able to come near you without suffering a pain in my head.'

It was the first time I had ever met her when I was free from a pain in my own head! That was one effect of my trouble — a dull, ceaseless ache of the brain.

v

Now let us return to my own intimate experiences of mind, for we approach, as we near the period of my cure, one of the most remarkable facts connected with my experience.

What occurred to me in the Astor Library was accentuated as time went on. About the period of my thirty-fifth year, which was fourteen years

after my collapse, there opened for me a still greater depth of mental sensation. Let me endeavor to make this clear. First, all my sensation — as I have said, my whole mental life — was confined to the frontal area of my head. Then a new area of the brain apparently was opened up, and I began to think deeper, and to feel and know that I was thinking deeper, because it was an actual physical sensation. Then, when I was thirty-five, my entire head seemed to clear up. That brought about a very notable change. Prior to that time my words, when I spoke, seemed to issue from a shallow area at the roof of my mouth, in thin weak utterance. After the change they came from deeper within me, and had more carrying force, and had a far sterner quality. My memory improved, and my ability to express myself improved.

But — strange thing! — it appeared that the saner and more normal I grew, the further worldly success, the realization of my dreams, receded from me. When I was insane I turned a great trick in Africa, and lectured to learned audiences in New York and other parts of the East. During some of my most turbulent years, when I actually had to wear blue glasses to hide my tell-tale eyes, which I could not control, I wrote some of my greatest newspaper stories — the series on Doctor Cook, for example.

But now that I was actually sane and normal, I could n't do anything out of the commonplace. I could n't write an acceptable story. I could n't get a job worthy of a man's efforts and one to enlist my enthusiasms. In the language of a friend of mine, I heard the breakers on the shoal of mediocrity. I made up my mind that Nature had tricked me: had made me a promise that she would not fulfill.

Then I concluded that it was impossible for a fallen man to rise above a

certain height in this world, because, it seemed to me, all my enthusiasm and punch had been exhausted in gaining sanity. And in the matter of reputation my past hung around my neck like an anchor. I could n't get away from it.

It appeared that I had got just so far, and there I would stick. And I grew disappointed and bitter, and fretted and worried and complained and planned, and was ceaselessly agitated.

I was, I believe, far more miserable during the past six years than I was even during the worst periods of my old life.

Let me make this condition perfectly clear, because I believe it has a lesson for many strugglers in the night. I had a family, I had responsibility, and what little money I possessed at one time was practically gone. The future loomed before me as a problem for me to solve *alone*, and it scared me. I worried and planned ceaselessly. My nerves were taut even during sleep, I who so needed repose.

I was so anxious to do something, *that I did nothing*. I was past forty, and the clock was ceaselessly ticking out the precious moments of my life.

My friends, let us give thanks to the man who takes enough interest in us now and then to tell us a word of truth. One day, not so very long ago, I was walking the streets of one of our cities and met one of the country's greatest physicians. Many of these men are my personal friends.

This man stopped me right there on the crowded thoroughfare, and said, 'Boy,' — they always call me boy, for some reason; I suppose I am still really immature, — 'do you know what you remind me of? You remind me of a piece of rubber that we stretch this way' — extending his two hands apart — 'and hold it taut. Do you know what happens to a piece of rubber if

you hold it that way long enough? It breaks. Slack up.'

Just then a little child passed with a basket of flowers, and he bought a bunch. 'Get out,' said he, holding up the blooms, 'and study and cultivate these and learn a lesson from them.'

He handed me the bunch he had bought and passed on. If a lesser man had invited my attention to them, I should probably have laughed at him. But the words of the great simple physician hit me where I lived, and I took the bouquet and studied it. It was the first time I had really looked at flowers in twenty years, and to my intense surprise and delight I found a quiet beauty about them that invited me to think of serene and beautiful scenes — of green fields and running brooks — of repose and peace.

I went back to my hotel and thought about what the man had said to me, and thought of the lesson of the flowers, and made up my mind then and there really to 'slack up,' to stop fretting and worrying and planning, and to take the days as they came and live according to the logic of events.

If, I concluded, I cannot do great things I will do little things. I had been the most selfish of mortals, always putting off until some happier day to do for others the little kindnesses that life offers. I made up my mind that I would put off my services to others no longer, that I would be a decent friend and a decent father, and let it go at that. And the words of the dead doctor I had met on the eve of my trip to Africa came to me — 'Nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part.'

Listen to me —

This is not religion. I am the furthest removed person from a religionist in this country. But that day I gave my life away; I dedicated it to unselfish service, and right then I found myself.

A calm repose settled over me, and the nerve-energy that I had frittered away — the energy that had been sapped from my vital organs, shriveling them up and rendering me weak and anæmic — returned into the old channels and nourished me.

Within a few days I observed that a double nerve-centre at the base of the spine had been aroused, and the function of these centres brought balance and poise and strength that was instantly reflected in my every movement and thought.

This is really the pith of what I have to say to you. We speak of a person lacking balance. What is it? Too much *heady* thinking. We speak of a deep man. Who is he? The man whose strength wells up from some centre deeper in him than the brain.

I have told you how my thoughts went deeper into me continually as I grew better. At last, it seemed, I had tapped the very basic nerve-centres, which I believe are the centre of the will. Certainly I now know that mysterious force called will-power, which I never knew before.

I am not alone in believing that personality exists in layers, which may be penetrated and the force tapped. Some such reason must exist for the difference in men which we observe. One man is deeper and more powerful than another, and for this condition there must be a cause.

But I have never come upon the theory that will is a function of particular nerve-centres. That was my experience. I may be wrong. I may be misled. But you know and I know that mental development does not necessarily develop will-power, any more than experience does. And certainly I was as will-less as a clam on the Sound shore until mind penetrated me, arousing the nerve-centres which I have described.

BLUE ROSES

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

THERE was once upon a time a princess who was very beautiful. Her hair looked like burnished gold, her eyes were dark and mysterious, and her smile soft and full of sweetness. Three princes were her suitors; all three handsome, young and gallant, all three rich and proud and ardent, all three like Chaucer's knight, loving 'chevalrie, trouth and honour, freedom and curtesie.' The question was only whom she should choose for her husband. The whole court was in doubt; the wise Doctors of Marital Law shook their gray heads, but no decision was reached.

At last the old King became impatient. 'One has to handle the matter in the good old style,' he declared, 'as it is done in all the time-hallowed chronicles of the past. One has to set a task for the three princes, and who best succeeds will be rewarded with the hand of the princess.' And thus the matter was settled.

The next morning the princess called her first suitor and spoke to him.

'To-morrow there is a great ball at court, and I am going to wear a wonderful light-blue dress. It will be blue like eyes that have never known tears; blue like the spring sky that has never been cloud-veiled; blue like the distances hidden by summer mist. It will be the bluest of all blue things, and with this blue dress I want to wear a nosegay of perfect blue roses. Can you not go and get me some?'

'Blue roses?' said the prince. 'Why, they don't exist. You mean red roses, of course.'

'No,' said the princess sharply. 'I mean blue ones. Blue, blue, blue! If I had meant red, I should have said so. I want blue roses, and I want them quickly.'

'I never heard of blue roses,' said the prince. 'I am certain you must be mistaken.'

'I am not mistaken,' persisted the princess. 'There must be blue roses. Could I wish for them if they did not exist? Is not a glorious dream the surest proof of a more glorious reality? And are not our wishes always, some time, somewhere, true and justified? If my heart demands blue roses, blue roses are its right. Go, then, and bring them to me.'

The prince, who was very scientific, felt aggrieved at such illogical words, and tried to argue the question. He brought the botanical atlas and the garden almanac, quoted Linnæus, De Candolle, and other authorities, and proved in every way the utter impossibility of blue roses; but all he accomplished was to make the princess thoroughly angry.

'I want blue roses,' she said, 'and I do not care a straw for all your books and atlases and authorities. I don't want wisdom, I want wonder; and if you do not care to give me blue roses, your love is certainly not so ardent as you have always pretended. I was mistaken in you, and the best thing is to part forever.'

The prince protested, but his words were of no avail; and in the end he had to leave the palace, hurt and disap-

pointed, and the princess called her second suitor.

'To-morrow there is a ball at court,' she said, 'and I am going to wear a light-blue dress. It is blue like the April sky, blue like the eyes of a true love, blue like fair lakes in which water-nymphs play, blue like hidden flowers that bloom in the glen. And with this marvelously blue dress I want to wear blue roses. Please, do bring me some.'

'Willingly,' answered the prince, 'I shall search for them at once.'

With these words he mounted his good steed (princes always mount good steeds; a mare seems to have no standing in fairy tales), and galloped away to find the blue roses for the princess. But though he searched everywhere, and looked into all the gardens, and knocked at the gates of all parks and palaces, his quest was in vain. He never found blue roses, and he returned to his far-away kingdom with a heavy and saddened heart, burdened by its own weariness and its own grief.

And the princess spoke to her third suitor: 'To-morrow there is a ball at court, and I am going to wear a beautiful blue dress. It is bluer than anything on earth or in heaven; it is blue like the garments of the blessed Saints; it is Very Blue itself, and oh! it is wonderfully becoming. And with this dress I want to wear some blue roses. Do you think you could get them for me?'

'Certainly,' answered the prince. 'Nothing is easier than that. My cousin, the Princess of Brabant, has a whole garden full of blue roses, and she will be delighted to send you a basket of them. These roses were a terrible expense to her, and now they are quite useless. Neither my cousin nor her ladies care to wear them. They say blue roses spoil even the fairest complexion, and look extremely vulgar in candle-light. She will be so happy that there is still someone in this world who wants blue

roses. If you will permit me I shall at once despatch a messenger to Brabant.'

'Oh, never mind,' said the princess. 'There is no hurry about it. Let us go into the garden and look at my own rose-bushes. Perhaps, I'll decide, after all, to wear red roses on my dress. Color-contrasts are often very effective.'

So they went into the garden, and the next day they were married and, so far as I know, they lived happily ever after.

Some years later the three princes met at the court of a neighboring king, and after a day's hard hunting and an evening's hard toasting they became, at midnight, very confidential, and spoke about courtship and marriage, men and women, love and blue roses.

And the first prince said, 'Blue roses! How absurd! Women possess no intellect.'

And the second prince said, 'Blue roses! How tragic! Women are faithless even to their dreams.'

And the third prince said, 'Blue roses! How unnecessary! If you but know how to talk to a woman, you do not need blue roses.'

And while the three princes thus settled finally and for all, out of their own personal experiences, the age-old question of blue roses, the garden was steeped in all the glamour of a moon-kissed summer night. Nightingales were singing their sweet and mysterious song in dusk-haunted bushes; strange flowers exhaled a perfumed fragrance; and even the grass was dew-wet, and herby, and trembling with a joyful, intense life. And in the darkest corner sat on a marble bank the king's young daughter, with a gallant young knight. Their eyes were shining, their hands touched timidly, the glow of a first passion blushed on their cheeks, and with a tender voice the young princess asked her knight — as Youth will always ask Love — to bring her blue roses.

THE BASIC PROBLEM OF DEMOCRACY

I. WHAT MODERN LIBERTY MEANS

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

FROM our recent experience it is clear that the traditional liberties of speech and opinion rest on no solid foundation. At a time when the world needs above all other things the activity of generous imaginations and the creative leadership of planning and inventive minds, our thinking is shriveled with panic. Time and energy that should go to building and restoring are instead consumed in warding off the pin-pricks of prejudice and fighting a guerilla war against misunderstanding and intolerance. For suppression is felt, not simply by the scattered individuals who are actually suppressed. It reaches back into the steadiest minds, creating tension everywhere; and the tension of fear produces sterility. Men cease to say what they think; and when they cease to say it, they soon cease to think it. They think in reference to their critics and not in reference to the facts. For when thought becomes socially hazardous, men spend more time wondering about the hazard than they do in developing their thought. Yet nothing is more certain than that mere bold resistance will not permanently liberate men's minds. The problem is not only greater than that, but different, and the time is ripe for reconsideration. We have learned that many of the hard-won rights of man are utterly insecure. It may be that we cannot make them

secure simply by imitating the earlier champions of liberty.

Something important about the human character was exposed by Plato when, with the spectacle of Socrates's death before him, he founded Utopia on a censorship stricter than any which exists on this heavily censored planet. His intolerance seems strange. But it is really the logical expression of an impulse that most of us have not the candor to recognize. It was the service of Plato to formulate the dispositions of men in the shape of ideals, and the surest things we can learn from him are not what we ought to do, but what we are inclined to do. We are peculiarly inclined to suppress whatever impugns the security of that to which we have given our allegiance. If our loyalty is turned to what exists, intolerance begins at its frontiers; if it is turned, as Plato's was, to Utopia, we shall find Utopia defended with intolerance.

There are, so far as I can discover, no absolutists of liberty; I can recall no doctrine of liberty, which, under the acid test, does not become contingent upon some other ideal. The goal is never liberty, but liberty for something or other. For liberty is a condition under which activity takes place, and men's interests attach themselves primarily to their activities and what is necessary to fulfil them, not to the abstract requirements of any activity that might be conceived.

And yet controversialists rarely take this into account. The battle is fought with banners on which are inscribed absolute and universal ideals. They are not absolute and universal in fact. No man has ever thought out an absolute or a universal ideal in politics, for the simple reason that nobody knows enough, or can know enough, to do it. We all use absolutes, because an ideal which seems to exist apart from time, space, and circumstance has a prestige that no candid avowal of special purpose can ever have. Looked at from one point of view universals are part of the fighting apparatus in men. What they desire enormously they easily come to call God's will, or their nation's purpose. Looked at genetically, these idealizations are probably born in that spiritual reverie where all men live most of the time. In reverie there is neither time, space, nor particular reference, and hope is omnipotent. This omnipotence, which is denied to them in action, nevertheless illuminates activity with a sense of utter and irresistible value.

The classic doctrine of liberty consists of absolutes. It consists of them except at the critical points where the author has come into contact with objective difficulties. Then he introduces into the argument, somewhat furtively, a reservation which liquidates its universal meaning and reduces the exalted plea for liberty in general to a special argument for the success of a special purpose.

There are at the present time, for instance, no more fervent champions of liberty than the western sympathizers with the Russian Soviet government. Why is it that they are indignant when Mr. Burleson suppresses a newspaper and complacent when Lenin does? And, *vice versa*, why is it that the anti-Bolshevist forces in the world are in favor of restricting constitutional liberty as a preliminary to establishing genuine

liberty in Russia? Clearly the argument about liberty has little actual relation to the existence of it. It is the purpose of the social conflict, not the freedom of opinion, that lies close to the heart of the partisans. The word liberty is a weapon and an advertisement, but certainly not an ideal which transcends all special aims.

If there were any man who believed in liberty apart from particular purposes, that man would be a hermit contemplating all existence with a hopeful and neutral eye. For him, in the last analysis, there could be nothing worth resisting, nothing particularly worth attaining, nothing particularly worth defending, not even the right of hermits to contemplate existence with a cold and neutral eye. He would be loyal simply to the possibilities of the human spirit, even to those possibilities which most seriously impair its variety and its health. No such man has yet counted much in the history of politics. For what every theorist of liberty has meant is that certain types of behavior and classes of opinion hitherto regulated should be somewhat differently regulated in the future. What each seems to say is that opinion and action should be free; that liberty is the highest and most sacred interest of life. But somewhere each of them inserts a weasel clause to the effect that 'of course' the freedom granted shall not be employed too destructively. It is this clause which checks exuberance and reminds us that, in spite of appearances, we are listening to finite men pleading a special cause.

Among the English classics none are more representative than Milton's *Areopagitica* and the essay *On Liberty* by John Stuart Mill. Of living men Mr. Bertrand Russell is perhaps the most outstanding advocate of 'liberty.' The three together are a formidable set of witnesses. Yet nothing is easier than to

draw texts from each which can be cited either as an argument for absolute liberty or as an excuse for as much repression as seems desirable at the moment. Says Milton: —

Yet if all cannot be of one mind, as who looks they should be? this doubtles is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian that many be tolerated, rather than all compell'd.

So much for the generalization. Now for the qualification which follows immediately upon it.

I mean not tolerated Popery, and open superstition, which as it extirpats all religions and civill supremacies, so itself should be extirpat, provided first that all charitable and compassionat means be used to win and regain the weak and misled: that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or maners no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw it self: but those neighboring differences, or rather *indifferences*, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.

With this as a text one could set up an inquisition. Yet it occurs in the noblest plea for liberty that exists in the English language. The critical point in Milton's thought is revealed by the word '*indifferences*.' The area of opinion which he wished to free comprised the 'neighboring differences' of certain Protestant sects, and only these where they were truly ineffective in manners and morals. Milton, in short, had come to the conclusion that certain conflicts of doctrine were sufficiently insignificant to be tolerated. The conclusion depended far less upon his notion of the value of liberty than upon his conception of God and human nature and the England of his time. He urged indifference to things that were becoming indifferent.

If we substitute the word indifference for the word liberty, we shall come much closer to the real intention that lies behind the classic argument. Liberty is to be permitted where differences are of no great moment. It is this definition which has generally guided practice. In times when men feel themselves secure, heresy is cultivated as the spice of life. During a war liberty disappears as the community feels itself menaced. When revolution seems to be contagious, heresy-hunting is a respectable occupation. In other words, when men are not afraid, they are not afraid of ideas; when they are much afraid, they are afraid of anything that seems, or can even be made to appear, seditious. That is why nine tenths of the effort to live and let live consists in proving that the thing we wish to have tolerated is really a matter of indifference.

In Mill this truth reveals itself still more clearly. Though his argument is surer and completer than Milton's, the qualification is also surer and completer.

Such being the reasons which make it imperative that human beings should be free to form opinions, and to express their opinions without reserve; and such the baneful consequences to the intellectual and through that to the moral nature of man, unless this liberty is either conceded or asserted in spite of prohibition, let us next examine whether the same reasons do not require that men should be free to act upon their opinions, to carry these out in their lives, without hindrance, either moral or physical, from their fellow men, so long as it is at their own risk and peril. *This last proviso is of course indispensable.* No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, *even opinions lose their immunity* when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act.

'At their own risk and peril.' In other words at the risk of eternal dam-

nation. The premise from which Mill argued was that many opinions then under the ban of society were of no interest to society, and ought therefore not to be interfered with. The orthodoxy with which he was at war was chiefly theocratic. It assumed that a man's opinions on cosmic affairs might endanger his personal salvation and make him a dangerous member of society. Mill did not believe in the theological view, did not fear damnation, and was convinced that morality did not depend upon the religious sanction. In fact, he was convinced that a more reasoned morality could be formed by laying aside theological assumptions. 'But no one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions.' The plain truth is that Mill did not believe that much action would result from the toleration of those opinions in which he was most interested.

Political heresy occupied the fringe of his attention, and he uttered only the most casual comments. So incidental are they, so little do they impinge on his mind, that the arguments of this staunch apostle of liberty can be used honestly, and in fact are used, to justify the bulk of the suppressions which have recently occurred. 'Even opinions lose their immunity, *when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act.*' Clearly there is no escape here for Debs or Haywood or obstructors of Liberty Loans. The argument used is exactly the one employed in sustaining the conviction of Debs.

In corroboration Mill's single concrete instance may be cited: 'An opinion that corn dealers are starvers of the poor, or that private property is robbery, ought to be unmolested when simply circulated through the press, but may justly incur punishment when delivered orally to an excited mob

assembled before the house of a corn dealer, or when handed about among the same mob in the form of a placard.'

Clearly Mill's theory of liberty wore a different complexion when he considered opinions which might directly affect social order. Where the stimulus between opinion and act was effective he could say with entire complacency, 'The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people.' Because Mill believed this, it is entirely just to infer that the distinction drawn between a speech or placard and circulation in the press would soon have broken down for Mill had he lived at a time when the press really circulated and the art of type-display had made a newspaper strangely like a placard.

On first acquaintance no man would seem to go further than Mr. Bertrand Russell in loyalty to what he calls 'the unfettered development of all the instincts that build up life and fill it with mental delights.' He calls these instincts 'creative'; and against them he sets off the 'possessive impulses.' These, he says, should be restricted by 'a public authority, a repository of practically irresistible force whose function should be primarily to repress the private use of force.' Where Milton said no 'tolerated Popery,' Mr. Russell says, no tolerated 'possessive impulses.' Surely he is open to the criticism that, like every authoritarian who has preceded him, he is interested in the unfettered development of only that which seems good to him. Those who think that 'enlightened selfishness' produces social harmony will tolerate more of the possessive impulses, and will be inclined to put certain of Mr. Russell's creative impulses under lock and key.

The moral is, not that Milton, Mill, and Bertrand Russell are inconsistent, or that liberty is to be obtained by arguing for it without qualifications. The

impulse to what we call liberty is as strong in these three men as it is ever likely to be in our society. The moral is of another kind. It is that the traditional core of liberty, namely, the notion of indifference, is too feeble and unreal a doctrine to protect the purpose of liberty, which is the furnishing of a healthy environment in which human judgment and inquiry can most successfully organize human life. Too feeble, because in time of stress nothing is easier than to insist, and by insistence to convince, that tolerated indifference is no longer tolerable because it has ceased to be indifferent.

II

It is clear that in a society where public opinion has become decisive, nothing that counts in the formation of it can really be a matter of indifference. When I say 'can be,' I am speaking literally. What men believed about the constitution of heaven became a matter of indifference when heaven disappeared in metaphysics; but what they believe about property, government, conscription, taxation, the origins of the late war, or the origins of the Franco-Prussian War, or the distribution of Latin culture in the vicinity of copper mines, constitutes the difference between life and death, prosperity and misfortune, and it will never on this earth be tolerated as indifferent, or not interfered with, no matter how many noble arguments are made for liberty, or how many martyrs give their lives for it. If widespread tolerance of opposing views is to be achieved in modern society, it will not be simply by fighting the Debs cases through the courts, and certainly not by threatening to upset those courts if they do not yield to the agitation. The task is fundamentally of another order, requiring other methods and other theories.

The world about which each man is supposed to have opinions has become so complicated as to defy his powers of understanding. What he knows of events that matter enormously to him, the purposes of governments, the aspirations of peoples, the struggle of classes, he knows at second, third, or fourth hand. He cannot go and see for himself. Even the things that are near to him have become too involved for his judgment. I know of no man, even among those who devote all of their time to watching public affairs, who can even pretend to keep track, at the same time, of his city government, his state government, Congress, the departments, the industrial situation, and the rest of the world. What men who make the study of politics a vocation cannot do, the man who has an hour a day for newspapers and talk cannot possibly hope to do. He must seize catchwords and headlines or nothing.

This vast elaboration of the subject-matter of politics is the root of the whole problem. News comes from a distance; it comes helter-skelter, in inconceivable confusion; it deals with matters that are not easily understood; it arrives and is assimilated by busy and tired people who must take what is given to them. Any lawyer with a sense of evidence knows how unreliable such information must necessarily be.

The taking of testimony in a trial is hedged about with a thousand precautions derived from long experience of the fallibility of the witness and the prejudices of the jury. We call this, and rightly, a fundamental phase of human liberty. But in public affairs the stake is infinitely greater. It involves the lives of millions, and the fortune of everybody. The jury is the whole community, not even the qualified voters alone. The jury is everybody who creates public sentiment — chattering gossips, unscrupulous liars,

congenital liars, feeble-minded people, prostitute minds, corrupting agents. To this jury any testimony is submitted, is submitted in any form, by any anonymous person, with no test of reliability, no test of credibility, and no penalty for perjury. If I lie in a lawsuit involving the fate of my neighbor's cow, I can go to jail. But if I lie to a million readers in a matter involving war and peace, I can lie my head off, and, if I choose the right series of lies, be entirely irresponsible. Nobody will punish me if I lie about Japan, for example. I can announce that every Japanese valet is a reservist, and every Japanese art store a mobilization centre. I am immune. And if there should be hostilities with Japan, the more I lied the more popular I should be. If I asserted that the Japanese secretly drank the blood of children, that Japanese women were unchaste, that the Japanese were really not a branch of the human race after all, I guarantee that most of the newspapers would print it eagerly, and that I could get a hearing in churches all over the country. And all this for the simple reason that the public, when it is dependent on testimony and protected by no rules of evidence, can act only on the excitement of its pugnacities and its hopes.

The mechanism of the news-supply has developed without plan, and there is no one point in it at which one can fix the responsibility for truth. The fact is that the subdivision of labor is now accompanied by the subdivision of the news-organization. At one end of it is the eye-witness, at the other, the reader. Between the two is a vast, expensive transmitting and editing apparatus. This machine works marvelously well at times, particularly in the rapidity with which it can report the score of a game or a transatlantic flight, or the death of a monarch, or the result of an election. But where

the issue is complex, as for example in the matter of the success of a policy, or the social conditions among a foreign people, — that is to say, where the real answer is neither yes nor no, but subtle and a matter of balanced evidence, — the subdivision of the labor involved in the report causes no end of derangement, misunderstanding, and even misrepresentation.

Thus the number of eye-witnesses capable of honest statement is inadequate and accidental. Yet the reporter making up his news is dependent upon the eye-witnesses. They may be actors in the event. Then they can hardly be expected to have perspective. Who, for example, if he put aside his own likes and dislikes would trust a Bolshevik's account of what exists in Soviet Russia or an exiled Russian prince's story of what exists in Siberia? Sitting just across the frontier, say in Stockholm, how is a reporter to write dependable news when his witnesses consist of *émigrés* or Bolshevik agents?

At the Peace Conference, news was given out by the agents of the conferees and the rest leaked through those who were clamoring at the doors of the Conference. Now the reporter, if he is to earn his living, must nurse his personal contacts with the eye-witnesses and privileged informants. If he is openly hostile to those in authority, he will cease to be a reporter unless there is an opposition party in the inner circle who can feed him news. Failing that, he will know precious little of what is going on.

Most people seem to believe that, when they meet a war correspondent or a special writer from the Peace Conference, they have seen a man who has seen the things he wrote about. Far from it. Nobody, for example, saw this war. Neither the men in the trenches nor the commanding general. The men saw their trenches, their billets, some-

times they saw an enemy trench, but nobody, unless it be the aviators, saw a battle. What the correspondents saw, occasionally, was the terrain over which a battle had been fought; but what they reported day by day was what they were told at press headquarters, and of that only what they were allowed to tell.

At the Peace Conference the reporters were allowed to meet periodically the four least important members of the Commission, men who themselves had considerable difficulty in keeping track of things, as any reporter who was present will testify. This was supplemented by spasmodic personal interviews with the commissioners, their secretaries, their secretaries' secretaries, other newspaper men, and confidential representatives of the President, who stood between him and the impertinences of curiosity. This and the French press, than which there is nothing more censored and inspired, a local English trade-journal of the expatriates, the gossip of the Crillon lobby, the Majestic, and the other official hotels, constituted the source of the news upon which American editors and the American people have had to base one of the most difficult judgments of their history. I should perhaps add that there were a few correspondents occupying privileged positions with foreign governments. They wore ribbons in their button-holes to prove it. They were in many ways the most useful correspondents because they always revealed to the trained reader just what it was that their governments wished America to believe.

The news accumulated by the reporter from his witnesses has to be selected, if for no other reason than that the cable facilities are limited. At the cable office several varieties of censorship intervene. The legal censorship in Europe is political as well as mili-

tary, and both words are elastic. It has been applied, not only to the substance of the news, but to the mode of presentation, and even to the character of the type and the position on the page. But the real censorship on the wires is the cost of transmission. This in itself is enough to limit any expensive competition or any significant independence. The big Continental news agencies are subsidized. Censorship operates also through congestion and the resultant need of a system of priority. Congestion makes possible good and bad service, and undesirable messages are not infrequently served badly.

When the report does reach the editor, another series of interventions occurs. The editor is a man who may know all about something, but he can hardly be expected to know all about everything. Yet he has to decide the question which is of more importance than any other in the formation of opinions, the question where attention is to be directed. In a newspaper the heads are the foci of attention, the odd corners the fringe; and whether one aspect of the news or another appears in the centre or at the periphery makes all the difference in the world. The news of the day as it reaches the newspaper office is an incredible medley of fact, propaganda, rumor, suspicion, clues, hopes, and fears, and the task of selecting and ordering that news is one of the truly sacred and priestly offices in a democracy. For the newspaper is in all literalness the bible of democracy, the book out of which a people determines its conduct. It is the only serious book most people read. It is the only book they read every day. Now the power to determine each day what shall seem important and what shall be neglected is a power unlike any that has been exercised since the Pope lost his hold on the secular mind.

The ordering is not done by one man,

but by a host of men, who are on the whole curiously unanimous in their selection and in their emphasis. Once you know the party and social affiliations of a newspaper, you can predict with considerable certainty the perspective in which the news will be displayed. This perspective is by no means altogether deliberate. Though the editor is ever so much more sophisticated than all but a minority of his readers, his own sense of relative importance is determined by rather standardized constellations of ideas. He very soon comes to believe that his habitual emphasis is the only possible one.

Why the editor is possessed by a particular set of ideas is a difficult question of social psychology, of which no adequate analysis has been made. But we shall not be far wrong if we say that he deals with the news in reference to the prevailing *mores* of his social group. These *mores* are of course in a large measure the product of what previous newspapers have said; and experience shows that, in order to break out of this circle, it has been necessary at various times to create new forms of journalism, such as the national monthly, the critical weekly, the circular, the paid advertisement of ideas, in order to change the emphasis which had become obsolete and habit-ridden.

Into this extremely refractory, and I think increasingly disserviceable mechanism, there has been thrown, especially since the outbreak of war, another monkey-wrench — propaganda. The word, of course, covers a multitude of sins and a few virtues. The virtues can be easily separated out, and given a new name, either advertisement or advocacy. Thus, if the National Council of Belgravia wishes to publish a magazine out of its own funds, under its own imprint, advocating the annexation of Thrums, no one will object. But if, in support of that advocacy, it gives to

the press stories that are lies about the atrocities committed in Thrums; or, worse still, if those stories seem to come from Geneva, or Amsterdam, not from the press-service of the National Council of Belgravia, then Belgravia is conducting propaganda. If, after arousing a certain amount of interest in itself, Belgravia then invites a carefully selected correspondent, or perhaps a labor leader, to its capital, puts him up at the best hotel, rides him around in limousines, fawns on him at banquets, lunches with him very confidentially, and then puts him through a conducted tour so that he shall see just what will create the desired impression, then again Belgravia is conducting propaganda. Or if Belgravia happens to possess the greatest trombone-player in the world, and if she sends him over to charm the wives of influential husbands, Belgravia is, in a less objectionable way, perhaps, committing propaganda, and making fools of the husbands.

Now, the plain fact is that out of the troubled areas of the world the public receives practically nothing that is not propaganda. Lenin and his enemies control all the news there is of Russia, and no court of law would accept any of the testimony as valid in a suit to determine the possession of a donkey. I am writing many months after the Armistice. The Senate is at this moment beginning to consider the question whether it will guarantee the frontiers of Poland; but what we learn of Poland we learn from the Polish Government and the Jewish Committee. Judgment on the vexed issues of Europe is simply out of the question for the average American; and the more cocksure he is, the more certainly is he the victim of some propaganda.

These instances are drawn from foreign affairs, but the difficulty at home, although less flagrant, is nevertheless real. Theodore Roosevelt, and Leonard

Wood after him, have told us to think nationally. It is not easy. It is easy to parrot what those people say who live in a few big cities and who have constituted themselves the only true and authentic voice of America. But beyond that it is difficult. I live in New York and I have not the vaguest idea what Brooklyn is interested in. It is possible, with effort, much more effort than most people can afford to give, for me to know what a few organized bodies like the Non-Partisan League, the National Security League, the American Federation of Labor, and the Republican National Committee are up to; but what the unorganized workers, and the unorganized farmers, the shopkeepers, the local bankers and boards of trade are thinking and feeling, no one has any means of knowing, except perhaps in a vague way at election time. To think nationally means, at least, to take into account the major interests and needs and desires of this continental population; and for that each man would need a staff of secretaries, traveling agents, and a very expensive press-clipping bureau.

We do not think nationally because the facts that count are not systematically reported and presented in a form we can digest. Our most abysmal ignorance occurs where we deal with the immigrant. If we read his press at all, it is to discover 'Bolshevism' in it and to blacken all immigrants with suspicion. For his culture and his aspirations, for his high gifts of hope and variety, we have neither eyes nor ears. The immigrant colonies are like holes in the road which we never notice until we trip over them. Then, because we have no current information and no background of facts, we are, of course, the indiscriminating objects of any agitator who chooses to rant against 'foreigners.'

Now, men who have lost their grip

upon the relevant facts of their environment are the inevitable victims of agitation and propaganda. The quack, the charlatan, the jingo, and the terrorist, can flourish only where the audience is deprived of independent access to information. But where all news comes at second-hand, where all the testimony is uncertain, men cease to respond to truths, and respond simply to opinions. The environment in which they act is not the realities themselves, but the pseudo-environment of reports, rumors, and guesses. The whole reference of thought comes to be what somebody asserts, not what actually is. Men ask, not whether such and such a thing occurred in Russia, but whether Mr. Raymond Robins is at heart more friendly to the Bolsheviki than Mr. Jerome Landfield. And so, since they are deprived of any trustworthy means of knowing what is really going on, since everything is on the plane of assertion and propaganda, they believe whatever fits most comfortably with their prepossessions.

That this breakdown of the means of public knowledge should occur at a time of immense change is a compounding of the difficulty. From bewilderment to panic is a short step, as everyone knows who has watched a crowd when danger threatens. At the present time a nation easily acts like a crowd. Under the influence of headlines and panicky print, the contagion of unreason can easily spread through a settled community. For when the comparatively recent and unstable nervous organization which makes us capable of responding to reality as it is, and not as we should wish it, is baffled over a continuing period of time, the more primitive but much stronger instincts are let loose.

War and Revolution, both of them founded on censorship and propaganda, are the supreme destroyers of

realistic thinking, because the excess of danger and the fearful overstimulation of passion unsettle disciplined behavior. Both breed fanatics of all kinds, men who, in the words of Mr. Santayana, have redoubled their effort when they have forgotten their aim. The effort itself has become the aim. Men live in their effort, and for a time find great exaltation. They seek stimulation of their effort rather than direction of it. That is why both in war and revolution there seems to operate a kind of Gresham's Law of the emotions, in which leadership passes by a swift degradation from a Mirabeau to a Robespierre; and in war, from a high-minded statesmanship to the depths of virulent, hating jingoism.

The cardinal fact always is the loss of contact with objective information. Public as well as private reason depends upon it. Not what somebody says, not what somebody wishes were true, but what is so beyond all our opining, constitutes the touchstone of our sanity. And a society which lives at second-hand will commit incredible follies and countenance inconceivable brutalities if that contact is intermittent and untrustworthy. Demagoguery is a parasite that flourishes where discrimination fails, and only those who are at grips with things themselves are impervious to it. For, in the last analysis, the demagogue, whether of the Right or the Left, is, consciously or unconsciously an undetected liar.

III

Many students of politics have concluded that, because public opinion was unstable, the remedy lay in making government as independent of it as possible. The theorists of representative government have argued persistently from this premise against the believers in direct legislation. But it appears

now that, while they have been making their case against direct legislation, rather successfully it seems to me, they have failed sufficiently to notice the increasing malady of representative government.

Parliamentary action is becoming notoriously ineffective. In America certainly the concentration of power in the Executive is out of all proportion either to the intentions of the Fathers or to the orthodox theory of representative government. The cause is fairly clear. Congress is an assemblage of men selected for local reasons from districts. It brings to Washington a more or less accurate sense of the superficial desires of its constituency. In Washington it is supposed to think nationally and internationally. But for that task its equipment and its sources of information are hardly better than that of any other reader of the newspaper. Except for its spasmodic investigating committees, Congress has no particular way of informing itself. But the Executive has. The Executive is an elaborate hierarchy reaching to every part of the nation and to all parts of the world. It has an independent machinery, fallible and not too trustworthy, of course, but nevertheless a machinery of intelligence. It can be informed and it can act, whereas Congress is not informed and cannot act.

Now the popular theory of representative government is that the representatives have the information and therefore create the policy which the executive administers. The more subtle theory is that the executive initiates the policy which the legislature corrects in accordance with popular wisdom. But when the legislature is haphazardly informed, this amounts to very little, and the people themselves prefer to trust the executive which knows, rather than the Congress which is vainly trying to

know. The result has been the development of a kind of government which has been harshly described as plébiscite autocracy, or government by newspapers. Decisions in the modern state tend to be made by the interaction, not of Congress and the executive, but of public opinion and the executive.

Public opinion for this purpose finds itself collected about special groups which act as extra-legal organs of government. There is a labor nucleus, a farmers' nucleus, a prohibition nucleus, a National Security League nucleus, and so on. These groups conduct a continual electioneering campaign upon the unformed, exploitable mass of public opinion. Being special groups, they have special sources of information, and what they lack in the way of information is often manufactured. These conflicting pressures beat upon the executive departments and upon Congress, and formulate the conduct of the government. The government itself acts in reference to these groups far more than in reference to the district congressmen. So politics as it is now played consists in coercing and seducing the representative by the threat and the appeal of these unofficial groups. Sometimes they are the allies, sometimes the enemies, of the party in power, but more and more they are the energy of public affairs. Government tends to operate by the impact of controlled opinion upon administration. This shift in the locus of sovereignty has placed a premium upon the manufacture of what is usually called consent. No wonder that the most powerful newspaper proprietor in the English-speaking world declined a mere government post.

No wonder, too, that the protection of the sources of its opinion is the basic problem of democracy. Everything else depends upon it. Without protection against propaganda, without stand-

ards of evidence, without criteria of emphasis, the living substance of all popular decision is exposed to every prejudice and to infinite exploitation. That is why I have argued that the older doctrine of liberty was misleading. It did not assume a public opinion that governs. Essentially it demanded toleration of opinions that were, as Milton said, indifferent. It can guide us little in a world where opinion is sensitive and decisive.

The axis of the controversy needs to be shifted. The attempt to draw fine distinctions between 'liberty' and 'license' is no doubt part of the day's work, but it is fundamentally a negative part. It consists in trying to make opinion responsible to prevailing social standards, whereas the really important thing is to try and make opinion increasingly responsible to the facts. There can be no liberty for a community which lacks the information by which to detect lies. Trite as the conclusion may at first seem, it has, I believe, immense practical consequences, and may perhaps offer an escape from the logomachy into which the contests of liberty so easily degenerate.

It may be bad to suppress a particular opinion, but the really deadly thing is to suppress the news. In time of great insecurity, certain opinions acting on unstable minds may cause infinite disaster. Knowing that such opinions necessarily originate in slender evidence, that they are propelled more by prejudice from the rear than by reference to realities, it seems to me that to build the case for liberty upon the dogma of their unlimited prerogatives is to build it upon the poorest foundation. For, even though we grant that the world is best served by the liberty of all opinion, the plain fact is that men are too busy and too much concerned to fight more than spasmodically for such liberty. When freedom of opinion is re-

vealed as freedom of error, illusion, and misinterpretation, it is virtually impossible to stir up much interest in its behalf. It is the thinnest of all abstractions and an over-refinement of mere intellectualism. But people, wide circles of people, are aroused when their curiosity is baulked. The desire to know, the dislike of being deceived and made game of, is a really powerful motive, and it is that motive that can best be enlisted in the cause of freedom.

What, for example, was the one most general criticism of the work of the Peace Conference? It was that the covenants were not openly arrived at. This fact stirred Republican Senators, the British Labor Party, the whole gamut of parties from the Right to the Left. And in the last analysis lack of information about the Conference *was* the origin of its difficulties. Because of the secrecy endless suspicion was aroused; because of it the world seemed to be presented with a series of accomplished facts which it could not reject and did not wish altogether to accept. It was lack of information which kept public opinion from affecting the negotiations at the time when intervention would have counted most and cost least. Publicity occurred when the covenants were arrived at, with all the emphasis on the *at*. This is what the Senate objected to, and this is what alienated much more liberal opinion than the Senate represents.

In a passage quoted previously in this essay, Milton said that differences of opinion, 'which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.' There is but one kind of unity possible in a world as diverse as ours. It is unity of method, rather than of aim; the unity of the disciplined experiment. There is but one bond of peace that is both permanent and enriching: the increasing knowledge of the world in which experiment occurs. With a common intellectual method and a common area of valid fact, differences may become a form of coöperation and cease to be an irreconcilable antagonism.

That, I think, constitutes the meaning of freedom for us. We cannot successfully define liberty, or accomplish it, by a series of permissions and prohibitions. For that is to ignore the content of opinion in favor of its form. Above all, it is an attempt to define liberty of opinion in terms of opinion. It is a circular and sterile logic. A useful definition of liberty is obtainable only by seeking the principle of liberty in the main business of human life, that is to say, in the process by which men educate their response and learn to control their environment. In this view liberty is the name we give to measures by which we protect and increase the veracity of the information upon which we act.

CAUGHT

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

I

To understand why Gordon Hamilton, half-baked author of still unwritten masterpieces, youngster of twenty-five, who knew a little about everything and a great deal about little—to understand why Gordon decided to shake the star-dust from his soul and leave his world of phrases, poems, and pigments for near-visioned, close-fisted Kansas, to be a Pagan in the mazes of Presbyterianism, romanticist in a world of realism, blower of bubbles in a stone-quarry—to understand this, one must give heed to Sylvia.

Sylvia's soft golden hair was bobbed; her laughter had a merry lilt; the round, child-like violet eyes were fringed with heavy, curling lashes, and in the soft fabrics dyed by her own rosy fingers into rare, intoxicating colors, she seemed like some dainty creature who had strayed from fairyland. Her brilliant loveliness completely captured the sensitive, beauty-worshipping youth. And when, just as everyone thought he had nearly won her, she suddenly veered to his own chum and shack-mate, Oliver Mercer, who dabbled in oils and played the piano, Radnor-by-the-Sea became impossible for Gordon. He felt that he must go away from California, far away from Sylvia and Oliver and from the colony of friends who knew of his bitter disappointment.

His first thought was of Radnor-by-the-Sea's great-aunt, Greenwich Village; but in Fallon, Kansas, a job was waiting for him on the Middle West's

most popular weekly. In fact, between unfinished novels, Gordon had made his living for several years by writing many of this paper's editorials, for which he received five dollars a column (set in eight-point solid, eighteen ems wide), and frequent invitations to come to Fallon for steady work at thirty dollars a week, with—important item—traveling expenses included. Radnor-by-the-Sea, with its vaulting ambitions, self-consumed with talk, was caviar and pretzels; the *Midland Weekly*, with its large circulation and medical ads, was a thick slice of bread and butter. Heavy of heart and weary of spirit, Gordon purchased his ticket.

'But what on earth will you do in Fallon?' demanded Oliver, stirred into making an unwelcome call.

'Work,' Gordon answered stiffly.

'I certainly can't imagine one doing anything else in Kansas. You know, of course, that a wretch found with a bottle of beer may receive a more severe sentence than that given to the gentleman who kills his neighbor.'

'It'll be the same here soon enough.'

'But Kansas is so prosperous and completely populated by tax-payers and auto-owners,' Oliver persisted.

Gordon was in no mood for humor.

'I hope the environment *will* be uncongenial,' he returned savagely. 'Then I'll be driven to finish some of my stories and plays.'

'Don't think it!' warned Oliver soberly. 'I was born and raised in one of these small Middle Western towns, and I know them. It'll get you, sure. There's

something in their atmosphere that's deadening to certain kinds of impulse. Before you know it, you'll be joining the No-Tobacco League, receiving honors in lodges, going to funerals, and becoming an all-round useful member of society.'

Gordon smiled at the suggested incongruity, but there was no mistaking the real earnestness in Oliver's voice as he added awkwardly, 'I know how you feel toward me, just now, and I can't say much; but you're too big to be lost. Don't do it. I swear to you, you're making the mistake of your life.'

'I shan't stay over a year, at most,' Gordon assured him, hastily, more moved than he cared to admit by the sincerity of Oliver's protest. 'Even a drop of the real thing ought to survive that long.'

'Well, whatever you do,' laughed Oliver, 'don't take to marching in parades and wearing badges.'

Radnor-by-the-Sea was not more than a day's ride behind him when Sylvia began to seem ever so slightly remote, and Oliver more forgivable than Gordon could have conceived possible a week earlier. 'Old Man Travel is getting in his licks on Old Man Time,' he commented inwardly. 'Funny how objectively one can see the whole world and himself through a Pullman window. Here's a young fellow,' his thoughts ran on, 'with splendid health and fairly good looks. No serious vices. Has an enormous capacity for work, too, but uses up all his energy with facile space-writing, leaving none for the sustained, concentrated effort necessary for creative work. Favorite sport: none. Feels best when doing nothing violent. Indifferent to business, probably because he has not been associated with it. Finds he avoids anything he does n't understand; typical American in this. Equally indifferent to God.

May give Him more thought when older. Not an educated person at all; has no particular reverence for facts. Prefers a good book to anyone's companionship, but usually gets on well with men, and is quite popular with women. Does n't sound like such a bad inventory; but just the same, his life so far is a failure — financially and artistically.'

Unconsciously dropping into the first person, he went on with, 'Well, what of it? The world needs divine bums. As soon as I get a couple of hundred dollars ahead in Fallon, I'll go straight to Paris, where poverty is beautiful, to my own kind of people: cynical French skeptics; morose, pessimistic Russians; melancholy Roumanians; wine-drinking old priests who live in untidy rooms and know how to laugh; atheists; polite, gorgeously dressed Turks; Chinamen; magnificent failures in art, letters, and love; women who are not too particular, and pickpockets off duty. What difference does it make if I spend my last quarter once a month? But I'll keep a grip on myself and buckle down to real work.'

With this resolve in his heart, Gordon was not disconcerted when, descending from the train, he was obliged to look twice to find in which direction Fallon lay. The little town of thirty-five hundred much preferred to welcome newcomers at about three o'clock of a sunshiny Saturday afternoon. At that hour, with the Square swarming with farmers, a hundred or more rigs tied to the iron rail surrounding the courthouse yard, and all makes of cars parked at the curbing, it seemed to warrant the boosters' proud phrase of 'City of the Second Class.' On Saturdays, too, Rimpkey's redecorated restaurant overflowed; children flocked in and out of the two movie-houses; a lively crowd gathered around Tawley-the-real-estate-man's weekly demonstration of the Lally farm-lighting sys-

tem, — a good show in itself, — and Recker of the Kandy Kitchen was obliged to hire extra help to dish up the ice-cream sodas for the countrywomen enjoying their favorite dissipation. Decidedly, on Saturday one could not but be impressed with the bustle and activity. But Gordon came on a Tuesday morning, at an early hour, when even Kansas City is quiet. To his unprejudiced eye, Fallon appeared as three homes, a barn, and a chicken-house.

'Fine,' he grunted as he passed Canton's lumberyard. 'Just what I wanted — a deserted village. All the more reason why I'll duck out as soon as I get a reasonable reserve.'

To his amusement, it was necessary to ring a gong to waken the owner of the shabby little hotel.

II

Getting into the swing of his work next morning was a simple matter for Gordon. After a hearty reception by Mr. Rhodes, the publisher, who made no effort to conceal his satisfaction over his arrival, he was given a pleasant corner and told to 'go to it.' By noon he was turning out editorials and articles, thoroughly at home in the two-story, box-like building.

After dinner, Mr. Rhodes brought to Gordon's desk a short, fat man whom he introduced as Professor Tomlin McPherson, one of the *Midland's* regular advertisers.

'I sell a peach of an article,' the professor explained, with enthusiasm. 'It's called Itch-O and there's no salve can beat it. The fact is' — he dropped his voice confidentially — 'it's made from one of my grandmother's recipes. I did humanity a service when I put it on the market. I have testimonials from every state in the Union,' he ended, with unmistakable pride.

'I'll keep Itch-O in mind if I develop

symptoms,' Gordon promised gravely.

'Everything's in the advertising,' declared the professor. 'Frank Rhodes has told me about you, and I thought you might look over this circular letter I've written. It ain't up to snuff when it comes to grammar. If you'll put it in good shape, I'll pay you five beans.'

Gordon took the much-edited sheet, and, as he read, discovered possibilities of many times five dollars.

'Is this all you send to a person who inquires about Itch-O?' he demanded. 'My dear sir, I'm afraid you don't understand the advertising game.'

'What d'ye mean?' questioned the Professor. 'My stuff pulls fine, once I get it fixed up.'

Gordon's answer was a wise, incredulous smile.

'I've increased my business by half in three years,' insisted the professor.

'Which only proves what you could have done,' returned Gordon. 'You don't seem to realize,' he continued, 'that when one has an ailment, he is intensely interested in it. He is ready to read a library about it. He wants to know the cause of it, its nature, and its characteristics. This circular takes it for granted that the inquirer merely wants Itch-O. He wants more. He wants information.'

'Say,' exclaimed the professor, impressed, 'I believe you've got the right dope. Can you turn it out?'

'Yes, I can let you have a well-written dissertation that will cover thirty-two pages in agate.'

'I'll give you a hundred dollars for it.'

'Make it two and it'll be in your hands to-night.'

'All right,' agreed the professor, heavily. 'It's a bargain.'

Gordon accepted the assignment and went to the *Britannica*, from which he emerged, saturated with scientific lore. Never had Itch-O's praises been sung

so well, never had its virtues been described so rapturously. The phrases of eulogy galloped from his Underwood. Itch-O became literature.

The professor was delighted, and that very evening, as he wrote the promised check, he added that he would appreciate more such suggestions and work.

On his way to a night lunch-counter for a belated meal, Gordon remembered nervously that he had covenanted with himself to stay merely long enough to save a couple of hundred dollars for the great journey. But how could he have dreamed that the entire fortune would be acquired the first day? Really, in all decency, he owed it to Mr. Rhodes to remain at least a few weeks. He would leave, of course, and that shortly, but there was no reason why he should break his streak of luck when it had only begun. Never before had he earned so much at one time.

The next day, taking the advice of Mr. Rhodes, he dropped into the First State Bank to deposit his check. Mrs. Graham, the friendly little vice-president, waited on him and introduced him to the president, James Osborne, who had already heard of him.

'You'll get good service here,' said the gruff, dignified man. 'Fallon is always glad to welcome hustling young folks.'

It was a new experience for Gordon to receive such cordiality from a bank president. The thrill was indescribable.

When he strolled about after supper, he noticed the trim post-office with its well-kept lawn, the imposing high-school building and the neat churches. It was n't such a bad little town, after all, he reflected. To be sure, the general impression was that of unutterable commonplaceness, and there was a pitiful lack of understanding of beauty, either of line or of color. The most pretentious house was, architecturally,

quite the most terrible. But the people seemed unusually sensible and kindly. The whole world could n't be artists.

'It's that money-in-the-bank-feeling working,' he murmured in droll dismay. 'Would n't Oliver be triumphant if he knew I was actually beginning to apologize for Fallon.'

His meditations were interrupted by a tall, spare man and the professor, who explained, with an air of proud proprietorship, 'This is the young chap I was telling you about. Mr. Hamilton, meet Mr. Burns, the next state senator from this district.'

Ten minutes later, Gordon was richer by fifty dollars. Mr. Burns was, indeed, running for office, and it was Gordon's new job to pen his advertisement, his letters of acceptance, his statements to the county press, and other literature intended to turn an apparently honest man into a senator.

At the end of the tenth perfect day, Gordon, smiling to himself, checked over his accounts. He realized that he had a corner on writing in Fallon, and felt an amused worry over the monster of the income-tax which, at this rate, would soon menace him. Immediately, he decided to conceal the visitations of Madam Money. Certainly, he would not leave, not for the present. He would stay in Fallon until he had cleaned up a couple of thousand. Paris could wait a few months. Paris, like Radnor-by-the-Sea, began to seem remote.

As the new consciousness of his own market value began to sink deeper, his courage and initiative grew. Before many weeks had passed, he decided to enlarge his scale of activities. Going into Mr. Rhodes's office, he announced suddenly that he intended to resign.

The publisher was more than surprised. As Gordon had expected, he was worried.

'Why, my dear fellow, you are scarcely settled down,' he temporized.

'I've been here long enough to know it's no place for me,' Gordon answered firmly.

'May I ask why?'

'It's simply this, Mr. Rhodes: you brought me here at a measly thirty-dollar salary and you've loaded me with the work of two men. If I'm to do two men's work, I must have two men's pay.'

'It's true you have made yourself worth more to me than thirty a week,' Mr. Rhodes admitted graciously. 'I don't mind telling you that I am considering giving you a raise.'

'Then, now is the time,' returned Gordon. 'It is n't only the money I'm concerned over,' he continued sharply. 'I don't like the way a lot of things are handled in this office. The paper has a large circulation, but it could have twice as many subscribers if it had more pep and we employed more efficient methods. If I'm to stay, I'll have to be given more authority. I must be managing editor with a salary of seventy-five a week and the understanding that, as soon as I put on a hundred thousand more readers, that amount will be doubled.'

There was a long discussion. Mr. Rhodes was not the sort of a man to be easily bullied, but he had become convinced of Gordon's unusual abilities. The *Midland Weekly* had, for the past year, been losing ground, and he had learned from bitter experience that Fallon was not an alluring point for brilliant young men. The matter ended with Gordon issuing forth a full-fledged managing editor at the demanded salary. The inspired gambler had placed everything on a small pair and had come off victorious.

III.

Before the year passed, he played for even greater stakes, risking all his chips in the supreme hazard of matrimony,

and, true to his streak, won, not only genuine happiness, but greater prosperity. It was Mr. Rhodes who was first impressed with the desirability of marriage for Gordon. For, after the momentous interview which more than doubled that young man's salary, he threw up his hands and muttered words to the effect that one could never be sure of single men. If only this positive-minded person were married, — with, perchance, a family, — ah, then he, Frank Rhodes, could use very different tactics. At which point he made a quick census of the town and instantly thought of Ruth Sterling.

If Ruth could be interested! All Fallon stood a little in awe of her. She had been reared so differently from the rest of the small-townners. She had come to her parents late in their lives, and her mother dying while she was a baby, her father had brought her up himself. She had been sent to a convent school, then to Paris, and had flitted back and forth with him between the little town and the East until his death, when she was eighteen. People had wondered what she would 'do'; but, alone as she was, she had clung passionately to the place where he had spent his life; and during the two years that had passed she had learned, under Janet Graham's wise guidance, to enjoy managing the conservative investments left to her. These were all in Kansas, and Mr. Rhodes shrewdly guessed that it would be no easy task to persuade her to leave Fallon.

Gordon was drawn to her the first time they met. He liked the sweet tranquillity of her fresh, young face, the well-groomed, carefully netted dark hair, her trim figure, perfect poise, and unmistakable good breeding. Mr. Rhodes and his wife had invited them for a Sunday afternoon auto trip, and during the whole ride Gordon and Ruth talked together in the tonneau. It seemed to

them scarcely less than a miracle that they had read the same books, liked the same plays, had so many valuations in common, could laugh with the same tender amusement at Fallon's limitations, and sigh the same sigh for interesting places and people.

Gordon told her of the changes he had already effected in the *Midland Weekly*, of his big plans for its future, of his need for utterance, and even outlined in detail some of his unfinished writings. As Ruth listened intently, she became more and more aware of the dynamic possibilities of this dark, charming youth, more and more intrigued by his winning personality, so baffling in its mixture of commercial practicality and inspired idealism. Never, it seemed to Gordon, had he known anyone with such understanding. He felt doubly sure of himself, baptized with a reborn confidence in his artistic future. By the time they reached home, their friendship was established.

Marriage, after a few months of companionship, was the logical, natural step for both. Gordon's yearning for sparkling, restless little Sylvia had been a disturbing, disintegrating force. In his love for Ruth was a rare quality of trust and comradeship. How he adored the hominess of her! He knew instinctively that children would bring to her the same deep joy which he realized with a new thrill would be his if he were to be a father. Together, he felt, they would find life a long adventure, always rich in new emotions, new thoughts, and new experiences. Each day would be full of growth and achievement. It was all so simple, too, for Ruth still lived in the old family homestead. There was no initial outlay necessary, no assuming of serious responsibilities. It seemed a part of Gordon's streak to marry thus.

This faculty of being successful continued to develop with Midas-like rapidity. Literally, whatever he touched

turned into dollars. It became an accepted conclusion in Fallon that anything he might do would be profitable. He traded some unimproved land for a modern, well-equipped farm, which he ran on shares, going in for thoroughbred Poland Chinas. Through his skillful advertising, the Hamilton Hog Sales became famous in three states and brought prices that made Fallon gasp. He organized a cooperative elevator with the farmers' money and his own luck. It was a go from the start. At his direction, Itch-O's capitalization was increased by two hundred per cent, the stock was sold, a liberal block transferred as commission to himself, and the entire business put completely under his capable management. From the day he leased the *Midland Weekly* its profits steadily increased.

He was the most listened-to man at the town's Commercial Club. His say-so was final, because his promises were golden and certain to actualize. The County Fair Association, which he started, and to which he sold some of his wife's land for the grounds, drew thirty thousand people the first season, and Gordon rightly was given the credit. He was looked up to as a pillar of boost, a man who was putting Fallon on the map, a genius at organization.

He raised ten thousand dollars and placed a corporation in control of the town's best drug-store, with himself as president. It occurred to him that Fallon's volume of trade would grow immeasurably if it were more available by car-line to the miners of the near-by camps; and, getting together sixty-five thousand dollars of the necessary funds in the county, he secured the balance in Kansas City. He was elected president of the new road. As one out of every six persons in the surrounding country owned a car, he decided that it would be an excellent thing to give the town a twenty-five-thousand-dollar garage,

properly incorporated, with a vague system of profit rebates to the stockholders, of whom there were many. Again he was elected president. He went into coal-mining and helped to open up the yet unexploited local oil-fields, and every venture with which he was connected was a success. Always serene, always at leisure, always ready to organize an enterprise and assume its presidency, his word, spoken with delightful courtesy, was law. In less than seven years, he was the wealthiest man in the county. Southeastern Kansas had never known anyone like Gordon Hamilton. He was something new.

He had long since observed that, while for a few the church was a sincere expression of their religious faith, for the majority of the people of Fallon it was more in the nature of a club, and one of the obvious stepping-stones toward dignity and prominence. Without hypocrisy, professing nothing, he began to attend Presbyterian services and functions with consistent regularity. When a vacancy occurred on the Board of Trustees, he was unanimously elected to fill it. Followed thereupon the swift placing of the church on a sound business basis and the remodeling of the nondescript building into a stately gothic edifice. It was not large, but in drab little Fallon it stood, with its pure lines and glowing windows, challenging in its beauty, a pearl set in lead. As Gordon sat, on Sundays, in the family pew, with Ruth and their children, he knew that all the town thought him a paragon of respectability; and although he could not explain why, he felt that he thoroughly deserved this reputation — that, at bottom, he always had been solid.

Ruth was quietly proud of him, and their emotional life flowed smoothly, but she was often deeply troubled because of the scarcity of money. They were worth many times what she had

been when they were married, but there was always a flock of outstanding notes which, with their interest, had to be met. It was Gordon's method. If he wished to invest in a project, he borrowed, sometimes using Ruth's splendid securities as collateral. The debt paid, it meant that they had accumulated just that much more principal. This knowledge recompensed Gordon for all the necessary sacrifices and economies. There came a day, however, when Ruth rebelled.

'Why do you want to go into any more things?' she asked him desperately, when he brought her a note to sign with him for ten thousand dollars, that they might purchase an interest in a steam-coal-shovel company.

'For the fun of making more and the satisfaction of having it, dear heart,' was the prompt answer.

'Do you know, Gordon,' she asked slowly, her gray eyes strangely calm, 'do you know that in order to make life livable and happy for us all, I have been obliged to borrow at the First State Bank for the last two years?'

'What?' Gordon was genuinely shocked.

'I owe a thousand dollars there.'

'A thousand dollars!' echoed Gordon. 'This is terrible.'

'I used to think so,' Ruth smiled bravely, 'until Janet Graham made me see that it was merely absurd. She says there are half a dozen other women — wives of progressive Fallon men — doing the same ridiculous thing for lack of proper spunk.'

'But I don't understand,' groped Gordon in real perplexity; 'what have you borrowed it for?'

'Mostly for little things, dear; for the extras — the things that take the edges off everyday living and put charm and distinction into it; for household necessities; for the new sheets and counterpanes when you insisted we wait

another year — though you would buy the eighty acres that joined the farm; for the kitchen stove when you thought we should get along with the old one which was wearing out Sally's nerves; for the new lawn-mower; for the extra wages I pay — one could n't keep a superior maid for what you stipulate, Gordon; for the new privet hedge — it cost twice what you think — and the lovely climbing roses; for little charities; for gifts from the children and myself at the graceful moment. It's a long list. Shall I go on?'

'But why did n't you tell me?'

'I did, dear, each time,' Ruth answered quietly. 'And each time you were so final, you delivered such an ultimatum, that I could n't bear to argue with you. I feel as you do about people who wrangle. Perhaps it was n't quite frank, but you see, I could usually understand that you honestly, often just because you were a man, could n't comprehend the reasonableness of what I asked. If we had been seriously involved, I should n't have let a penny slip, but it suddenly dawned on me that there was absolutely no need for this petty scrimping and saving.'

'Why, Gordon,' she hurried on, 'father and I used to take wonderful trips, we collected rare books, I bought the smartest of clothes, and yet there was always plenty. Now we can't afford a single luxury. We've never been away together since we were married — I have n't been East for five years, and I dress like a frump.'

'Ruth, what nonsense!' Gordon interrupted brusquely. 'You know you get your frocks in Kansas City and always look remarkably well.'

'I pass, but that's all,' she corrected. 'And I should n't do that if I did n't get what I felt I must from the bank. Oh, my dear,' she pleaded, 'do see the humorous side of it! It is n't as if you were naturally stingy, and I should n't

care if there were any *use* in it; but we have enough — so much more than enough. Yet here we are, so strapped that I must borrow for what I consider essentials. Actually, Gordon, it seems more of a problem when I want a new hat than when we need a new silo.'

Gordon came over to her and put his arms round her tenderly.

'I see your point, dear heart. You make me feel like a brute, but you know I've never gone into anything to which you have n't agreed. As soon as we swing this steam-shovel deal we will stop. It shall be the end. I will give myself to writing. You know that is what I have always planned.'

'You must square me up at the bank, first,' persisted Ruth.

'Renew the note.'

'No. Janet does n't want me to.'

'Do you mean to say she won't?' Gordon demanded, incredulously.

'She did n't say she would n't, and she made it very clear they would lend *us* any amount we wanted; but you know she's been like an elder sister to me, and she made me feel that I was being awfully foolish in not having a talk with you and putting a stop to this way of doing. I am going to pay it, Gordon. I shall sell one of my mortgages.'

'Cash in capital? I won't consent to it.'

'I can't see what's to be gained by paying interest when I have the money.'

'But, my dear child, then the capital will be gone. Renew the note, and the next dividend from the *Midland* shall go toward it.'

'No,' Ruth resisted with gentle stubbornness. 'I need that to take the children East to the Montessori school, so they can have a month of it and I can get a better idea of the method.'

'Ruth, we simply cannot afford that this year.' Gordon was earnest. 'You've been such a splendid pal — we've

made so much together. I've always felt you were with me. I can't understand what's come over you.'

'I've told you, dear. I've recovered my sense of proportion and I mean to keep it. I won't be poor any longer, merely to make more when we have enough now to live beautifully. There's neither rhyme nor reason in it. It's changing you, too, Gordon.'

'I guess I have changed,' he laughed easily. 'I was a queer dub lolling around waiting for something real to show up. I remember I wanted a couple of hundred dollars for Paris — to be a boulevardier — to meet strange failures. But, instead, I became a success. Are you sorry?'

'Not if you are sure you are n't,' Ruth answered soberly. Then, after a moment, she added, very low, 'Only sometimes — forgive me if I hurt you, darling — I'm afraid you will feel, too late, that your life has been a failure.'

IV

It was so unlike Ruth to be anything but sympathetic that her words left a profound impression. After supper, as he listened to her moving about, putting the little folks to bed, he went over their conversation. Was he, after all, a fool to have left the adventures of the soul for the game of piling dollar on dollar for the sheer sport of piling? Made restless by his thoughts, he put on his hat for a walk down-town. As he strolled, he became more serious. Was it true, he asked himself, that he was being caught in the meshes of his own success? Was it really a misfortune that his luck had been so unfailing? And had it been luck, or ability? A toss-up, he concluded.

'Surely,' he argued, 'a man ought to be able to establish two distinct selves — one, the money-maker for so many hours a day; the other, a dweller in the

halls of art. I must take time to write. But is n't it rather inane to say everlastingly, "I must write," as though the world needed more books? Rather childish, that.'

At least, he decided, he could start off with one story — a story of his own soul on its pilgrimage to Parnassus, halting a moment in the temple of the money-changers and remaining there.

'That ought to make a good theme,' he murmured. 'A man ever so rich who is ever so poor, bound by the chains of property, while his soul suffocates as surely as those stifled by lack of means.'

But was n't it possible, he wondered, to have just enough property to ensure comfort, and just enough soul to enjoy it to the full? That was what Ruth wanted. She was right, too; but hang it all, he had the habit of seeing opportunities. He had n't even tapped the ones offered in this little town. And what a future he could give his children!

Suppose he *had* written a novel — half a dozen? Would it really have counted for more in the world than what he had actually accomplished? Would he have created any more, truly? The *Midland Weekly's* circulation was doubled. Itch-O was a useful and favorite national commodity. Hundreds of grateful letters poured into his office every day. Ruth was still in love with him. He cherished her and their two sturdy boys and beautiful baby daughter. The town and county looked up to him. What if he had never had all this joy, success, and power? But he did have them and now he would not, could not, be without them. His old world — Sylvia, Radnor-by-the-Sea with its temperament and poverty, New York, Paris — not even in his mind. Then why this pricking of conscience, this conviction that, in spite of his logic, he had allowed himself and his standards to be subtly, irrevocably cheapened?

His eye was attracted by the glaring red of a poster in front of the town's best movie-house, and he stopped to look. It was a picturization of Pierrot and the Moon Maiden. But before he could examine the lithograph with any care, he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard an excited voice exclaim, —

'If it is n't Gordon! Gordon Hamilton, the long-lost, the plutocratic, small-town Cræsus!'

'Oliver!' returned Gordon, 'Radnor-by-the-Sea's old thumper of the Steinway! What are you doing here in Fallon, Kansas?'

'On a mission of art and beauty — See there.' Oliver indicated the poster. 'It cannot be shown to jazz; it needs the interpretative music which I have composed myself.'

'Do you track a picture and play the piano in movie-houses like this?'

'Preaching the doctrine of the sublime.'

Gordon laughed lightly at the intended exaggeration.

'But seriously,' Oliver continued, 'the world does need ambassadors of the muse —'

'Pioneers of æstheticism, torch-bearers of the over-man, advance agents of the super-soul and —'

'Stop!' commanded Oliver.

'And Sylvia — she is here with you spreading the gospel of beauty?'

'Oh, Sylvia!' Oliver shrugged his shoulders in an expressive gesture. 'She is out of my life. You escaped because you could not win her; I escaped because I did.'

Gordon shuddered as he reflected on Oliver's fleeing to this soiled goal, banging out incidental melodies to a five-reel film. And yet, was it so different from his own effort to earn a couple of hundred for possibly as futile a journey to Paris?

'I've heard about you, Gordon,' said Oliver: 'how you married and set-

tled down to peace, prosperity, and Philistinism, as you may happen to remember, I once prophesied you would.'

'I'm not peaceful, though I am prosperous, and, I suppose, a thoroughgoing Philistine.'

'You, with your long drawn-out theories of literary expression, with your everlasting talk about what you were to write, with your real gift — you in this little town, just making money. It's a shame.'

'Oh, I don't know,' fenced Gordon; 'I'm still young enough, and only this evening I outlined a story which I shall work on to-night.'

'You won't write it,' declared Oliver flatly. 'I can see that.'

'You think I am quite hopeless?'

'Absolutely. One must be ready to make great sacrifices. Take myself. I might be a money-maker, too, but see what I do. I get only my expenses and twenty-five dollars a week, but I am happy, because every evening and sometimes twice a day I give to this little gem of fantasy a background of music.'

'You really are happy?'

'I am that. Next season I am to go out with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Only an artist can comprehend the joy I have in creating my own compositions. I could draw on a rich repertoire, but I prefer to dip into my own well.'

Gordon noticed the burning, far-seeing eyes, the pale skin, the deep lines from nostrils to the sensitive mouth, the nervous movements of the thin lips. And his clothes — how cheap!

'If this is his happiness,' thought Gordon, as both entered the crude little house for the first show, 'thank Heaven, I am not of it!'

Oliver went to the piano with the air of a Carnegie Hall soloist. Gordon wondered whether this might be because of a lack of humor or of an overabundance of it. Or was the man able to persuade himself that he was before

an audience thirsting for his art? His gestures were most profound. The piano, alas! was no instrument for this throbbing soul. Gordon saw very little of the picture, though what he watched was exquisite. The musician held him. Oliver had spoken the truth. It was plain that, as he played, he was lifted up into a world of poetry and ecstasy. Sincerity and happiness shone from his face. He did not seem to realize, as did Gordon, that he was pouring his music into stone ears. None of his efforts would make the slightest elevation of tone in Fallon. A thousand such ambassadors would leave it untouched.

During the wait between the first and second shows, Oliver seated himself by Gordon, who could not help hearing the little rustlings and whisperings as the townsfolk noticed their financier associating with this odd, minstrel-like stranger. It irritated Gordon to find that he felt conspicuous and uncomfortable.

'You did well,' he said kindly.

Oliver ate up this thin slice of praise. 'It's nothing compared to the things I am doing for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I've been thinking,' he went on impetuously, 'that since you are so well off, you might do something for a poor artist. You cannot help yourself, why not help me?'

'How?'

'By lending me enough to lease out-right one set of reels. I'll pay you back some day, if I can; and if I can't, you will, at least, have rendered some service to art.'

'How much will you want?'

'I don't know. I'll write you. I may need five or six hundred, and I may need more. It ought to be a good investment. Instead of getting only twenty-five a week, I'll often clear twenty-five a night when I play to my own show.'

'You have the right idea —'

'I know so many movie-owners; I can arrange more dates than I can handle.'

'I'll do it,' promised Gordon grimly; 'not to help art, but to show you what I have been up against. You will make money, and being cautious, you will save. You will lease a few more pictures, square yourself up with me, and go into the business on a larger scale. You will understand what has kept me from writing. You will become too occupied to compose.'

'No danger of that,' laughed Oliver confidently. 'You will really help me? I hate to ask it of you, but — you understand.'

'I understand you better than you think. I am going to undo this sordid little world of yours and send you on the road to peace, prosperity, and Philistinism. My dear fellow, you are soon to realize that this art for art's sake, this will to suffer, this sacrifice — is all bluff, except in youth — a pose! You may think you look down on me as a defaulter, but you envy me my success.'

'Not at the price you've paid for it.'

'Wait and see,' was Gordon's cryptic answer.

V

As he made his way home, late that evening, after saying good-bye to his old friend, his mind was full. He was sure Oliver's was no standard, and yet he could not deny that at one time it had been his own.

'I must merely make a slight change in my life,' he told himself. 'I must buy and sell, handle my business transactions, edit the *Weekly*, and boost Itch-O; but I must remember, as Ruth does, that these things are a means, not an end. I'll put all these thoughts and emotions into a story, and if, when it's finished, it's no good, I'll be able to live my regular life without further qualms.'

Athrob with this urge for expression, his imagination began to picture situations and characters, and he was already making mental notes of sentences, when he was stopped by the professor, now only a minority stock-holder and assistant manager in the temple that issued such enormous quantities of salve for the anointing of the trusting.

'I say, Mr. Hamilton; just a minute.'

Gordon paused, impatient.

'You know we have n't had a new piece of literature in a dog's age.'

'Well, what of it?' Gordon asked sharply. 'The receipts seem to be coming in right along.'

'Just the same we ought to get out something new and classy — something catchy.'

'Get it done. For heaven's sake, are you helpless? Must I write every word?'

'There's no one can do it as well.'

'Perfect nonsense! We'll have to employ some live wire who can attend to the detail work. I'm getting sick and tired of it. I must have time to live, to think, to create.'

This was a new Gordon. Confused, the professor found an excuse to go.

'Always Itch-O, Itch-O!' thought Gordon disgustedly. 'It's high time I came to myself.'

He reached home a few minutes later and hurried to the library. There he found Ruth lying on the couch reading.

'Hello, dear,' she smiled pleasantly, noting the look of suppressed excitement in his eyes. 'What have you been made president of to-night?'

'President of my own soul. I've come home to work.'

'A set of by-laws for a new corporation?'

'No. I've had enough of this endless money-grubbing.'

Ruth's eyebrows arched slightly, but her tone was warm as she exclaimed, —

'You don't mean —?'

'That I've come home full of inspiration. I'm going to work on a story.'

She rose quickly. 'The library is yours, old dear. I'll make some coffee.'

Alone, Gordon sat down before his Corona and typed, 'The Seeker.' Then he thought hard. He wrote a while, hurriedly; tore out the sheet. Before he adjusted another, he recalled his recent meeting with the professor and cursed him roundly. In his own journey to Parnassus, this fat little man had stopped him with a fat little temptation, and since then he had been bowing before the god of Itch-O.

He searched for his pipe and lost himself in a whirlwind of chaotic reflections. One thought, however, dominated — that of the necessity for a new booklet — a clever one. Oh, the professor's evil spirit! How it persisted!

'I know why I can't write to-night,' Gordon grumbled. 'It's this wretched pamphlet. It has to be done. When I get it out of the way, I'll be free to go ahead with a clear mind.'

From then on, the typewriter clicked without a halt. Again did the praises of Itch-O rise in symphonic volume, with the glorious climax that 'the trial treatment is free.'

When, hours later, Ruth, heeding a sudden silence, came in with a dainty tray, Gordon lay back in his chair, exhausted. A lump swelled in his throat as his tired mind admitted that once more he had been caught.

'You've been working hard,' Ruth said tenderly. 'You look worn out. Will you show me what you have written?'

Embarrassed, he turned down the pages.

'I was n't in the mood, precious, I —, 'But what have you been doing?'

'Nothing, nothing; just a little matter that's been hanging over me. I'll tackle the story to-morrow evening. Well, shall we get to sleep?'

OPEN THE GATES

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

OPEN the gates of your heart and let her go.
The gates are high and the lock is hard, I know,
And, wistful, the anchors of home would faithfully hold
Her fast — her bag, her shawl with its empty fold.
All day the robin has pled from the locust tree,
And the lambs she loved gone wistful across the lea;
Dark rain on the mountain, and tears on your cheek, but she
Heeds them not now. She is busy, with deep-drawn breath
On breath, greeting her tall strange visitor Death.
He has wrapt her about in his mantle of wisdom away
From your touch; your tears, your kisses are naught to-day.
In vain the larkspurs bloom in the garden bed,
And the gossamer's jeweled gift on the grass is spread;
In vain the poppies, in vain your grief, and so
You must open the gates of your heart and let her go.

And now there are folk by her side you never knew,
They are only faded daguerreotypes to you;
Quaint people in stocks and pantalettes, kept there
With the little brown curl she tenderly marked 'Mother's hair.'
Nothing but names to you, they were dead so long,
But now — ah, strange! She is yours no more, 't is their strong
Hidden arms that receive, their love that has bade her depart,
And their cold, cold fingers that are breaking the lock of your heart.
— Ah, wistful robin, and lambs you call, but no,
We must open the difficult gates and let her go.

Death in the room and her folk come back, and dim
 In the shadow a Presence there. Now unto Him
 She is lifting the chaliced dew of her fragrant days —
 Wine of her life, her love, her beneficent ways —
 Dear ways of pleasantness in paths of peace.
 O mystical moment! O sacred and singing release!
 Into his heart He has taken her gift, and lo,
 The iron portals swing open to let her go!

Now hastily dress her in shimmering love, and spread
 A pathway of prayer for her darling feet to tread —
 The rain has given its jewels, the robin the soul
 Of his song, and the garden's breath is an aureole
 Master of death, and Lord of life, unto Thee
 We open the gates of our heart and set her free.

A KANSAN AT LARGE. II

BY CLYDE L. DAVIS

I

HIGH above the clear, rock-rimmed Lake Winonscopomuck, and among the great wooded hills of northwestern Connecticut, stands the Hotchkiss School. It is a typical Eastern private boarding-school, and is attended by about two hundred wealthy boys who are preparing to enter the big colleges of New England.

Its founders were wise enough to establish a scholarship fund which enables the school to offer to a limited

number of poor students each year practically the same educational advantages that the sons of the rich enjoy. An effort is made to secure scholarship boys whose moral influence will be good, and who are capable of doing good work in the classroom and in other activities of the school. Some scholarship boys grow sottish and parasitic, and the influence on the wealthy is not always salutary; but so long as schools train for life in a democracy like the American Republic, the plan, by and large, is a good one, and the

school that adopts it is far and away ahead of the one that lacks such an arrangement.

Into this inexorable, standardizing drill-yard, Fate tumbled me—penniless, untutored, untamed, and, like a good many of the scholarship boys, three or four years older than most of my classmates. Although I was ex-president of everything in Emporia, no Y.M.C.A. delegation or other embassy met me at the station; and, moreover, no one seemed especially anxious to make my acquaintance. The first master I met had never even heard of William Allen White.

But these things did not worry me, for I knew that the school would soon realize what a prize it had landed and recognition would then come; moreover, I felt that I had a mission to perform among these listless sons of the hell-bound rich. The headmaster had written little about what he would expect of me; but talks with my Kansas friends had made my duties perfectly plain. The sons of the rich were, of course, a shifty, shiftless, spineless lot, and it was to be my privilege to set the example for industry and nobility of character. Incidentally, I was to continue to excel in class-work and be a leader in New England, as I had been in the bounding West.

In such a place, with such ideas, it is needless to say that I was soon more miserable than Ovid ever was in Pontus. The athletic director interviewed me. Modesty forbade my telling him how my plays had made the bleachers resound where a few of us, who liked to play football, practised when we chose and played as we liked; but I found ways to let him know that, if he put me on the right end, nothing would come around.

But the next day I found to my amazement that the idle rich were strenuous enough—in a football game,

at least. These boys had grown up in camps and gymnasiums; they had been carefully trained; Ted Coy was their patron saint, and a college letter their chief aim in life. I fought desperately, but gradually saw that I was hardly fit to carry water to the second team; two days later, the dislocation of a shoulder luckily saved me the humiliation of going into the discard, but I knew that I had been completely outclassed, and nothing will ever cause me keener suffering.

I joined the Agora Debating Society, for there at least I knew I could star—had I not once won the gold medal while three thousand cheered, as I discomfited a whole team? But Satan again lay in wait—the question was Trust Regulation. Oft had I applauded others, and oft had I been applauded, for tirades against the soulless *octopi*, and in favor of the *pee-pul*. But that night my eloquence, like that of Father Æneas, ‘stuck to my jaws,’ for there in the front row sat Cy McCormick, and in the third sat Philip Swift. It is easy vacuously to harangue a sympathetic crowd; but standing in a small room and looking the owner of a trust in the eye, one feels a desperate need of indisputable facts, and the ordinary platitudes and aphorisms of the press have an appallingly hollow ring. I sat down very ill-satisfied with myself.

Instead of its being a godless place, I found that Hotchkiss fairly sizzled with religious fire, which radiated from the meetings of St. Luke’s Society. As I sat and listened to the sincere, earnest boy speeches, I felt little like a missionary, but much like John when he said, ‘I have need to be baptized of Thee.’

In due time I found out that rich boys are essentially just like poor boys. Some are industrious, studious, and manly; some are lazy and will cheat if they get a chance; some are snobs and some are selfish; but by an overwhelm-

ing majority they are generous and kind, and in earnest.

The ignorance of these boys amazed me. They knew nothing of United States history, and not enough geography to locate my native state with exactitude. They had traveled abroad, but having taken nothing with them, they had brought nothing back. They wrote illegible scrawls. Standard literature was positively a sealed book to them; but, on the other hand, they had been tutored toward college entrance examinations from childhood. The rudiments of Latin and Algebra had been drummed into them, and not a few spoke French. For me, a mature farm-product, to compete with these fellows in learning languages was an impossible task. Therefore my final humiliation was to see myself easily beaten in the classroom.

The masters were simply drill sergeants. 'You'd better remember that word, boys: you'll need it in June,' was the oft-repeated remark of the indefatigable old German instructor; and it defined the pedagogical horizon of the whole staff. Their jobs depended on making their classes pass the college entrance examinations at the end of the year; and their everlasting, driving, barren, humdrum tutoring on the rudiments of languages and mathematics was anything but inspiring.

God had intended the Latin master to be a schoolteacher, but by some pass of fortune he had fallen into this drill-yard and was spending his days whipping awkward squads into shape. But besides doing his regular Simon Legree work, he illuminated every page with running comments which have since proved surprisingly valuable. In earning my bread as a toiler in this rough world, no school-work has served me better than the training that Edmund Barss gave us in Latin.

An individualistic Western farmer

also found it extremely difficult to fit himself into the life of the school. The senior class were the people, and had to be respected. Athletic games must be attended and good plays cheered. A Western cowboy in a German regiment could not have felt more repressed and annoyed. But I made the best of it all, and, although my health became wretched, plodded doggedly on, because (1) all the Kansas boys who had preceded me had found that this road led to great things; (2) China must be saved; (3) I had found working one's way in other schools next to impossible; and, finally, because letting my relatives and friends hear of failure was unthinkable.

Each week I wrote to mother, telling her of the beauty of the hills, of the sermons I heard, and so forth, but keeping my troubles to myself. Back to Emporia went the school-paper with contributions from my pen, and accounts of debates and literary contests; but at Hotchkiss I was very small potatoes, for among such a group of boys leadership depends more on swift legs and geniality than on knowledge and ink.

But working, playing, and cheering for the school finally made me love it sincerely; perhaps just as William James 'saw a bear, ran, and then got scared.' And one day, as graduation drew near, the headmaster told me that those cold-blooded, iron-edged masters, who were so unlike the pedagogical wet-nurses of the Middle West, had realized all the while the difficulties under which I labored, and that they were very well satisfied with what I had done. So I went off to Harvard College with a bounding heart, for there head rather than heels would win one his place.

II

Before I had been at Harvard two weeks I found that the object of that

institution was to produce men like Arthur Beane. Beane was the finest all-round man I had ever met. He was large, genial, firm, virile, cultivated. As an undergraduate he had touched every phase of college life, and had bettered every one that he touched. After Mr. Beane graduated, the firm of Briggs, Fitch and Co.,¹ which has its headquarters in the Brooks Building, had hired him to stay and do Y.M.C.A. secretarial work and act as a model for succeeding academic generations.

They could not have made a better choice. The speeches that were made at the Freshman Reception by Mr. Beane, team-captains, class-officers, undergraduate able editors, and the rest, could all be summed up in these three words, *Be a Beane*. So toward that worthy goal we set our faces.

I still like to think that I might have succeeded if Fortune had been a bit propitious. But it is one of the unpleasant facts of life, that urbanity, social service, and general participation in community activities require some subsidizing. Had I been a crank athlete, a pipe-organ-player, an expert stenographer, or any one of twenty other things, I might have got into the band-wagon; but my earning power was small, and when my living was made by running boys' clubs and other low-pay work, I had little time and energy left with which to be a Beane.

However, I tried it — I heeled for a paper and not without some encouragement. Above all things I wanted a Phi Beta Kappa key, and I kept my marks up to the requirements. I did my utmost to win the Sargent Prize for a translation from Horace. But, as good old Horace said to the Bandusian goat, it was all *frustra* — that is, in vain. When spring came, my name was sec-

ond rather than first on the translation list, so the glory missed my brow, and — what was worse — the cash missed my pocket. I was already in debt, but high marks would bring me a scholarship for the coming year and I'd win out.

Two examinations went off well, but as I walked across the yard to take the third, I suddenly grew deathly ill; and when the college physician let me out of the infirmary, examinations were over and the game was lost. What I could earn in the summer vacation would not pay my debt at the college office; and the two hundred dollars tuition, plus board, room, laundry, books, and incidentals, which the next term would bring, presented an insurmountable barrier. My college days were over.

Oh, wisdom of the gods that made us! Oh, blessed incorrigibility of the human soul! When the dog-cart of life at which we tug mires utterly, we still can slip the collar. Spinning, reaping peoples can yell to hideous war! Suffering Byron can finally learn to laugh at Byron; and standing with the headsmen at last, even serious Sir Walter can jest about the axe. All's lost, naught's had — so be it. If the sky falls, there still are larks to catch.

I bought a second-hand bicycle, took a farewell, wistful look at the volumes in the Harvard Library, and left for Maine, still half-sick, utterly beaten, and completely discouraged.

Education, the salvation of China, success in life, and all else that had kept me in the treadmill, could go to Hades. There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away. Oblivion is the land where freedom dwells. 'The President has paid dear for his White House,' says Ralph Waldo; but the vagabond may have traded a pack more galling than Christian's, and a task more hopeless than that of Sisyphus,

¹ Mr. Davis here refers to Dean Le Baron R. Briggs, and to Dr. Fitch, who was interested in Y.M.C.A. work. — THE EDITOR.

for companions such as Defoe and Stevenson loved; and for singing streams, and long, green roads which, like all others, lead to the end of the world and, mayhap, to the foot of the rainbow. 'The voice of duty is the voice of God.'—Ah, my friend, very interesting! But just how do you know that?

At a cheap boarding-house near the coast, I met an able young ne'er-do-well who was selling maps. I went out with him next day. I decided that if he could thus make money enough in a day to keep him spending for a week, I could make that much every day and save it, too. My commissions for my third day's work were thirty dollars. The college debt was soon paid. On September twelfth I had in my pocket four hundred and one dollars and thirty-one cents.

I went to Cambridge and with unfeigned indifference asked George Washington Cram¹ if I could try the examinations that my illness had made me miss. He said I could; and without turning a page for preparation, I tried. The marks in all were about the minimum for passing, and I decided to register for the coming year.

But I had lost the belief that the chief end of man is to be like Arthur Beane. In fact, I had lost belief in almost everything except that I could hold my own in the gouge game of life. I had found that, if I went into a village and sold my wares to those who needed them, then more than two thirds of the other residents would buy when they saw those names on my order-book. And it seemed to me that the majority of my classmates, who were straining for shingles in Beanedom, were very like these foolish people. Moreover, I had found out that if one has an absolutely thorough knowledge of his commodity, knows exactly what he wants, and goes straight for it as per-

sistently as the tide saws the coast of Maine, few men or combinations of men can keep him from his goal. Therefore, others could *be* something at college, but I proposed, if possible, to *learn* something.

Like most farmers, I feared debt more than almost anything else. Several blocks from the college I rented a tiny attic room. Teaching three evenings a week in the Cambridge night-schools would pay my board. Diogenes was now in his tub, — he had four hundred and one dollars and thirty-one cents in his pocket, — so Alexander, Beane and Company might stand out of his study light.

I began to 'apply mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom and the reason of things,' as did the ancient Hebrew, and soon I found that Harvard was a vast deposit of information. And whenever the student is puzzled, there are professors who can, like the colored minister, 'explain the unexplainable, make known the unknowable, and unscrew the inscrutable.'

Taussig and Munro took us behind the curtain and showed us all the ropes and pulleys and light controls of the world's daily puppet-show. From the very source we drifted with Palmer down the wonderful river of human thought — among the singing Isles of Greece, past the Forum, where Epicurus dwelt a slave, and finally, fittingly or unfittingly, brought up with Friedrich Nietzsche in the madhouse. With Haskins we marched on every Crusade, and with A. B. Hart we unlearned our American history. Willie Keukentahl, the naturalist from Breslau, took us through the dead circus in Agassiz Museum, and dilated on Darwin and on whales. With Neilson and the rest, we traveled in the realms of gold, listened to the sages, and heard the minstrels sing. And as twenty or thirty of

¹ The Recorder of Harvard University.

us were sailing past Scotland in one of Bliss Perry's boats, I fell in with Thomas Carlyle.

Here was the man for me! This buffeted, baffled son of a peasant had, like his pet hero Mirabeau, 'swallowed all formulas.' He looked through things rather than at them, and could not be fooled by the painted cobwebs that glisten in the wire-grass pasture of *Respectabilia*. He was a bringer-of-men-back-to-realities. He dealt with facts, and yet saw worth and beauty and glory in human life. At his torch I could relight my snuffed-out tallow dip.

At Harvard University, for the first time in my life, I found teachers who were not afraid of the truth, and who were willing to concede that my Creator knew more about what kind of a man I should develop into than they did. Here are the facts as nearly as I can get at them, and here are my conclusions. You can take them and do what you like with them, or leave them. This was the purport of the average lecture.

Diogenes, the tub-dweller, had friends, and after I left Beanedom I found that not all the interesting people at Harvard were to be found in such clubs as the one into which my Hotchkiss origin had caused me to be voted. For example, here was Weissbuch: born in Roumania; to America in the steerage; out of the gnawing poverty of the New York slums; *self-prepared for college*; penniless; exasperating; talented; unsinkable; kind and noble to the last degree.

And the Anglo-Saxon product of the farm found that this urban immigrant, like the confusion of tongues that attended the Cambridge night-school, was human and worth while, just as the rich boys at Hotchkiss had proved to be. If the classes in this country could get acquainted, it would not solve all problems, but it would save us a deal of trouble.

III

Going about in summer working as an agent, it was easy to see that many rural sections were on the decline. Occasional letters from Oklahoma showed that the community we had begun there with such high hopes was not getting anywhere. And when I went back to Kansas, I found that rents were higher, soil poorer, buildings no better, and life no more worth living in my home community than it had been ten years before. In my senior year I heard the lectures of Dr. James Ford and Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, and learned that such conditions prevailed pretty generally in rural America.

'Many of these ignorant, penurious Maine farmers,' said Weissbuch one day, 'are just about like the wretched peasants I used to see in southern Europe.' The trouble was evidently not local, but general.

The nearer graduation came, the more it became apparent that there was mission work to be done among mine own people, which was quite as important, and perhaps more difficult than it would be to win China for Calvin. In China I'd probably speak and understand life about as well as Charlie Wing, my laundryman, did in America. On the other hand, life had forced me to know more about farms and farmers than many people can ever hope to learn.

'What's the best way for one to get into country work?' I once asked Professor Carver at the close of a lecture.

'Why, you could be a country preacher or teacher; but in either case the field of endeavor is very small and the pay very meagre.'

As I walked away, I thought, 'Well, if there is so much money for sending workers to foreign lands, why is n't there some available for the work I want to do?'

Roger Treat, one of my classmates, had become interested in moving-pictures, which were just then being raised to a place of first magnitude. He believed that they had great didactic value. The more he talked, the more certain I became that he was right. Before long, we had incubated a plan for using movies in country work. The plan was quite Napoleonic, although to the uninitiated and unenthused it, of course, seemed decidedly quixotic. Just then came the news that Dr. Carver was to go to Washington, to create a Rural Organization Service.

'The thing for us to do,' I said, 'is to go with him.'

Roger replied, 'Yes, but may be he won't —'

I stopped him. 'You never sold maps, Treat. Our plan is a good one. He's got to have helpers. He can't get better ones. All we have to do is to go after him and stay after him.'

But the job was not an easy one. The wise, colossal, imperturbable customer admitted that the goods seemed valuable for certain purposes, but stated that he was not yet in the market, and also intimated that many plans which seem feasible enough fail when put into practice.

Treat and I retired for heavy repairs. The Austrians lost the battle of Wagram, Professor Johnston had said, 'because they failed to come again.' Treat and I decided not to lose our battle that way. After a consultation, Treat went off to Boston to secure five hundred dollars financial backing, while I went to young Edison, whom I had known at Hotchkiss, and got him to give us a moving-picture outfit.

My last college examination question was: 'Describe the Battle of Austerlitz.' As I wrote, I *saw* that fight. The canny Corsican had retreated to the ground that suited him. In spirit he had his army as tense as a football

team. In the centre, hidden behind the hills, I could see the myriads of Frenchmen massed. The little man on the lookout watched with satisfaction as his stubborn marshal, Davout, was slowly driven back, and Russian regiments left the centre to help press the advantage on the right. And then, when that centre was weakened enough, Bernadotte's hidden, close-packed French stormed out and up the hill and rolled the enemy either way, while the Old Guard, still in reserve, swore and wept and tore off its epaulets at being denied a part in the struggle. *Vive l'Empereur!*

Peace also hath its victories. Treat and I waged a vigorous campaign in rural districts with such pictorial equipment as we could get, and at the same time, kept bombarding Washington, D.C., with full accounts of what we were doing. Finally the Rural Organization Service wired for us to come for inspection and trial. The next year was spent in working under the direction of the Department of Agriculture.

IV

Frances is a very unusual person, who inventories thus: brown hair, great brilliant eyes, fresh, healthy cheeks, positive but good-natured expression, round arms, dainty hands, and small feet. She is very erect and alert, and is built after the bungalow style of architecture. By trade she is a professor of Home Economics and director of Girls' Canning Clubs. When I first saw her she was twenty-four years old — a peniless maid, *sans* pedigree.

After I met her, I wrote her a letter. She did not answer it. I determined to take no more notice of her, and as soon as I saw her again, insisted that she dine with me. Next day I went through the Mammoth Cave. She was in the party. All I remember about the cave is that it is lighted by very large blue

eyes. From then on I wrote her many letters, and once in a while she wrote me one. She did not seem especially pleased with me, and I was certainly very much displeased with myself.

'Fellow like you,' said old man Mortin, as he and I started on a business trip south, 'ought to be able to pick up a girl down here with a thousand acres of land.'

'No, Mr. Mortin, there is nobody works as hard for his money as the man who marries for it. But, on the other hand, if I wanted to marry at all, you could bet your last dime I'd never pay any attention to a girl unless she had some property. All my life has been a continual and desperate fight against poverty. Now I am just getting my nose above water, and I don't propose to get into the flint mill again by saddling a poverty-stricken family on my back.'

At college, I had read the Essays of Francis Bacon no less than fifteen times, and I felt that I had got at the real facts regarding a good many subjects — matrimony included. Regarding marriage and the things thereunto appertaining, Lord Francis deposeth thus: 'In the life of man love doeth much mischief, sometimes like a Siren, sometimes like a Fury. Great spirits and great business do keep out of this weak passion. Should man, made for the contemplation of all noble objects, do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject? You will perceive that the greatest foundations have proceeded from unmarried men, for whoso-

ever esteemeth too much the amorous affections quitteth both riches and honor. By how much the more then ought men to beware of this weak passion, which looseth not only other things, but itself.'

But the more I thought of Frances the Queen of Clubs, the less I thought of Francis the Lord Chancellor. Bacon was a great philosopher; but as Othello intimated, there is such a thing as knowing too d—— much. Even Harvard University is n't entirely above selling gold bricks to a farmer.

One day I went to see Frances. She enjoyed the interview a good deal more than I did. And then, just when things were looking utterly hopeless, she turned those great searchlight eyes on me and gave me the hardest examination that I have ever had to stand. Finally she said slowly, '*You are a perfect dear!*' And somehow I felt that the girl had spoken a great truth. At that moment I was a nobler, truer, handsomer man than Arthur Beane himself can ever hope to be.

When I got back to the hotel that night, Treat, my room-mate, sat up in bed like a Billiken.

'Been to see 'er, Clyde?'

'Yes.'

'Say, what's the matter with you? Are you engaged?'

'No, Treat, I'm not; but I'm awfully afraid I'm never going to be able to get disengaged.'

And when the clock struck one, two, three, four, and, later, five, Treat was sound asleep.

(The End)

PATRONS OF DEMOCRACY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

Education is the most sacred concern, indeed the only hope, of a nation. — GALSWORTHY.

I

THE average physical age of man is thirty-three; his average educational age is eighteen, or thereabouts. A few men go on to school after eighteen, but they learn nothing fundamental, for theories, methods, and facts are not fundamental: they belong to the useful, the professional. Here and there is a student perennially eighteen years old in mind, who unlearns a few important things in and after college; but most freshmen are what they are, and after three years in college they are seniors. They come to college with all their educational clothes on, asking the faculty if it will please help button them up. College gives a little better fit to the educational garment. We live on and learn, but the lessons from seventeen to seventy are only a review and an application of those we learned from six to sixteen.

In any national survey of education, therefore, the higher schools and colleges are negligible. Our education as a people is that of the secondary schools. In them, more than in any other American institution, more than in all other American institutions, are the issues of an enlightened national life; issues no longer national merely, for the war has made them vital to the life of the world. American democracy is now a world-issue. Already from overseas the peoples are coming to study our institution of democracy; the Japanese, with keen,

characteristic insight, singling out the public schools — as if in them were the source and the secret of democracy.

Certainly no democracy can be better than its educational system; for democracy, more than any other political programme, is a programme of education. The spirit of democracy is the fruit of education, and never an inheritance, unless an education can be inherited, devised by will, and blessed upon a child by laying-on of hands. You can come by the spirit of aristocracy that way, for the God-I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men spirit is a negation and an assumption. One may even assume that he is a Kaiser and a vice-gerent of God. We cannot assume vice-gerencies and the like in America, so we stop modestly with whatever else there is to assume. We all alike inherit the Constitution; and it doth not appear at birth what we shall be, a President in Washington, or a Washington correspondent, or both; for every child, although born a presidential candidate, cannot commit his nomination and election to the hands of the priest who christens him, as he can his social position; he must leave it all to the large, firm hands of the future.

How many American parents hate this divine hazard of democracy! 'I will take no chance with my boy!' a mother said to me recently, who had come from New Jersey to Boston with her young son: as if the democratic hazards for her boy might be fewer in Boston; and as if money and birth and breeding brought to Boston might

overcome the handicap of equality conferred by the Constitution upon her son. Why is she afraid? Because I have boys in Hingham? Mine are not the only boys in Hingham, as they have already found out, and as her boy will soon find out. Every boy in Hingham is a challenge to my boys; so is every boy in Boston, and in Baton Rouge, and in Bagdad. It is the girls in Hingham that I am afraid of.

Money and birth and breeding count in a democracy — for and against a man; education and purpose, however, count a great deal more and altogether for a man. But count how? What is the true end of American education? 'Is it life or a living?' It is neither life nor a living. We can live and get a living without an education, as we can marry and give in marriage. But we cannot make the United States a democracy without education. The true end of American education is the knowledge and practice of democracy — whatever other personal ends an education may serve. Education has turned a corner since we went to school, and finds itself face to face with a bigger thing than life or the getting of a living. It is face to face with a big enough thing to die for in France, a big enough thing to go to school for in America — going to school, on the whole, being more difficult than dying. Life and the getting of a living may have been the proper ends of our private education heretofore; such ends are no longer legitimate. Neither life nor the getting of a living, but *living together*, this must be the single *public* end of a common public education hereafter.

This new and larger end demands a new and larger thought of education. The day of the little red schoolhouse, and all other little things in American education must pass. The large schoolhouse must come. Our present school concepts are as inadequate as are our

present school appropriations and programmes. We must reconceive the nation's educational needs; we must do it as vigorously, as generously, and as universally as we lately conceived her military needs; and we must create an educational machinery as effective as the military machinery to meet the needs.

But what a machinery is the little red schoolhouse, and the little three-hundred-dollar schoolteacher, and the little thirty-cent interest of the average citizen in his public school! Can the Japanese be right in thinking the intelligence and spirit of America a product of American schools? They have long watched this democracy, and at last, having seen its temper tried by war, they have come to study into the secret of its magnificent behavior — as if it were an educational secret, and might be found in our public schools! They are right, but they are going to be terribly shocked, and shaken in their faith.

II

What do the Japanese expect to find? Surely nothing less than this whole nation in school, for we are a literate people; and nothing less than the whole nation in school together, one common school, for we are without caste as a people; and nothing less than the whole nation together in a common school until it gets the conception of democracy, the abstract, spiritual meaning of democracy; for democracy is a spirit, and they who know the truth of democracy know it in spirit.

What the Japanese will actually find is a democracy divided educationally against itself; wrong in its aim; weak in its purpose; feeble in its support; faltering in its faith; and not only divided, but hostile, in its educational plans. It is bad enough that eighteen per cent of our children do not attend school at

all; it is not so bad for democracy, however, as that our other eighty-two per cent should be divided in their education by private, parochial, industrial, and the regular public schools, until we can be said to have no common educational programme, no common educational purpose, no common educational ideal — *no common school*. Yet what else but a common school can be the head of the corner of democracy? We must go to school; we must all go to school; we must all go together to school, with a common language, a common course of study, a common purpose, faith, and enthusiasm for democracy. Americanization is not this new educational ideal. The world is not to be Americanized. A few millions of foreigners in America need to be Americanized; but all the millions of Americans in America need to be democratized. Nothing less than the democratization of America dare be our educational aim.

I have not worked out the new course of study. This paper is a plea, not a programme. One thing I know: we must have a common school for all the people; and all the people must attend a common school until every American child has a high-school education. It is not a dream; it is not impossible — unless democracy is a dream and impossible.

The present standard of American education is a fourth-grade standard — and less! Only 6.36 per cent of all the children enrolled in American schools finish the eighth grade. This is not making America safe for democracy. On through the fourth grade to the end of the eighth grade, on from the eighth grade to the end of the high school, we must push the education of the whole people before we can trust the people with democracy.

There will be need of special schools aplenty — for the subnormal; private

schools for the feeble-minded; vocational schools for the slow and the stubborn; but for the normal, one common school only, for rich and poor, up to the end of the high school; by which time we are pretty nearly all that we need to be for purposes of democracy.

Is this a new educational language? It is no newer than the new demands, no more foolish than genuine democracy. The old order has changed, and given place to so large an educational need that we have neither the mind nor the machinery for it. Take the country clear across, and our educational mind and machinery are little better than a reproach. And our machinery for education is better than our mind for it. We have better buildings, better teachers, better salaries — even better salaries — than public sympathy and support. Poorer than the poorest piece of kit in all of our educational outfit is the individual American's support of his public school.

In this new and larger education there will be great elasticity, providing for the special case, the educational machine having a transmission with plenty of speeds ahead, and even a reverse gear for those who are backward. But a larger, simpler, speedier education is to be provided, that shall reduce the number of school years, and thus lessen the number of special cases; that shall reduce the number of narrow school courses — commercial, general business, college, and vocation — to one common course, one broad, universal course, thus educating for democracy first, and after that for life and a living — and even for entrance into college. Entrance into college! O Lord, how long shall American public-school education suffer this incubus of the college?

A special programme of training, vocational, business, or college, before the end of the high school, if not con-

trary to the Decalogue, is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and a menace to democracy. Moreover, it is German, no matter how we try to clothe it. Such vocational training was in Germany, and is here, a deliberate attempt to create a working-class. Vocational education before the end of a general high-school course is education backward, the training of a man into a machine, a soul into a pair of hands. It is education for autocracy — the German system, which, in its 'People's Schools,' carries 90 per cent of German children up to our eighth grade, then *blocks* all further education, except in trade and continuation schools. These are the 'masses,' and not an average of one in ten thousand gets through these 'Peoples' Schools' into the gymnasium, or high school, with the other 10 per cent — the children of the 'classes.'

Masses and classes until recently in American education have been one, the school doors opening alike to all; but now, under the guise of 'education for a living,' or in some other robe of light, the German devil of vocational training goes up and down the land, installing machinery in the high-school basements, to steal away the quiet of the study room; and, holding out 'Big Money' in one hand, and a desiccated textbook in the other, says to the restless high-school boys, 'Choose!'

American education is going vocationally mad, going bad; for behind this mischievous propaganda is a purpose and a philosophy not had of democracy. Let me quote a passage from a textbook by a native American high-school teacher: —

'In our country, where every youth in his first year in school learns that he may be president some day; where parents permit their children to look down upon their modest callings; where the higher professions are overcrowded,

manual labor despised, the farms deserted, we often find in the serving class a weak, discontented class of people. In sharp contrast to them were the people who served us in Germany. They knew what they had to do and did it, without feeling that it injured their dignity.'

They, the servant class of Germany, had been *educated* to servitude, he means; whereas, in this country, as he goes on to say, 'A "bum" wanted a dollar for carrying three small handbags for us to the station'; all because of this idiotic American teaching about some day being president!

That 'bum' had had no presidential teaching. He might have had the 'business course' in school, perhaps; for, instead of a promise of the presidency, our schools nowadays hold out the necessity of making money, making it quick, and a lot of it. 'Double your salary' is our educational slogan — salary, not wages. The next revision of the Bible will doubtless read: 'The *salary* of sin is death.' The word, with all its pretensions, has no place in our democratic dictionary. Vocational training can never result here in either the servitude or the servility of Germany. The American mind reacts in an American way — turns hostile, instead of servile; mobilizes into camps, instead of castes; and goes forth to fight, chanting the Declaration of Independence. European education, as James Bryce says, has taught men either to look up or to look down. In America we look at each other on the level, square in the eye; and our education must make that look friendly with perfect understanding.

As a matter of fact, however, we are not educating enough workers, laborers, I mean, who work with their hands; nor shall we till we educate everybody to work with his hands, to produce something, something elemental, essential for human existence. Who does

not do some creative work with brain or hands lives a mendicant, dies a pauper, and lies buried in the potter's field, no matter what mausoleum marks his tomb. We should be educated to the biology, the philosophy — the democracy — of labor, and should actually be taught a trade, all of us; and every manager and professional man might well return once in seven years for a sabbatical year at that trade. But such training is not the business of the public schools.

I count myself a laboring man. I believe in labor and laborers. There must be a laboring *class*, educated as a class, and we must all belong. I have always worked with my hands, and the best I could with my head, too. A college class is not a garden of cabbages; not exactly. Work? God works. We all work, or ought to. Christ had his kit of tools. It is not work that divides masses from classes, and sets worker against employer, nor is it money; it is lack of understanding.

'Capital and Labor must get together,' is the slow and still half-sincere cry of Capital. That belief was not in Capital's education, nor in Labor's either; and both are asking, 'How? How can a man be born when he is old? How can Capital and Labor, which are now separated, get together?' But they must! Then they must begin together, and stay together, not as Capital and Labor, but as schoolboys and men.

Not long since, at a notable meeting of capitalists in Atlantic City, Labor was earnestly urged to get together with Capital — but not at Atlantic City. No labor leader was invited to get together with the capitalists there!

The separation is educational: it began in school; and, wide as it now is, it shall go even wider with the spread of vocational and class education. Education and shoemaking are not the same thing. Said the president of the

Stetson Shoe Company to me, 'We don't want boys taught to make shoes in school. We can teach them better here at the factory. We want them educated by the schools. We need intelligent men, adaptable men, interested men, who see that their welfare and our welfare are one welfare.' A few hours in a shoe-shop (sixteen hours in even a printing-shop!) will give the green hand skill enough for wages, doing for him all that the years of distracting vocational work in school would do, and do but poorly. Ask the manufacturer if it is good business to spend years for hours, especially those precious school years so greatly needed for intelligence, adaptability, and that community of interests which sees in welfare, 'All for each, and each for all'!

A democracy is a whole people educated up to the standard desired by the Stetson Shoe Company. It is a whole people getting together; and the closer together, the better for the democracy. The purpose of our public-school system is to start the whole people together, and keep the whole people together for all their young years, until by calling and election their ways must part; a parting not to be allowed before the end of the high-school course, in order to forestall the unequal ideals of the future, the suspicions, jealousies, and savage interests that education can *prevent*, but for which there is no cure.

Such education is not skill. It is understanding. Let vocational *guidance* become a part of every high-school curriculum; but set up no machine in the cellar. Let no vocational work steal from the book work; let no trade, industrial business, no normal or technical school, divide the time with the high school. They must follow the high school.

Technical and normal schools are increasingly necessary; whereas trade

schools — schools to teach moulding, shipbuilding, coal-mining, trawling, and tombstone-cutting — are sheer nonsense. What better trade school than the shop? The technical school is a college and should be of college grade. A high school of commerce makes commerce the business of babes. Why not also a high school of medicine, of theology, of law? Is commerce less exacting than these other callings? and are merchants so much poorer mentally than other men, that an eighth-grade education gives them intellectual room and verge enough?

We can build nothing for democracy on a fourth-grade foundation: it is of sand. In exalting democracy, the war has magnified and mightily multiplied citizenship over the face of the world, and revealed, not only how inadequate, but how dangerous, a thing for citizenship a little learning is. Yet here is the average fourth-grade man inheriting the citizenship of the earth. The world and they that dwell therein have, of a sudden, become democratic — become the average man's with his fourth-grade education! What will he do with his world — in Russia? in America? Responsibility has not kept pace with liberty; education with ideality. Politically we have suffered a series of 'double promotions,' lifted from the first grades, and set down to problems, grades, and grades ahead.

There is only one thing to do: give us more education, which, in the United States, means an education to the end of the high school for every citizen, even though compelled by law; an undivided general course, broadly human, broadly democratic — and after that the shop, the technical school, and the college.

III

More education and a more democratic education is our great national

need. Governments are not safe in the hands of any single class — a democracy, of all governments, the least safe. Heretofore the issues dividing us nationally have been sectional, economic, commercial, fiscal, the political cleavage never following social or 'class' lines. It is different to-day. The ugly word 'class' now thrusts up its long, low bulk like a reef dead ahead. We must go about!

Education is a class-leveler. Though not by any means a cure for the inequalities of life, education comes nearer than any other thing to being the lowest common denominator of the 'vulgar fractions' of society that we call classes. American education, however, is growing ever more divided. Instead of leveling class distinctions, our schools are erecting them, — the vocational school its class wall, the private school its class wall, shutting in between them the common public school — after the order of the old world, with all its old-world antagonisms.

A private school in a democratic system of education is a sort of dress-circle seat in heaven, un-American and anti-American, and no substitute at all for the common public school. All true forces of democracy are centripetal, getting-together forces; for, as Chesterton puts it, 'All real democracy is an attempt (like that of a jolly hostess) to bring the shy people out.' Out where? Out where the self-confident people are. But what private school that I know is jolly hostess to the shy and timid?

I prepared for college in a private school, at a time, though, when there was no common high school in my town. A private school, I say, but not of the 'select' variety, or I should not have been admitted. A lad of thirteen, I rode through the beautiful school-grounds on horseback, as direct from the farm as a can of morning milk. I had come

on the gallop, bareheaded, barefooted — to my sudden confusion, when I found those shoeless feet tagging me into a book-walled study before a great, kind man, who stood looking me over quizzically, not critically; for he was not selecting me, I was selecting him, and it pleased and puzzled him.

For nearly five years I went to that institute which, with the coming of the town high school, had no excuse for being, and shortly ceased to be. In that same city were three other excellent academies, which died like the institute and rose again — in the common high school.

It has not happened so in some other places. In the town where I now live the old Academy is still doing business. The public high school in this town was opened in 1872, but the Academy, founded in 1784, did well, and in a public way, for almost a hundred years, what the high school is now doing. The Academy lives on, however — a select private school now, a sort of educational wedge, splitting the school-children and dividing the town's school interest and support.

The town's public schools need undivided interest and support. They are as good schools as they can be under the circumstances — though evidently they lack something which the Academy has, and which possibly they might have if the Academy were closed. The town's public schools are not so good as they ought to be. And I have four sons to educate. These four are 'all I have, and nothing but the best is good enough for them.' I had hardly settled here before the grocery-man, bringing kerosene and coffee, remarked as grocery-men do here, 'Of course, you'll send your boys down to the Academy; they are nice and clean down there.' And a little later, the town's first citizen calmed my troubled school-spirit by concluding, 'Then, if you don't like the public

schools, do as the rest of us do: send your children down to the Academy.'

This is how 'the rest of us' improve the public schools in Hingham; and in Weymouth next to Hingham; and in Braintree next to Weymouth; and in Quincy next to Braintree; and in Milton next to Quincy — and in Boston. The town of Milton has just built a magnificent high school. I pass it on my way to Boston, and I say, 'Truly the Commonwealth believes in education.' Then I remember that hardly a child of aristocratic Milton attends that public school.

Still, Milton, of course, believes in public schools — for the public. Milton, itself, however, is private. So is Hingham. We Hingham folk know that the American public-school system is the best in the world, and good enough — except for 'my children.' Now, 'my children'! Well, 'my children' really are extraordinary — four *perfect* specimens of the average boy! They look it, act it — and actually seem to know it. I helped them, to be sure, but not so much as certain scions of auld Irish royalty down at the public school. They had help, too, from a bunch of stout descendants of the Vikings; and peculiar help, in outgrowing their Little Lord Fauntleroyity, from one who came to Hingham High School straight down the Appian Way. For all the roads that used to lead to Rome now run to Hingham, and terminate in her public schools. Here gather most of Hingham's future citizens, quite un-Americanized — young Cangiano, Bjorklund, Weijane, Wainakainen, and with them four young Sharps, Americanized by birth, but not yet democratized. If these four Sharps can do some Americanizing, — and the public school is the best place to do it in, — they can get in turn some wholesome democratizing to balance the account. *Do not the public schools need my*

four boys? Shall the newcomers from overseas find only Shoelenburgs, Chiofolos, Kozlofiskis, and Salomaas in high school, with never a Sharp or a Smith among them?

Here are the names of the New England boys, dead on the fields of France, as published in the *Boston Herald* to-day — January 13.

NEW ENGLAND BOYS ON CASUALTY LIST

Killed in Action

BUXTON, CORP. VERNON C., Burlington, Vt.
KARZOMAROYK, CORP. MARION, Ansonia, Ct.
SHANSE, CORP. JOSEPH J., Torrington, Ct.
LEFRANÇOIS, PRIV. ROWELL J., Turlant, Vt.
MEDEIROS, PRIV. JOHN P., New Bedford.
MIKENEZONIS, PRIV. STANLEY, Bridgeport, Ct.
MOSCHELIO, PRIV. SALVATORE, 44 Dunstable Street, Charlestown.
MURAD, PRIV. JOHN S., Portland, Me.

Not many Sharps and Smiths among these eight. Dear, gallant souls! how well they learned and lived their democracy!

My own four were too young to go, but they would have gone — to fight, to die, had the war lasted longer. *If my four boys could fight for democracy in France, they can go to school for democracy in the United States!* Good average boys my four are, just the kind to grow into democratic citizens, and just the sort to go to school with those little foreign Americans, like Karzomaroynk, Lefrançois, Mikenezonis, and Murad — killed in action in January!

And my boys are just the sort to help make Hingham's public schools what they ought to be. Hingham's public schools are far from what they ought to be, because four Sharps and a Smith or two are not enough. *All* the boys and girls of Hingham are necessary to make Hingham's public schools what they ought to be. But instead of all going to Hingham's public schools, Hingham's few boys are scattered between the public schools and Derby Academy,

Thayer Academy, Milton Academy, Dummer Academy, Andover Academy — boys who ought to be with my boys in Hingham's common school; boys whom my boys will never know, not even when they meet later in Hingham's town meeting. Yet Hingham is not so bad as its neighbor town of Hanover.

Hingham and Hanover are symptomatic of New England, as New England is symptomatic of the Eastern States generally. In the way of schools the state of New York is perhaps the least democratic community in the country, having practically no *common* school. The rich, and even the well-to-do, of New York patronize only the private school. Let the Japanese visitors go down South, and they shall find another segregation — of white and black children in the schools, both being educated for life and a living, but neither for living together, for democracy. And yet the South's treatment of the negro citizen is more consistent, and, on the whole, more democratic, than New England's. Boston gives the negro the best of educations and the meanest of chances to live.

It is in the Middle West that our visitors shall come closest to their quest. The best public schools in the United States are the schools of the Middle West. The people of the West believe in their schools, they spend without stint for them, and to a degree most shocking to the exclusive East and South, they attend them. Their faith in public-school education was incorporated in the Act of 1787, setting aside the Northwest Territory; wherein was a provision forever prohibiting slavery in all that territory and forever encouraging education. There are private schools in the West — in Chicago; and there are sure to be more as wealth increases and social privileges multiply; but the present generation of the West

got its education in the public schools; and it is the system of education in the West, and the spirit of education in the West, that these visiting educators will carry back with them for adoption in Japan.

IV

Under the Constitution, North and South, East and West share alike certain great obligations which, taken together, are democracy, the preparation for which can begin only in a common education. However different the social conditions into which we are born; however far diverging, through inheritance and personal effort, our individual paths, there is a common national inheritance into which we are all born, a body of common knowledge which we must all learn, a code of common principles which we must all follow, a load of common tasks which we must all shoulder, and a faith of common ideals to which we must all subscribe. These things in common demand a common experience and a common training, both of which are impossible once childhood is passed. A pure democracy does not exist, not yet, anyway; and if such an ideal state, by the nature of things, cannot exist, its bed-rock exists, broadly, firmly laid in the heart of youth and in our American public schools.

There is no other school American enough for my children. There are good private schools; there are poor public schools; but the one indispensable lesson for my child to learn is the lesson of American democracy — 'that each one's duty,' as James Bryce puts it for us, 'is not only to accept equality, but also to relish equality and to make himself pleasant to his equals.' The best private school that fails to teach this lesson is a poorer school for America than the poorest public school that does teach it. It is not impossible for a

private school to teach democracy; not impossible for it to be a democracy — or for a rich man to go to heaven.

What democracy is, and what it is to be democratic — these are the first things to learn in school; after them come other great things: to know the world of books, and be a citizen there; the world of nature, and be a citizen there; the world of art, and be a citizen there; the world of science, and be a citizen there. The world of men, however, laboring men, professional men, business men, Northern, Southern, Western men, Hingham men: to know these men, yourself as one of them, that they are America, is to be pretty safely educated for democracy — an education provided against by the very nature of the private school.

'In my day at a public school,' says John Galsworthy [a 'public' school in England is a private school here] . . . 'the universe was divided into ourselves and "outsiders," "bounders," "chaws," "cads," or whatever more or less offensive name seemed best to us to characterize those less fortunate than ourselves. . . . The workingman did not exist for us, except as a person outside, remote and almost inimical. From our homes, touched already by this class feeling . . . we went to private schools where the teaching of manners, mainly under clerical supervision, effectually barred us from any contaminating influence, so that if by chance we encountered the "lower class" boy we burned to go for him and correct his "cheek." Thence we passed into the great "Caste" factory, a public [our private] school where the feeling becomes, by the mere process of being left to itself, as set as iron. . . . All learned to consider themselves the elect. . . . In result, failing definite, sustained effort to break up a narrow "caste" feeling, the public [private] school presents a practically solid

phalanx of the fortunate, insulated against real knowledge of, or real sympathy with, the less fortunate. The phalanx marches out into the professions, into business, into the universities, where, it is true, some awaken to a sense of wider values — but none too many. From the point of view of anyone who tries to see things as they are, and see them as a whole, there is something terrific about this automatic “caste” moulding of the young. And in the present condition of our country it is folly, and dangerous folly, to blink it.’

It is folly, and dangerous folly, to blink such a system of education anywhere. It is worse than folly to tolerate it in America.

If there is a compensation, or an equivalent, for democracy, have the American private schools a patent on it? What can the private school do, because it is private, that the public school cannot do? Surely nothing which money can buy, for the public has the money. And it must spend it, until it puts every private school out of business. As for scholarship and deportment, the private school can hardly maintain the average standard of the public school, for private schools are notoriously sensitive to student fees. Did I say ‘standards’? Standardization is exactly what the private school avoids. Superior individual training is its strong claim; a claim which might have some force were this not a democracy where no man but the bad man and the handicapped needs an attendant.

Let the private school act as an asylum for the backward and stubborn, a function already recognized in some quarters as peculiarly its own. One of my friends, entering her son at a New Hampshire public school, was asked by the superintendent, —

‘Where has he been to school?’

‘In a private school near Boston.’

‘Then we can’t take him,’ was the

astonishing reply. ‘We have no private school in this district, no provision of any kind for the abnormal.’

The other day I stood looking across the street into the windows of a private school, windows literally darkened by the shadow of a great public-school building. This private school had been an old dwelling-house, one of a solid block of houses that it had appropriated much as a hermit crab appropriates an abandoned mollusk’s shell, the school accomodating itself to the house, not the house to the school. A single window to a floor let in the shadows of the street. The select children were in the study room; and as I looked, I chanced to see one of them seize what appeared to be her geography, and bring it down with a vicious smash upon the dear devoted head of her select sister. It was only the exceptional act, of course, which proves the abiding rule of good manners in private schools; but I could only think how human and hopeful private-school children are, and how like public-school children, really; and what a pity to mew up these few select girls in this dark, inadequate, abandoned house of gentry, when they might have spent the afternoon across the street with a thousand little unselected brothers and sisters, in the spacious halls of the great public school, — as I was spending my afternoon, it being the day before Christmas, — marching down the long ringing corridors to the tune of ‘Over There,’ for an hour of Christmas singing and story-telling in the sunny assembly-room; and marching back singing, ‘Keep the Home Fires Burning,’ every right hand at salute as the thousand little singers passed out between the Colors flanking the assembly-room door.

Money can get culture for the public schools; there is no patent on culture. All the factors of culture — buildings,

pictures, books, music, and refined teachers — shall be had, and shall be had for all public schools, just as soon as the public recognizes education as strictly social, fitting us to live together. The Three R's will be the beginning of this education, and democracy the bigger end toward which it moves. The Three R's broadly handled, strongly, stirring taught, and carried on until they compass the doctrine of democracy, shall be the common education of the future.

Give me the literature of the world, give me the power of expression, give me the magic of mathematics (denied me by the Creator), and besides these, give me the idea of democracy, as a moral code, as a social order, as a religious faith, and you have given me, not only wisdom and power, but an eye for the wind when I cart ashes for the city, and a sympathy for the flustered caretakers of the Belgian suite when I am entertained in Buckingham Palace. Before President Wilson's visit only royalty had occupied the Belgian suite, and the aged attendants were troubled over the proper etiquette. You can imagine Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, out of the abundance and gentleness of their democracy, saying, 'Oh, don't make any fuss over us. Treat us just as you do your other guests. Whatever is good enough for royalty is good enough for us.'

It is the unabashed, complaisant American mediocrity, the lack of money and manners, that Hingham, and Boston, and New York draw back from in the public schools — the unwashed American, in the language of my groceryman. It is this and more: it is really American democracy itself which these people dislike. It is from America herself, her best self, that they withdraw — to set up about them their little neighborhood aristocracies.

The wise men from the East, except

out of curiosity, perhaps, will not enter a private school in the United States, having learned in Japan how an aristocracy is created; what they have come seeking is the source and the secret of democracy; and they are right in coming to the public schools.

But suppose they come to Boston, to the only public school in the Back Bay? Oh, here is the secret for which they are seeking. They have followed the gleam, and it has led them to this school for rich and poor — if there are any poor in the Back Bay! Here shall be found the little citizens of the future, eleven hundred of them from the water-side of Beacon Street, over, far over from 'between the tracks'; little seeds in the cold-frame of democracy, seat-mates, classmates, playmates together in the nation's Common School!

Common School! the nation has public schools, and private schools, but no common school. The Oriental visitors, who are used to a mild form of aristocracy in their own Japan, will stare with astonishment at the eleven hundred children in this Back Bay public school *who are none of them Back Bay children*. True, there are children from the Back Bay here — cooks' children, coachmen's children, from over on Beacon Street — while the rest are a floating riff-raff from somewhere west of Boylston Street, between the railroad tracks.

Back Bay children used to attend this public school, and a few may still attend. When it was made thoroughly democratic, however, the Back Bay withdrew its children, *en bloc*; but not its patronage. Back Bay women, believing in education and culture, have privately supplied this school with their money, ever since they deprived it of their children — money for drawing, dancing, singing, and a school visitor. And all these things money can buy; but the thing that money cannot buy

is democracy. Only Back Bay children can supply the Back Bay school with democracy, and Back Bay children are not allowed to go to this Back Bay school. Eleven hundred children in the only Back Bay public school, and scarcely a Back Bay child among them!

As a nation, we understand the theory of democracy; collectively, we are eloquent preachers of the doctrine; but as individuals, we practise a different thing. We can die for democracy. Yet we cannot go to school for it; we cannot *be* democratic. We are sending democratic literature to the ends of the earth. Our Fourteen Peace Points were translated into three hundred native languages of India, whose millions of poor for the first time had the gospel of democracy preached to them. The isles of the sea heard, and the Japanese came seeking the truth of democracy, — in the only public school of the Back Bay of Boston!

'We will drop things German, and

take things American,' they say; but what do they find America doing? Dropping things American and adopting things German — the vocational in place of the liberal school, the private and the parochial in place of the common school. They find America fighting to make the world safe for democracy, and arraying her own citizens in warring camps of class and mass by a system of 'education for a living,' and by another system of 'education for life,' for place, and power, instead of for liberty, equality, fraternity.

I have four sons — one a politician, I hope; one a preacher; one a poet; one a combined farmer and a college professor, maybe! I am ambitious for them. But professor, or poet, or preacher, or politician, — I care not what, — one thing they shall be, if the public schools can make them: they shall be democratic citizens of this league of United States, and of the larger League of Nations which must unite the world.

BREAKFASTING AS A FINE ART

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT

A CERTAIN wag once said (he has since died) that there are three things a man should do in private — washing, marrying, and eating breakfast. This is a solemn truth. Washing is an act of purification, marriage is an act of dedication, and breakfast is an act of contemplation. For the first two privacy is preferable; to contemplation it is necessary.

One cannot contemplate — and be polite — surrounded by a family. He

must have leisure and privacy. When a man props a newspaper before him at breakfast, he is rarely avid for news: the paper is merely a shield against intrusion. Wives should understand this. But because many of us do not appreciate leisure and privacy, we really do not value a meal devoted to such virtues.

All day we are too busy. At night we are too tired. It is only in justice to ourselves that we should lay claim to at

least one meal a day. This is no selfish premise: it is a fact that older people have proved — leisure and privacy are requisite for the development of self-respect, discernment, and poise.

So then —

Luncheon to business.

Dinner to the family.

Breakfast to one's personal thoughts.

That is the perfect day.

Eating breakfast is an art capable of infinite variations; in fact, to keep its stimulus fresh, both what we eat and how we eat it should be constantly changed. To look forward to a lifetime of orange-juice, medium boiled eggs, toast, and coffee is a dreary prospect. But the unexpected introduction of bacon or chops, or even oaten meal, is to the usual menu what a sudden brass note is in a monotony of plucked strings.

Yet even the unusual can become commonplace. One should therefore make his breakfast fit the occasion. 'Heavy' and 'light,' the only differentiations the ordinary mind recognizes, is a base manner of classifying so variable a subject. Breakfasts should be classed according to place and degree. In my own family (we are two) the following kinds are recognized: Ferial, Solemn, Pontifical, English Middle-Class, and breakfast in the Bois de Boulogne.

A Ferial breakfast is the usual weekly kind. It is a coffee-and-toast meal, eaten without servitor and in great haste, like the final meal of the Hebrew children, and in much the same style of costume — girded for departure, with our sandals on our feet and our staves in our hands.

A Solemn breakfast is eaten on a holiday, when there is no need for hurry. We wear the vestments of negligée and follow the ritual of grapefruit, poached eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade, and much coffee. It is usually interspersed

with choice bits read aloud from the editorial column of the newspaper.

A Pontifical breakfast is possible only when there is company, and comes mostly on Sundays. We are pompously garbed in Sunday clothes, and the servitor wears her best habit. All the dignity of polite manners is observed — the passing of dishes, the mysterious covering and uncovering of rare viands with silver domes, and that quaint rubric which requires finger-bowls with fruit. It is a meal, of course; one passes from stage to stage, from ecstasy to ecstasy, until an end is reached.

These are breakfasts of degrees. The others are breakfasts of places. For an English Middle-Class breakfast (which is eaten only in winter) you draw the table close to an open fire in which burns cannel coal, keep the coffee-pot on the hob, have Scotch marmalade instead of jam, tea instead of coffee, and finish with a pipe instead of a cigarette.

When spring comes, we have breakfast in the Bois de Boulogne. Our windows look over a park, and the trees are close by. A little table is spread by the window, and we eat crescent rolls with sweet butter, and have *café au lait* — and wish very hard that we were back in Paris.

Now, I have been married more years than I would confess, — blissfully married, — and still, when breakfast in the Bois is announced, I greet it with the real thrill of a lark. Still, when I sit down to a stuffy English Middle-Class breakfast, the day begins with an unwonted atmosphere.

Local custom, not personal preference, decides the manner and kind of breakfasts. Thus New England, despite its culture and independent ways, persists in that strange excrescence of pie, and even the 'Brahman caste' is addicted to crullers. And this merely because New England is in the pie-belt! Once, in a New England hotel, I was

offered the indignity of oyster stew for breakfast — but we shall not speak of that further.

In the South, I am told, breakfast is a great function. As I have never eaten below Mason and Dixon's line I cannot bear witness to this. They have, it is said, a remarkable kind of biscuit which is beaten to a flaky consistency. Moreover, they have a variety of foods irrespective of the days; which is a contrast to New England, where the natives know when Sunday comes because they have codfish balls for breakfast. I am told on good authority that in a well-ordered New England home it is quite impossible to get codfish balls except on Sundays.

The plainsman has bacon because bacon is easily carried, and because he has a fine olfactory appreciation of the aroma of bacon on still prairie air, which is like unto incense. The woodsman eats trout, because it is at hand. He will also indulge in blueberry flapjacks — a divine food not to be spoken of lightly.

The great all-Continental breakfast, including the Scandinavian, is in the manner of the French, the variant beverages being coffee or chocolate. The Russians sometimes drink tea and eat *sterelet* — a long, thin fish; but then, the Russians are given to strange ways. In England breakfast is a substantial meal of degrees and dignity. And since we took our early customs from the motherland, it was natural that the American breakfast for the first two centuries should have been a Gargantuan affair. Americans still talk about breakfast, but their conversation is an overshadowing of the past. It is like their boast of ancestry. Breakfast was once worth talking about. We have simply not stopped talking that is all.

During the course of my life I have eaten over two thousand breakfasts. Space and your patience will permit a

recountal of only three. But these were unforgettable meals.

The first was with a theologian, a white-haired divine of great repute. He was also very stout, and ate at a distance from the table. I have often since wondered why he did not follow the practice of an earlier divine, — Thomas à Kempis, — who, it is related, was so portly that he had a notch cut in his table in which he could snugly fit. This divine met me late one night on the street and deplored the fact that I was staying at a hotel. Still, as I had taken the room, I must use it — that was only common sense. But would I not breakfast with him at his house next morning?

(Right here let me say that an invitation to breakfast is a mark of real friendship. Never refuse one.)

I arrived at eight-thirty and went directly to the dining-room. The table was set for two (he was a bachelor), but it was quite the largest table for two I had ever seen. A great distance separated us. Before we sat down, he said grace — not one of those mumbled graces that ministers say when they come to dinner, but a full, man-sized grace, devoutly spoken. Then I began to see why he was so thankful — and so stout.

Fruit — endless varieties of it. Oaten meal, with cream that poured from the pitcher like molasses. Kippered herring, cooked dry. Bacon and eggs, the bacon also cooked dry. A huge basket of assorted rolls. An urn of coffee each. Hot cakes with maple syrup. Chops and fried potatoes. Stacks of buttered toast, with generous coatings of bitter marmalade. Cigarettes, pipes, cigars.

It was well on to eleven when we left the table — a shoal of empty dishes and books. Books? Yes, countless books. For we talked books, and between courses he would waddle out to

his library and return each time with half a dozen volumes. We read from Borrow, Dr. Pusey, Cardinal Manning, Arthur Guiterman, Mrs. Wharton, and several minor English poets.

When the meal was done, he said another long grace. Which leads me to observe that a full breakfast is a meal most devoutly to be thankful for.

The next breakfast was a chimera.

For a month we had been driving our punt, the *Why Not?* between the ice-jams of the Amur. At night we would stop and pitch camp and haul the boat high on the banks, for the river froze tight as a drum. Before dawn we awoke, unfroze ourselves, and then unfroze breakfast. But in these latter days the only provisions in the duffle-bag were sour black bread and tea. The prospect was not pleasant, and the nearest village lay forty versts down the river. Eventually we would come to it, but between then and now — black bread and tea. Also, my birthday.

A man should not have a birthday in a Siberian wilderness if he expects to celebrate it. But I could n't help having a birthday, and in a moment of confidence I told my pal the date.

Very early that morning I awoke to smell the sacramental aroma of bacon. It was unbelievable, but bacon, and you can't very well mistake it. I stuck my head through the tent-flap. Yes, it was bacon! He had secreted it against the day of my celebrating.

'It will be ready in a moment,' he announced.

And in a moment it was. I saw the bacon. I saw him take the four strips of it from the pan and lay them on a tin plate. The next moment I saw our fox-terrier dart at that plate. In less time than I can write it, he wolfed

down those four precious strips. Later in the morning he came back, licking his chops. We forgave him.

The third was a breakfast to a poet. This was in the lean days when any meal was a banquet.

The poet had been suffering from ennui and longed for fresh fields to pasture his Pegasus in. He tried the ordinary diversions of love and liquor which the city offered, and then resolved to go abroad. It was a brave resolve, for he had no money. But he did possess courage, and it would take courage to walk abroad a trans-Atlantic steamer as a stowaway. When detected, as he felt sure he would be, his passage could be worked out in heroic pentameters recited for the delectation of those abroad.

These things he confided to us, and we set about to make his passage easy. We decided on a farewell breakfast.

A great table was set in the studio. At either end stood immense golden Louis XVI candelabra, — borrowed from a rich friend, — each with seven tall candles, also borrowed. Midway down one side was placed a kindly chair draped with antique brocade. Sketching stools and studio flotsam formed the other thirty seats. The guests came in costume, and the models, who had volunteered to serve, wore the habiliments of hours.

When the dishes were in place and the shades drawn and the four and ten tall candles ablaze, we marched in, with the poet bringing up the rear and bearing himself nobly, like a great prelate.

Half an hour before noon he departed for his boat. As he left we gave him a dollar bill and a Chinese grammar.

He has since become well known.

SONNETS OF THE STRIKE

BY CHARLES NICHOLLS WEBB

I

THE MANAGER IS INTERVIEWED

'CONDITIONS in our mines are excellent;
Considering, of course, the industry
Is hazardous, at best, I think that we
Lost fewer men by fatal accident
Last season than one half of one per cent
Of those employed; and I will willingly
Go with you throughout any property;
Talk sanitation to you, wages, rent —'

The clear, dry voice, the steady, steel-gray eyes,
Icy alike, alike unwavering,
In sudden change took me by swift surprise;
The eyes flashed and the voice took on a ring:
'This Union fights us with the basest lies;
And so, by Heaven, we will crush the thing!'

II

AN EMPLOYEE TAKES ACTION

'Slave of Efficiency!' In deep disdain
The agitator sneered and walked away.
'You do not know your God has feet of clay.'
Haranguing loud and shrill, like one insane,
He urged the men to strike with might and main.
'Suffer the masters not another day;
Breaking the clouds of serfdom, one small ray
Predicts a sudden ending to their reign.'

Patient, and still unmoving as a stone,
I listened to him lie and rant and brag
And tell of hardships he had never known;
But when I saw him flaunt a crimson rag
I struck him down — The alien, left alone,
Regretted that he'd cursed my country's flag.

THE INADEQUATE RHODES SCHOLAR: A DEFENSE

BY FRANK F. BEIRNE

It is a popular saying in England that America is the most sensitive nation in the world. And so it would seem, by the seriousness with which outside criticism is received. Let someone but suggest that an institution or a custom is imperfect, and at once a dozen or more writers will urge a revolution.

A concrete example of this phenomenon follows the contribution of Dr. George R. Parkin to the September *Atlantic*, on the subject of the Rhodes Scholarships. Hardly had Dr. Parkin's article appeared, when the *New York Times*, commenting upon it, declared that it was 'well calculated to arouse anxious and even alarmed questionings among American educators.' 'Startling and humiliating' was the fact that, of two thousand candidates more than half had failed to pass an entrance examination which was 'far from severe according to English standards.'

'It has become clear,' says Dr. Parkin, 'that every inadequate Scholar sent to Oxford lowers the prestige of

the Scholarships in the United States and diminishes respect for them.' Ever since receiving an Oxford B.A. in 1914, I have been endeavoring to classify myself, and never before have I discovered anything that expresses my case so succinctly as the term 'inadequate Scholar.' Having admitted this much, and feeling incapable of refuting those who thus accuse me, I shall endeavor to defend myself and my class by the time-honored retort 'You're another.' In other words, is it not possible that there is something inadequate, both in Dr. Parkin's criticism of the American Scholar and in Oxford itself?

Take, for example, the 'startling and humiliating' fact that of more than two thousand candidates about one half failed to pass an entrance examination 'far from severe according to English standards.' Dr. Parkin deduces from this that there is something wrong with our American education. He points out that this examination is usually passed by English boys of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen years of age.

It is perfectly true that 'Responsions,' or entrance examinations to Oxford, are far from severe, not only according to English standards, but equally according to American standards. If I remember correctly, the examinations consist of algebra, geometry, Latin translation at sight, and Latin prose composition. In difficulty it cannot be compared with the average entrance examinations in our own colleges, which hundreds of American boys under nineteen years old and just out of preparatory school pass annually. Of the two thousand candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships, it is safe to assume that practically all were college men who had previously passed their entrance examinations. Is it then fair to deplore the American preparatory school because its graduates fail to pass an examination much easier than one which they have succeeded in passing several years previously?

The fault, it would seem, lies, not in the fact that the American school does not teach algebra, geometry, and Latin efficiently, but in the fact that it is unable to make the boy retain his knowledge over a long period of years after the practical use for those studies has passed. Yet even Oxford is unable to do this, and Dr. Parkin himself may admit that he is not now as well qualified to pass Responsions as he was on the day he left school. The English boy, fresh from his school algebra, geometry, and Latin, passes with ease a simple examination in these subjects. The American college senior, his mind absorbed in the ephemeral delights of geology, psychology, zoölogy, and literature, returns to his youthful pursuits with the enthusiasm of a motorcyclist compelled to ride a velocipede, and 'flunks.'

Still another cause for the failures in Responsions is that the examination is open to everyone, without distinction.

All that a man has to do is announce his candidacy and take the examination. If he passes, he may be selected to fill a scholarship bringing fifteen hundred dollars a year, with prospects of foreign travel included. If he fails, he has nothing whatever to lose. Is it surprising that many seize the chance without having made any serious preparation? The very simplicity of the examination itself may prove a snare and a delusion.

Lastly, in nine cases out of ten the candidate, at the time of competing for the scholarship, is absorbed in the work of obtaining his degree in an American college, in comparison with which the Rhodes Scholarship is a side issue. I recall that, at the time of competing for the scholarship, I had entered upon my final year in college. Had I failed in the Oxford Responsions, I should have suffered not the least humiliation; but had I failed to obtain my degree, I should have had to face the criticism of every friend and relative. Naturally, I took the collegiate work more seriously, neglected preparation for the Oxford examinations, and actually thought much less of Oxford when informed that I had passed.

II

What appears slightly unfair to Americans is that the Rhodes Trust asks for one class of men and then criticizes them in terms of another class. That is to say, the candidate is supposed to possess various qualifications, such as physique, athletic ability, personality, leadership, and scholarship. Scholarship is only one of the qualifications, yet it seems to be on scholarship alone that Dr. Parkin compares the American with the young Englishman. Oxford demands the 'all-around' man; America endeavors to fill the supply; then Oxford is surprised to find that in

scholarship he falls behind the specialized English scholar. In my own time, save in Jurisprudence, it was most exceptional for an American to obtain a 'First' — that is to say, to be among the first ten or fifteen in a class of about three hundred. On the other hand, a very good percentage of American Scholars obtained a 'Second.' Now I have heard my tutor, with years of experience at Oxford, say that he had noticed that in after life the Seconds, as a rule, reached greater heights than the Firsts. In other words, the Seconds, not making a specialty of scholarship, were better fitted to meet the requirements of the world — just the type of men that Cecil Rhodes had in mind. It is true that many Americans got no further than the third group; yet attention should be drawn to the fact that very few indeed failed to obtain degrees, in spite of many difficulties, which will be touched upon later.

Perhaps the chief cause for disappointment lies in the fact that not in every single instance has America been successful in finding well-rounded men to represent her. The reason for this is not so much the inadequacy of American education and the method of selection as it is the inadequacy of Oxford. Every year a large percentage of the best material finds its way into the engineering schools. In England almost everything has been constructed; in America it is an age of construction. Oxford can offer no attraction to these young men, so at the very outset they are eliminated from competition. And what appeal can Oxford make to the directors of our great industries, to a Schwab, a Gary, a Rockefeller, or a Morgan?

Even in medicine Oxford, under the leadership of Sir William Osler, is demanding recognition; yet I know personally of three Rhodes Scholars who deemed it necessary to enter Johns

Hopkins on the completion of their scholarships. It is difficult to convince a young medical student that three years at Oxford would be valuable to him.

Jurisprudence has always been popular with Americans at Oxford, and certainly the results obtained by them have been gratifying. Young men planning to make law their profession find the courses profitable and constitute a good percentage of the Scholars. However, many a young law student might argue that his time would be better spent at Harvard.

Prior to the war, American universities placed a premium on the Ph.D., and a young man intending to devote his life to teaching and research found it almost essential that he obtain it. The American university was unacquainted with Oxford education and to a great degree prejudiced against it; so that even in the field of letters Oxford could not offer the same appeal as the American or German universities.

Oxford has long been renowned as a school for politicians, and can point to the great leaders whose first debates were staged in the Union. But it looks to be a long time, indeed, before an American with political ambitions will consider Oxford as the starting-point of his career.

To what young Americans, then, does Oxford appeal? They may be numbered on the fingers — prospective teachers, lawyers, possibly doctors, literary men, clergymen, diplomats, and those looking for new adventures and experiences. From this résumé it ought to be apparent that a large number of capable young Americans do not consider seriously the proposition of three years at Oxford; and the problems of the boards of selection are proportionately increased. It is really surprising that so many capable young men have been found for the Scholarships.

III

Assuming that the American Rhodes Scholar has not held his own against the young Englishman, it is only just to say a few words in his defense. In no other field where Englishman and American meet is the American forced to such an extent to play the Englishman at his own game. He arrives fresh from academic conquests, with a Phi Beta Kappa key in one hand and his diploma in the other, only to find that the Englishman has never heard of the Phi Beta Kappa and is skeptical of the diploma. Although Oxford is more liberal to American colleges in the matter of credits than she is to her sister universities in England, still the American is classed as an undergraduate, and is started on a level with the public-school or grammar-school boy. It is a tribute to the American Rhodes Scholars that few have succumbed to this first shock, and that the majority have lived to understand the wisdom of Oxford's attitude.

Should the American arrive, as he generally does, with the belief that his country is the greatest on earth, he soon learns that the Englishman has an empire of his own of which he is equally proud, and that in England *civis Romanus sum* applies to the Englishman and not to the American. Furthermore, the American is without caste. Practically every young Englishman comes from a school that is known at Oxford. He has rowed at Eton, played cricket at Harrow or football at Rugby, he holds this or that scholarship. Unless the American comes from Yale, Princeton, or Harvard, his university is virtually unknown in England. This young Englishman's father is an M.P., another has a title. Socially the young American has no assets. In nine cases out of ten he comes from a state college or university where he has been the big

frog in a small pond. He discovers that he is in a great university where the individual counts for less.

It is only natural that the young American must face a complete readjustment. Most of the things in which he has been taught to believe are discredited or unknown in his new world. That summer's work in the wheat-fields of Kansas is of little value to him in a discussion at tea over the finer points of Pre-Raphaelite art. Rubbing shoulders with the butcher boy in his home town has not been a great aid to his vocabulary, and he lacks words in which to express himself. When he uses the word 'graft' in his essay, his tutor inquires politely if he means 'corruption.' Apparently, too, 'frame-up' has not been Anglicized. The split infinitive proves a stumbling-block at first, as he has never heard of it, though perhaps in his third year he will return to it to display a Shavian independence. Gradually he discovers that originality of thought, not facts, is what Oxford demands of him.

Among the Englishmen with whom he competes he has the advantage of age and judgment; but, on the other hand, almost from their cradles his competitors have been trained to meet the requirements of Oxford. Just as the American school is organized to prepare boys for the American college, so the English school, by means of masters who are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, instills into its boys the traditions and culture of the universities. Having specialized in Greek, Latin, and philosophy, under teachers who have themselves studied these subjects at Oxford, the young Englishman is more at home in the Classical school than is the young American, whose energies have been distributed over a variety of subjects. Where a young Englishman is familiar with the outlines of English history from his

childhood, the American has to master the outlines, while at the same time endeavoring to keep pace with the more advanced work of historical criticism.

During his first year the American, too, must accustom himself to the coldness of his fellow students and fight off occasional attacks of homesickness and discouragement. These difficulties, however, are gradually overcome as he becomes acclimated, and fail to prove a serious obstacle.

IV

Like the comparison of cricket and baseball, so the comparison of English and American education is one difficult, if not impossible, of solution. Each has been fashioned with a different end in view, and the fact that, according to the statistics, Americans have not done as well as Englishmen, is no cause for hysteria or a revolution in either system. It would be absurd for Oxford to attempt to attract Americans by any radical alteration of her curricula; nor is it necessary for America to alter her schools to meet the Oxford requirements. Far better is it for both to follow their normal development.

What appears to be the chief trouble is that the Rhodes Trust is impatient of results and unnecessarily disturbed over the careers of the American Scholars. One loses sight of the fact that the Rhodes Scholars have only begun their part in carrying out the Rhodes idea on completion of the three years at Oxford. The Scholarships were not intended as a means of competition in the examination schools, but were for the purpose of giving young Americans an understanding of the real England, her men and her ideals. In this they have been eminently successful, for

almost without exception the Rhodes Scholars treasure their experiences at Oxford. There is scarcely one who does not entertain the highest regard for her life, her culture, her breadth of view, and her traditions. When the American rowed on the Isis, wandered cheerily up the High, or browsed in the bookshops of the Turl and the Broad, he thought little and cared less that what he accomplished in 'Schools' was to be compiled into alarming statistics. He met and knew the Englishman as he was, and the Englishman learned to understand him. Far more important are these international friendships than all the Firsts and Newdigate Prizes in the University.

And what of the inadequate scholar who, Dr. Parkin fears, will lower the prestige of the Scholarships in America? Like the poor benighted Hindu, he is doing his best, confident that through his experiences at Oxford he possesses a certain advantage over those Americans who have never passed through a 'viva' or a 'don rag.' He will urge every young man of promise he knows to compete for a Scholarship, assuring him that he will never regret it; and thus he may be safely counted upon to bring more representative Americans to Oxford than will the new system of selection or a revival of learning in American preparatory schools. He is young, for the oldest Rhodes Scholars are not yet forty; and he still hopes that, before he has completed his allotted span on this earth, he may accomplish something that may redound to the credit of Oxford and the Scholarships. Perhaps he may be so ambitious as to endeavor to emulate the founder of the plan. And this aspiration is not beyond reason, for Cecil Rhodes himself began life with the stigma of being an inadequate scholar.

THE POET, THE BRAMBLE, AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

IN browsing through the delightful fifth volume of Ward's *English Poets*, I came, in pensive mood, on the poems of Lord De Tabley. The poet had been, I confess to my shame, little more than a name to me; so, after reading the selections from his work, I turned to the editor's preface, and there I learned that Lord De Tabley, of Tabley House, Cheshire, was a distinguished bibliophile, numismatist, and botanist; that he was 'always of secluded habits, spent his later years in close retirement,' and at last became a 'leading authority on brambles.'

There is a life for you! Of the numerous hints regarding the peer, none seems to me so significant and delightful as this devotion to the thornier paths of botany. He lived in an age, now, alas, to return no more, when the office of minor poet was by no means hostile to that of a 'leading authority on brambles.' Shall we watch it disappear into the past, without even a sigh of regret, that Victorian England, in which the prebendary of the local cathedral was certain to be (or to become) one of the leaders among the many 'authorities' on the minor crustacea of the Dorset coast? The Horatian vicar, who sipped his tawny port after dinner and discoursed of early Saxon architecture and the remains of Roman baths, if he be not gone already, must prepare himself for a decided change. The England of the Shop Stewards and the Soldiers' Union will make short work of him and his 'authorities.' And I suppose that in time it will make way with the bram-

bles, and that every lane in England will be cleared of its blackberry hedge.

Before it has disappeared forever, gentle reader, let us close our volume of Wells or of Galsworthy, and open the *Collected Poems* of Lord De Tabley; we will send our memories back to that pleasant time when there was leisure aplenty to become a minor poet and an authority on brambles. Here are some verses called 'Autumn Love,' which are surely worth attention.

The autumn brought my love to me.

The birds sing not in spring alone;

The fancy all the year is free

To find a sweetness of its own:

And fallow woods and crystal morn

Were sweeter than the budded thorn.

When redwings peopled brake and down,

I kissed her mouth; in morning air

The rosy clover dried to brown

Beneath through all its glowing square.

Around the bramble berries set

Their beaded globes' intenser jet.

What interests me in these verses is the sudden apparition in English poetry of the blackberry-bush. Lord De Tabley discovering love in the fall of the year is nothing, but the leading authority on brambles discovering poetry in the blackberry is a very bright and beautiful thing; for the bramble has, in general, been unloved by poets. Broad as was Shakespeare's sympathy, it did not extend to the blackberry; though we may, if we choose, fancy him as inspired with prophetic vision of Lord De Tabley when he described Orlando as 'hanging odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles.' This

is, I think, his only reference to the bramble, or *rubus fruticosus*, though he did, in truth, have something to say of it under its more vulgar designation of blackberry; but it is a regrettable fact that his references are as vulgar as the name. 'Not worth a blackberry' seems to have been a form of Elizabethan denunciation, if we may trust the language of Thersites to reflect Elizabethan usage. Contemptuous reference is twice made to the blackberry in the *First Part of King Henry Fourth*. Following the lead of a certain critic who has deduced from the twofold mention of the toothache in *Much Ado About Nothing* the indubitable fact that the bard was, at the moment of composition, suffering from that malady, we shall, I take it, be justified in suggesting that the jovial play of *Henry Fourth* was produced in the early autumn, or blackberry season. (See Lord De Tabley, *passim*). Falstaff's sneer, 'If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries,' points directly to the full-fruited bramble, and to the small boy, crawling unwillingly to school, who is likely to be seduced from the paths of learning by the laden bushes all along the way, to 'prove a micher and eat blackberries,' all the morning long. With these few poor words, the lips of the bard close forever on the subject. He, it would seem, preferred that fat bourgeois of the garden, the strawberry—a fruit deemed worthy of being embroidered on Desdemona's ill-fated bit of lace.

But Shakespeare's indifference to the 'intenser jet' of the brambleberry deepens, in other poets, into a profound dislike and, let me add, distrust. In Chaucer the mild sport of blackberrying is plainly associated with that irregularity of life which, in the eyes of the Pardoner, leads downwards to damnation. Milton is hardly more indulgent. We should not expect to find the bramble thrusting her thorny arms

across the high solemnities of *Paradise Lost*, nor do we. But in the less dignified flats of prose Milton did permit himself to indulge the common prejudice against it. He, when dreaming of an age of Reconstruction in education, permitted himself these gentle phrases as a summary of the ordinary curriculum of the day: 'That asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them [young students] as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.'

It is clear that Milton derived his distrust of the bramble, like so much else in his philosophy, from the Old Testament. You will not, I am sure, expect me to pass over the deplorable rôle that is assigned to the bramble in the Book of Judges. Jotham, the son of Jerubbaal, in resisting the encroachments of an era of reconstruction which called for the election of a king, set forth to the Israelites a parable, or fable, in which he revealed the dangers of kingship and all the harshness of the aristocratic system to which the age was tending.

The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? . . .

Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

It is clear that, to the Israelite, the bramble was no cheering bush. No figs

were to be gathered from thorns, nor grapes from brambles. The spiteful blackberry may well have been to him one of those accursed thorns which sprang from the dust of that first era of reconstruction which ensued upon the Fall of Man. I do not know, nor are the leading authorities on the bramble clear as to the matter. Lord De Tabley might perhaps have told us. But Lord De Tabley is no more. In any case, it is obvious that only those with the traditional dislike of the bramble-bush can enter into the full meaning of the ancient satire on Utopian dreamers and their New Era in thought and government.

Long time appears to have elapsed before mankind determined to make the best of a bad bush, and find some practical use for the blackberry bramble. I discover in a mediæval work on leechworts and simples a strange and well-nigh superstitious reference to a certain 'bramble-cure,' once employed in country districts for the healing of sundry diseases; but the whole important subject is shrouded in mediæval vagueness, and awaits the patient investigation of Lord De Tabley's successor among the 'authorities.' An all too cursory examination of the subject, however, leads me to the conclusion that the bramble-cure was used as a counter-irritant. I find that cows, in certain conditions, were 'dragged through the bramble-loops' — a harsh experience, no doubt, for so placid a beast. An attempt to introduce some sort of extract of bramble as a toilet accessory, or hair-wash (guaranteed useful for 'binding, drying, or dyeing the hair'), came to naught, as do other attempts to make use of its milder properties, until at last the *Treasury of Botany* informs us that in Cornwall it is now 'employed only for boils.'

It is not impossible that a careful investigation of the medicinal use of the

bramble may in time lead us to some rational explanation of the conduct of that impulsive gentleman who once — *causa latet* — plunged into a bramble-bush, with certain dire results to his eyes. Whether the leap into the bramble was in this case the original cause of his misfortune, or only the first application of the cure, I do not venture to say. To many his conduct will appear volatile, if not desperate; but the more thoughtful may well interpret it as a deliberate act; for an immediate and vigorous application to another bush made good the preliminary loss which he had suffered in the first. Be this as it may, it would seem that the popular imagination, the great heart of the people, has done justice — and something more — to the bramble. There is, perhaps, no more popular utterance with regard to it.

It might have been expected that Wordsworth, with his eye dutifully upon the object, would have had something to say of the blackberry bramble; yet I recall but one reference in his poetry, and that not untouched with contempt: —

The gadding bramble hangs her purple fruit.

And even this line, which, by the way, is somewhat suggestive of the despised manner of the eighteenth-century poet, wastes what little sweetness it has upon the desert air of the 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets.' I fear that, when all is said, Lord De Tabley must be acknowledged as the undisputed monarch of the bramble world. Mr. Ward's statement that he became a *leading* authority would seem to imply the existence of other devotees of the blackberry, but it is to be feared that they were not poets.

This rather bleak sketch of the bramble compels us to face the future with misgiving. It is not improbable that the bramble-bush, like many another thing, must feel the scientific touch of

an Age of Reconstruction. Her tendency to thrust her gadding vines about the lanes and copses of England will be tamed and trained by future Burbanks in the interests of eugenic fruitfulness. Already there has been a *mariage forc  * between the blackberry and her cousin the raspberry, or raspis-berry (*rubus id  us*), with results better known to housewives and scientific journals than to readers of poetry.

It may be doubted whether the minor poets of the New Age will care to become authorities on the loganberry. The age of the amateur in botany, architecture, and scholarship is slipping away. And with it there will go, I think, something of the charm of England, something of that 'fine old leisure' which had time for reading and for daily evensong in the gray cathedral, time for letter-writing and the sweet intimacies of rural life — time, if you will, for brambles. Lord De Tabley threatens to go the way of his younger brothers, the Horatian vicar and the fox-hunting squire. They still live on in the novels of Mr. Archibald Marshall, the last of the Victorians; but already the pages of Mr. Marshall begin to have the glow of romance. Each year of the Great War lent to the former age more of the cloudlike beauty of distance and enchantment.

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The adjective 'Victorian,' as a term of cheap denunciation, must now be tossed to the scrap-heap. For, as the sadder years go by, it will be less and less indicative of that contempt which marked the turn of the century, and more and more suggestive of dear memories and old associations never to be renewed. While the great estates of England are in process of cutting up, and the game preserves come under the hammer of the auctioneer (who knows not a tod from a brock), we may surely be permitted to linger a moment in pensive regret at its disappearance. As we bid farewell to the earlier generation, we can afford to forget its puny attempts at social legislation and model housing, and recall instead its mastery of the art of living among the hedges and by-paths of Dorset and Surrey. It will be many a long year before we meet a more gracious and attractive class of gentlemen than they who, to their knowledge of Elzevirs and numismatics and ecclesiastical architecture and stone-circles and the poetry of Herrick and a pack of hounds and the versification of   schylus and the perils of the High-Church movement, joined an abiding love of the English countryside, and could dwell with a large knowledge and a larger affection upon its very brambles.

CHRISTMAS ROSES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

THEY were coming up everywhere in their sheltered corner on the wall-border, between the laurestinas and the yew hedge. She had always loved to watch their manner of emerging from the dark, wintry ground: neck first, arched and stubborn; heads bent down as if with held breath and thrusting effort; the pale, bowed, folded flower, when finally it rose, still earthy, still part, as it were, of the cold and dark from which it came; so that to find them, as on this morning, clear, white, triumphant, all open to the wind and snow, was to renew the sense of the miraculous that, more than any other flower, they always gave her. More than any other flower, they seemed to *mean* to come, to will and compass it by the force of their own mysterious life. More than any other flower, winter piled upon their heads, unallured by spring and the promise of sunlight, they seemed to come from the pressure of a gift to bring rather than a life to seek. She thought always, when she saw them, of Christmas bells over snowy fields, in bygone centuries; of the Star in the East, and of the manger at Bethlehem. They were as ancient as that tradition; austere and immaculate witnesses in an unresponsive world; yet they were young and new, always; always a surprise, and even to her, old as she was, bereft and sorrowful, a reminder that life was forever a thing of births, of gifts, of miracles.

They did not fail her this morning

when she came out to them, and she thought, as she stopped to look at them, that one was not really old when, in the shock of sheer happiness, one knew childhood again, and its wonder. Yet, as she worked among them, cutting away dead leaves and adjusting sprays of evergreen so that the rains should not splash them with mud, it was a new analogy they brought; and, for the first time, measuring her resource after the appeal Tim's letter had made upon it, she reflected that the Christmas roses were rather like herself. She, too, in this wintry season of her life, was still determined and indomitable. Widowed and childless, with many mournings in her heart, griefs and devastations in her memory, she, too, was a force, silent and patient; and it was as that that people still came to her. For the appeal always brought the answer. She had felt herself, so often, benumbed into lethargy, and, yielding to the mere mute instinct of self-preservation, had so often folded herself up and lapsed into the blank darkness of her grief (her husband's death, so many years ago; and Miles's, and little Hugh's, and her dear, dear Peggy's). But it had always been to hear herself, as if in a dream, called to from the outside world, and to feel herself, in answer, coming up again, rising, if only to snows and tempests, in a renewal of life which brought with it, always, a renewal of joy in life.

For months now, since August, she had been sunken in the last grief — it must be — that could come to her; for

Miles was the last, of her own, who had remained — Peggy's youngest boy. The oldest, already a soldier, had been killed in the first months of the war, and, after all his years of peril, it had seemed as if Miles was to escape. But, cruelly, just at the turning of the tide, when victory had become assured, he had been shot down, and in his crashing fall through the air she had felt the end of everything, Peggy dying again with him; for Peggy, too, had died like that, crashing and falling and dragged, in a horrible hunting accident. There seemed, now, nothing more left to suffer, and nothing more to live for, either, unless it were her poor Tim; and it had, exactly, been Tim's letter that had driven her out to wrestle with the elements, after her wont in any disturbance or perplexity, so that she could think over what he told her while she wielded her trowel and fork on the convenient wall-border.

She had, on rising from the breakfast-table, sent Tim a wire: 'I shall expect her. Writing later,' and had then called to Parton to bring her old warm coat, her hood with its satin lining, and her buckled galoshes.

Parton was accustomed to her mistress's vagaries in regard to gardening, and made no comment on the enterprise except to express the hope that it would not snow again. Parton, in spite of her youth a most efficient combination of parlor-maid and lady's-maid, was devoted to her mistress; the little pat and tweak she gave to the bow of the hood, and the gentleness with which she adjusted the galoshes, expressed a close yet almost reverential relationship.

It was not freezing, and under the light fall of snow the ground was soft. Mrs. Delafield found herself enjoying the morning freshness as she tidied and weeded, and had her usual affectionate eye for the bullfinches nipping away at her plum-buds and the tits and robins

at the little table spread with scraps for them near the house; while all the time Tim's letter weighed on her, and the problem it presented; and as she pondered on it, and on Rhoda, her niece, Tim's only child, her firm, square, handsome, old white face was not devoid of a certain grimness.

Mrs. Delafield was very handsome, perhaps more handsome now than she had been in youth. Her brow, with the peak of thick white hair descending upon it, her thick black eyebrows and her rather thick, projecting nose, were commanding — almost alarmingly so to those who in her presence had cause for alarm. The merely shy were swiftly reassured by something merry in her gaze and by the benevolent grace still lingering on her firm, small lips. She had square eyes clearly drawn, and with an oddity in their mountain-brook coloring, for one was only brown and one was freaked with gray. Her form was ample and upright, and in all her gestures there was swiftness and decision.

It was of Tim she thought at first, rather than of Rhoda, the cause of all their distresses. But she was not seeing Tim as he now existed, bleached, after his years of India, in invalided, fretted by family cares, plaintive and pitiful. She saw him as a very little boy in their distant Northern nursery of sixty years ago, with bright curls, ruddy cheeks, and the blue eyes, candid and trusting, that he still kept; standing there, bare-armed and bare-legged, in his stiff, funny little dress of plaid, before the fire-guard, while nurse, irate, benevolent figure, cut bread and butter for breakfast. Dear little Tim! still her younger brother; still turning to her, as he had always done, for counsel or succor in any stress or anxiety. It was nothing new that the anxiety should be about Rhoda; there was nothing, even, that had surprised her in Tim's letter;

yet she knew from the sense of urgency and even breathlessness within her that the blow which had been dealt him could not leave her unaffected. She could, after all, still suffer in Tim's suffering. And even before she had let her thoughts dwell decisively on Rhoda, she had found herself thinking, while the grimness settled on her face, 'I shall know how to talk to her.'

She had always known how to talk to the moody young beauty; that was why Tim had sent off this letter of desperate appeal. She never quite saw why Rhoda had not, from the first, felt in her merely an echo of her father's commonplace conventionality and discounted her as that. Rhoda had never, she felt sure, guessed how far from conventional she was; how much at heart, in spite of a life that had never left appointed paths, she knew herself to be a rebel and a skeptic; no one had ever guessed it. But there had always been between her and Rhoda an intuitive understanding; and that Rhoda from the first had listened and, from the first, had sometimes yielded, proved that she was intelligent.

Mrs. Delafield saw herself so accurately as Rhoda must see her. The terse, old-fashioned aunt in the country residence — yes, dear Fernleigh, square and mid-Victorian, with its name, and its creepers, its conservatory, and its shrubberies, was so eminently a residence; and she had never wanted to alter it into anything else, for it was so that she had found it when, on her mother-in-law's death, she and the young husband of so many years ago had first gone there to live. Rhoda must see her, her hair so smooth under its cap of snowy net, her black gowns, — stuff for morning wear, silk for evening, so invariable, with the frills at neck and wrists, — thick gold chains and the dim old brooches that went with them, as belonging almost to an epoch of

albums on centre-tables, of Mendelssohn's sacred songs, and archery tournaments; an epoch of morning family-prayers and moral categories, where some people still believed in hell and everybody believed in sin. She did n't think that Rhoda had ever seen through all these alienating appearances to the reality she herself knew to be so different; but it had always been evident that she felt through them; that she was at ease with her aunt, candid, even if angry, and willing, even when most silent and recalcitrant, to come down to Fernleigh, when her distracted parents could deal with her no longer, and to 'think things over,' as they put it to her, imploringly.

Mrs. Delafield could see Rhoda thinking things over from a very early age, from the earliest age at which recalcitrancy could count as practically alarming. She could see her walking slowly past this very border at the time that she had determined to go on the stage, — she had only just left the hands of her devastated governesses, — pausing now and then to examine unseeingly a plant, her hands clasped behind her, her dark, gloomy, lovely, young head brooding on the sense of wrong, and, even more, no doubt, on plots and stratagems. Her aunt had always watched her, while seeming, in the most comfortable manner possible, to give her no attention; noting everything about her, — and everything counted against poor Tim's and Frances's peace of mind, — from the slender, silken ankles to the tall column of the proud young throat; all of it, every bit of Rhoda, so determined by an insatiable vanity, which was the worst of her, and by a sardonic pride, which was the best.

Rhoda, to do her further justice, was even more wonderful in the eyes of her admirers than in her own. Her consciousness was not occupied so much

with her own significance as with all the things due to it; and it was upon these things, and the methods of obtaining them, that she brooded as she walked. 'Naughty girl,' had been her aunt's unexpressed comment; and perhaps one reason why Rhoda had found it comfortable, or, at least, composing, to be with her, was that it was a relief to be seen as a naughty girl rather than as a terrifying portent.

Mrs. Delafield had determined at once that Rhoda should not go on the stage, though not, really, because Tim and Frances had begged her to dissuade the child. She could perfectly imagine having wished to go on the stage herself in her young days; and it was this consciousness, perhaps, that made her so fair to Rhoda's desire. She had taken her stand on no conventional objection; she had not even argued with Rhoda; she had simply been able to make her feel, bit by bit, that she had n't one little atom of talent.

It had been the same thing, really, when Rhoda had announced her intention of marrying a dreadful young man, a bad young man, — Mrs. Delafield knew where to apply her categories, — who had a large studio where he gave teas and painted small, disagreeable pictures. They were clever pictures; Mrs. Delafield was aware of this, though Tim and Frances saw them only as disagreeable; and the young man, if bad, was clever. Mrs. Delafield had traveled up to town several times in this emergency, and had even accompanied Rhoda to the studio, where a young lady with bare legs and feet was dancing, with more concentration than spontaneity, before a cigaretted audience. Oddly enough, after this visit, it had been much easier to make Rhoda give up Mr. Austin Dell than it had been to make her give up the stage. Mrs. Delafield had merely talked him over, very mildly, him and his friends,

asking here and there a kindly question about one or a slightly perplexed question about another. It had been Rhoda herself who had expressed awareness of the second-rate flavor that had brooded so heavily over dancer and audience, not leaving Mr. Dell himself untouched. On the point of Mr. Dell's income Mrs. Delafield soon felt that Rhoda knew misgivings — misgivings as to her own fitness to be a needy artist's wife. She made no overt recantation, but over her tea, presently, agreed with her aunt that it was a pity to dance with bare feet unless the feet were flawlessly well-shaped. 'She is such a little fool, that Miss Matthews!' Rhoda had remarked. And after this there was no more talk of Mr. Dell.

II

When, in the second year of the war, poor Tim and Frances, dusty, jaded, nearly shattered, but appeased at last, were able to announce the engagement of their daughter Rhoda to the unexceptionable Niel Quentyn, Mrs. Delafield's special function seemed over; but, looking back over her long intercourse with her niece, she knew that Rhoda had felt her as relief rather than influence; that she had made things easier rather than more difficult to her; that, in short, she had always successfully appealed to the girl's intelligence rather than to what poor Tim and Frances called her better self; and it was of Rhoda's intelligence, and of what possible pressure she might be able to bring to bear upon it, that she thought finally, as she worked at her border and waited for the fly that was to bring Rhoda's baby and its nurse from the station.

She had not been able to rejoice with her brother and his wife over Rhoda's match. She, who had measured during her years of acquaintanceship with her

her niece's force, had measured accurately, in her first glance at him, Niel's insignificance. He was good-looking, good-tempered, and very much in love; but caste, clothes, code, and the emotion of his age and situation summed him up. He had money, too, and could give Rhoda, together with a little handle to her name, the dim, rich, startling drawing-room in which her taste at once expressed itself, and a pleasant country house, where, as he confided to Mrs. Delafield, he hoped to inspire her, when the war was over, with his own ardor for hunting.

Rhoda was far too clever to quarrel with such excellent bread and butter; but what could he give her more? for Rhoda would want more than bread and butter; what food for excitement and adventure could he offer her indolent yet eager mind and her nature, at once so greedy and so fastidious? Mrs. Delafield asked herself the question, even while she watched Rhoda's wonderful white form move up the nave at her splendid, martial wedding — even while poor Frances wept for joy and 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden' surged from the organ; and she feared that Niel was getting far more than he had bargained for and Rhoda far less.

The first year, it was true, passed successfully. Poor Frances, who had, fortunately, died at the end of it, had known no reason for abated rejoicing. She lived long enough to see the baby, little Jane Amoret, as Rhoda persisted in calling the child; and she had welcomed Niel home once on leave — Niel as much infatuated as ever and trying to take an intelligent interest in Picasso. It was since then, during the past year, that Tim's letters had expressed a growing presage and appeal. Moved by the latter, and only a short time before her own grief had overtaken her, she had gone up to London and stayed with him

for a few days, and had taken tea with Rhoda.

At Rhoda's it had been exactly as she expected. The drawing-room was worthy of its fame; so worthy that Mrs. Delafield wondered how Niel afforded it — and in war-time, too. Rhoda, as she often announced, was clever at picking up things, and many of the objects with which she had surrounded herself were undoubted trophies of her resource and knowledge. But all the taste and skill in the world did n't give one that air of pervading splendor, as of the setting for a Russian ballet, in which the red lacquer and the Chinese screens, the blacks and golds and rich, dim whites were, like Rhoda herself, sunken with her customary air of gloomy mirth in the deepest cushions and, surpassingly dressed, merged in the soft, unstressed, yet magnificent atmosphere. It was the practical side of matters — the depth of good, dull Niel's purse measured against the depth of Rhoda's atmosphere — that alarmed Mrs. Delafield, rather than Rhoda herself and Rhoda's friends — of whom poor Tim had so distressingly written.

There were many suave and merry young men, mainly in khaki, and various ladies, acute or languorous, who had the air of being as carefully selected as the chairs and china. There were tea and cigarettes, and an abundance of wonderful talk that showed no sign of mitigation on account of her mid-Victorian presence; though, as Mrs. Delafield reflected, musing on the young people about her, no one could say, except their clever selves, how much mitigation there might not be. Like Rhoda, no doubt, they felt, even if they did n't see, through her mid-Victorianism. Her small black bonnet with its velvet strings, and her long, loose jacket trimmed with fringe, would not restrain them beyond a certain point. Yet she suspected that they had a point, and

she wondered, though the question did not alarm her, where it could be placed.

They talked, at all events, and she listened; at times she even smiled; and since by no possibility could her smiles be taken as complicities, she was willing that they should be taken as comprehensions. Rhoda's friends, though so young, were chill and arid, and the enthusiasms they allowed themselves had the ring of provocation rather than of ardor. Yet she did not dislike them; they were none of them like Mr. Dell; and though so withered by sophistication, they had at moments flashes of an uncanny, almost an ingenuous wisdom.

The occasion had not alarmed her, and she had found but one moment oppressive, that of the appearance — the displayal, as of a Chinese idol, indeed, or a Pekinese spaniel (Rhoda had three of these) — of poor little Jane Amoret. She rarely disliked her niece, even when feeling her most naughty; but she found herself disliking her calculated maternity, with its kisses, embraces and reiterated 'darlings.' Jane Amoret had eyed her gravely and, as gravely, had held out her arms to her nurse to be taken back when the spectacle was over. Jane Amoret's attire was quite as strange as her mother's drawing-room, and Rhoda had contrived to make her look like a cross between an Aubrey Beardsley and a gorgeous, dressed-up doll Madonna in a Spanish cathedral.

On returning to Tim, Mrs. Delafield found that she could not completely reassure him, but she laid stress, knowing it would be, comparatively, a comfort, on Rhoda's extravagance, eliciting from him a groan of 'I know! — I know! — Poor Niel's been writing to me about it! — Dances; dinners; gowns. One would say she had no conscience at all — and at a time like this!' But he

went on, 'That's nothing, though. That can be managed when Niel gets back — if he ever does, poor fellow! — and can put his foot down on the spot. You did n't see him, then? He was n't there — the young man?'

Tim had never before spoken definitely of a young man.

'The young man?' she questioned. 'There were a dozen of them. Of course, she'll have a special one: that's part of the convention. Rhoda may cultivate — like all the rest of them — every appearance of lawless attachment; but you may be sure, dear Tim, that it's only a pose, a formula, like the painted lips and dyed hair, which does n't in the least mean they are demi-mondaines.'

'Painted lips? Dyed hair? Demi-mondaines?' Tim had wanly echoed. 'Do you really mean, Isabel, that Rhoda paints and dyes?'

'Not her hair. It's too lovely to be dyed. But her lips, — why, have n't you seen it? — ever since she was eighteen. It is all, as I say, a pose; a formula. They are all afraid of nothing so much as of seeming respectable. I imagine that there's just as much marital virtue at large in the world nowadays as when we were young. — Who is the young man?' she had, nevertheless, ended.

'My dear, don't ask me!' Tim had moaned, blanched and battered in his invalid's chair. (Why would n't he come down and live with her? Why, indeed, except that, since Frances's death, he had felt that he must stand by, in London, and watch over Rhoda.) 'I only know what I've heard. Amy has talked and talked. And everybody else is talking, according to her.' Amy was Frances's sister, a well-meaning, but disturbing woman, with a large family of well-conducted, well-married, unpainted, and unfashionable daughters. 'She is here every day about it.

They are always together. He is always there. The poet — the new young poet. He has a heart or a chest or a stomach — something that has sent him home and that keeps him safe at Whitehall, while poor Niel fights in France. Surely, Isabel, you've heard of Christopher Darley? Was n't he there? Young. Younger than Rhoda. Black hair. Big eyes. Silent.'

Silent. — Yes, there had been, besides Jane Amoret, one silent person in Rhoda's drawing-room. And she had been aware of him constantly, though, till now, unconsciously. Very young; very pale; aloof, near a window, with an uncalculated aloofness. She reconstructed an impression that, the further she went into it, became deeper. Thick backward locks that had given his forehead a wind-blown look, and a gaze now and then directed on herself, a gaze grave, withdrawing, yet scrutinizing, too.

'Yes; I think, now that you describe him, I must have seen him,' she murmured; while a curious alarm mounted in her, an alarm that none of Rhoda's more characteristic circle had aroused. 'He was n't living by a formula of freedom,' she reflected. 'And he was n't afraid.' Aloud she said, 'He looked a nice young creature, I remember.'

'He writes horrible poems, Amy says; blasphemous. There they are. I can't understand them. He casts down everything; has no beliefs of any kind. Nice? I should think that's the last adjective that would describe him.'

She had picked up the unobtrusive volume and found herself arrested; not as she had been by the memory of the young man's gaze, nor yet in the manner that Tim's account indicated; but still arrested. Very young — but austere, dignified, and strange, genuinely and effortlessly strange. So a young priest might have written, seeking in close-pressed metaphysical analogies to

find expression for spiritual passion. She stood, puzzled and absorbed.

'No, it is n't blasphemous,' she said presently. 'And he has beliefs. But surely, Tim, dear, surely this young man can't care for Rhoda.'

How could a young man who wrote like that about the mystic vision care for Rhoda?

'Not care for Rhoda!' Tim's voice had now the quaintest ring of paternal resentment. 'The most beautiful young woman in London! Why he's head over heels in love with her. And the worst of it is that, from what Amy sees and hears, she cares for him.'

'It's curious,' Mrs. Delafield said, laying down the book. 'I should n't have thought he'd care about beautiful young women.'

And now Tim's letter, on this December morning, announced that Rhoda had gone off with Christopher Darley; and Mrs. Delafield could find it in her heart, as she worked and pondered, to wish that her dear Tim had followed Frances before this catastrophe overtook him.

'Good heavens!' she heard herself muttering, 'if only she'd been meaner, more cowardly, and stayed and lied — as women of her kind are supposed to do. If only she'd let him die in peace; he can't have many years.'

But no: it had been done with *le beau geste*. Tim had known nothing, and poor Niel, home for his first peace leave, had come to him, bewildered and aghast, with the news. He had found a letter waiting for him, sent from the country. Tim copied the letter for her: —

DEAR NIEL, —

I'm sure you felt, too, that our life could n't go on. It had become too unsatisfactory for both of us. Luckily we are sensible people nowadays, and such mistakes can be remedied. You must mend your life as I am mending mine.

I am leaving you, with Christopher Darley. I am so sorry if it seems sudden; but I felt it better that we should not meet again.

Yours affectionately,

RHODA.

'If only the poet had n't had money, too!' Mrs. Delafield had thought. For this fact she had learned about Mr. Darley in London. Rhoda would never have abandoned that drawing-room had she not been secure of another as good.

Tim wrote that nothing could have been manlier, more generous, than Niel's behavior. He was willing, for the sake of the child, to take Rhoda back, reinstate her, and protect her from the consequences of her act; and what Tim now begged of his sister was that she should see Rhoda, see if, confronting her, she could not induce her to return to her husband. Meanwhile Jane Amoret would be dispatched at once with her nurse to Fernleigh. Tim had written to his child in her retreat, and had implored her to go to her aunt. 'I told her that you would receive her, Isabel,' so Tim's letter ended; 'and I trust you now to save us — as far as we can be saved. Tell her that her husband will forgive — and that I forgive, if she will return. Let her see the child. Let that be your appeal.'

Poor, darling Tim! Very mid-Victorian. 'Forgive.' Would 'receive' her. The words had an antediluvian ring. With what battledore and shuttlecock of mirth and repartee they would be sent sailing and spinning in Rhoda's world. All the same, she, who was mid-Victorian in seeming rather than in reality, would make other appeals, if Rhoda came. Already she could almost count the steady heads of her intentions thrusting up as if through the ground. Even in Rhoda's world repartee and mirth might be displayed

rather than acted upon, and Rhoda might find herself, as a result of *le beau geste*, less favorably placed for the creation of another drawing-room than she imagined. That, of course, was the line to take with Rhoda; and as she reflected, carefully now, on what she would say to her, — as she determined that Rhoda should not leave her until she had turned her face firmly homeward, — the sound of wheels came up the road, and outside the high walls she heard the station fly drawing up at her gates. In another moment she was welcoming Jane Amoret and her nurse.

III

She had not seen the child for five months now, and her first glance at her, for all its sweetness, brought something of a shock, revealing as it did how deeply she cared for the little creature. She was not a child-lover, not indiscriminatingly fond of all examples of the undeveloped, though her kind solicitude might have given her that appearance. Children had always affected her, from the cradle, as personalities; and some, like the mature, were lovable and some the reverse. Jane Amoret had already paid her more than one visit — she had been more than willing that Rhoda should find her a convenience in this respect; and she had, from the first, found her lovable. But the five months had brought much more to the mere charm of babyhood. She was now potent and arresting in her appeal and dignity. She sat in her nurse's arms, her eyes fixed on her great-aunt, and, as Mrs. Delafield held out her hands to her, she unhesitatingly, if unsmilingly, answered, leaning forward to be taken.

She was a pale, delicate baby, her narrow little face framed in straightly cut dark hair, her mournful little lips only tinted with a rosy mauve; and, under long, fine brows, her great eyes

were full of meditateness. Rhoda, though now so richly a brunette, had, as a baby, been ruddy-haired and rosy-cheeked, with long eyes of a velvety, submerging darkness. Jane Amoret's gray iris rayed out from the expanded pupil like the corolla of a flower. There was no likeness between the child and her mother. Nor was there anything of Niel's sleepy young countenance, with its air of still waters running shallow.

Mrs. Delafield, something of a student of heredity, saw in the little face an almost uncanny modern replica of her own paternal grandmother, whose pensive eyes, under high-dressed powdered hair, had followed her down the drawing-room in the home of her childhood. In Jane Amoret she recovered the sense of that forgotten romance of her youth — the wonderful, beautiful great-grandmother with the following eyes. Had they not, even then, been asking something of her?

'It is n't everyone she'll go to, ma'am,' said the nurse, as they went up the path to the house, Mrs. Delafield carrying Jane Amoret.

Nurse was a highly efficient example of her type — crisp, cheerful, a little glib. Mrs. Delafield had never warmly liked her, and felt convinced, now, that in spite of her decorous veneer of reticence, the servant's hall would be enlightened as to the whole story before many hours were over. Well, it could not be helped.

They went up to the big nursery overlooking the walled garden at the back of the house, where, since the morning's post and its announcements, a great fire of logs had been blazing. Nurse made but one respectful, passing reference to Rhoda. The country air would do Lady Quentyn good. She had, nurse thought, over-tired herself of late. What else she thought, Parton and the others were soon to hear hinted. And as Rhoda's calculated maternity had

chilled her aunt on that day five months ago, so she was chilled now to think that Rhoda should have had more taste in the choice of her drawing-room than in that of her baby's nurse.

While, in the next room, the unpleasant woman was unpacking her own and Jane Amoret's effects, Mrs. Delafield was left alone with the child. She had found, on a shelf, a box of well-worn blocks, and seating herself in the low, chintz-covered wicker chair beside the fire, she placed them, one by one, before Jane Amoret, who, on her white wool rug, gave them a gentle attention. She had been too young for blocks on her last visit.

The old chair, as Mrs. Delafield moved in it, leaning down, creaked softly, and she remembered, a curious excitement stirring under all these recoveries of the past, that it had been condemned as really too decrepit when Peggy had been a baby. Yet the threat had never been carried out. It had gone on through Peggy's babyhood and through the babyhood of Peggy's children, and, unused for all these years, here it gave forth again just the plaintive yet comfortable sounds that, even more, it seemed, than another baby's presence, evoked Peggy and her own young maternity.

The chair, the blocks, the firelight playing on the happy walls, with their framed Caldecotts and Cherry Ripes and Bubbles, all evoked that past, filling her with the mingled acquiescence and yearning of old age. And Jane Amoret evoked a past far, far more distant. Peggy had not been like the great-grandmother. None of them had ever reincarnated that vanished loveliness. But here, mysterious and appealing, it was before her; and it seemed to brush across her very heartstrings every time that, from the blocks, the child lifted the meditative gray of her eyes to her great-aunt's face.

Far too mysterious, far too lovely, far too gentle, this little potentiality, for any uses ever to be made of it by Rhoda, by Niel, or by nurse. And the yearning became a yearning over Jane Amoret.

Yes, there the edifice rose, block by block — her deft, deliberate fingers placed them one after the other, under Jane Amoret's eyes, absorbed in this towering achievement. The miniature Alhambra finished, she sat and gazed, and her little chest lifted in a great sigh of wonder and appeasement. Then, her baby interest drooping, she looked round at the flames, and, for a little time, gazed at them, while her great-aunt's hand moved softly to rest upon her head. It seemed then, as if in answer to the rapt and tender look bent above her, that Jane Amoret's eyes were again raised and that she stretched up her arms to be taken.

'She really loves me,' said Mrs. Delafield, as touched and trembling as a young lover. She lifted her, pressing the little body against her breast; and, as Jane Amoret gave herself to the enfolding, a thought that was as sharp and as sudden as a pang flashed through her great-aunt's mind. 'I can never give her up.'

What came to her first, as she sat there, Jane Amoret's head leaning against her, was the thought of Christmas roses. It was a gift, a miracle. And to what depths of loneliness the gift had been given; with what depths of life she answered it! But she was breathless while she tried to think, knowing something terrible in her own swift acceptance; seeing for the first time something lawless and perilous in her own nature. Never in her life had she betrayed a trust; never broken a law. Yet often, through the years, she had paused, contemplative and questioning, to gaze at something her mirror showed her, an implication that only

she could see, a capacity never realized. And what she saw sometimes, with discomfort and shrinking, in those freaked eyes, those firm lips, was an untamed wildness that had come to her from much further back than a great-grandmother; something predatory and reckless, perhaps from the days of border robbers, and Highland chiefs whose only law was their own will.

She knew now what were the faces waiting to seize upon her accusingly. Not Rhoda's. She swept Rhoda and her forfeited claim aside. Let her stay with her poet, since that was what she had chosen. It was Niel and poor Tim who looked at her aghast. But another face hovered softly and effacingly before them; a pale young face with rosy-mauve lips and following eyes that said, 'They will never understand me. This is what I was trying to tell you, always. I knew that I was coming back. This is what I was asking you to do.'

It was superstition; it did not deceive her for a moment. Desire dressing itself in a supernatural appeal. Absurd and discreditable. But, in all truth and honor, was n't there something in it? Was n't there a time, once in a blue moon, for lawlessness, when it came as a miracle? Whom would she harm, really? What could his paternity mean, really, to drowsy young Niel? And could she not salve Tim's wounds?

The only thing that could count, — she came to that at last, feeling the child, with sleeping, drooping head and little hands held within her hand, already so profoundly her own, — the only thing was Jane Amoret herself. Had she a right to keep her from what was, perhaps, her chance of the normal, even if the defective, life? Was n't even a bad and foolish mother better than no mother at all, and an untarnished name supremely desirable? She struggled, her eyes fixed on the fire, her hand

unconsciously closing fast on the little intertwined hands within it. And with the face of the great-grandmother came again the thought of the Christmas roses, of the gift, the miracle.

She had not sought anything. She had not even chosen. It was rather as if Jane Amoret had chosen her. She need not make an effort to keep the gift. She need merely make no effort to give it back. If Rhoda came (oh, she could but pray that Rhoda would not come!), she need not find the right words for her. She had only to remain the passive spectator of Rhoda's enterprise and not put out a hand to withdraw her from it. And, thrusting, feverishly, final decisions from her, her mind sprang out into far projects and promises. She could, with a will, live for twenty more years yet and fill them full for Jane Amoret. Niel must not lose his child, evidently. She would arrange with Niel. He had always liked her and turned to her. Let this be his home, and welcome. But of course, he would marry again. She could persuade him not to take Jane Amoret from her to give to a step-mother. Niel would be easy.

And Tim, now, must come, of course. Tim should, with her, enjoy Jane Amoret to the full. What a happy childhood she could make it! It was, to begin with, quite the happiest nursery she knew, this long-empty nursery of hers. In a few years time Jane Amoret would be old enough to have her own little plot in the garden — Peggy's plot; and a pony like Peggy's should come to the empty stables. She saw already the merry, instructed girl she would choose as Jane Amoret's governess: someone young enough to play out of lesson hours; someone who would teach her to know birds and flowers as well as history and Latin. She would keep Jane Amoret's hair cut like this, — it was the only point in the child's array in

which her taste was Rhoda's, — straight across the forehead and straight across the neck, until she was fifteen, and she should wear smocked blue linen for morning and white for afternoon, as her own children had done. With good luck, she might even see Jane Amoret married.

Actually, she was thinking about Jane Amoret's marriage, actually wondering about the nice little eldest boy at the manor, — while her arms tightened in instinctive maternal anxiety around the sleeping baby, — when Parton, doing her best not to look round-eyed, announced Lady Quentyn.

IV

She knew, as she waited for Rhoda to come up, that something she had forgotten during this last half-hour — perhaps it was her conscience — steeled her suddenly to the endurance of a test. Tim had worded it, 'Let her see the child. Let that be your appeal.' Would it not appease her conscience to stand or fall by that? It should be her appeal. But the only one.

Jane Amoret had waked, and now, dazed but unfretful, suffered herself to be placed again on the rug among the blocks, one of which Mrs. Delafield put into her hands, bidding her build a beautiful big house, as great-aunt had done. The anguish of her own suspense was made manifest to her in the restless gesture with which, after that, and while she waited, she bent to put another log on the fire.

Rhoda's soft, deliberate rustle was outside. In another moment she had entered, and the effect that Mrs. Delafield dreaded seemed produced on the spot; for, arrested at the very threshold, almost before her eyes had sought her aunt's, Rhoda stared down at the child with knotted, with even incredulous brows.

'Oh! He's sent her already, then!' she exclaimed.

What did the stare, the exclamation, portend?

'Yes. He sent her, of course, as soon as he came back.'

'But why? — until our interview is over?'

'Why not? She'd been alone for a week.' Mrs. Delafield spoke with the mildness which, she determined, should not leave her. 'Niel, of course, wanted to have her cared for.'

Rhoda, during this little interchange, had remained near the door; but now, perceiving, perhaps, that she had come near to giving herself away, she cleared her brows of their perplexity and moved forward to the fire, where, leaning her velvet elbow on the mantelpiece, she answered, drily laughing, 'Oh! Niel's care! He would n't know whether the child were fed on suet-pudding or cold ham! She's not alone, with nurse. There's no one who can take such care of her as nurse. I knew that.' And she went on immediately, putting the question of Jane Amoret's presence behind her with decision, 'Well, poor Aunt Isabel, what have you to say to me? Father wrote that you would consent to be the go-between. He absolutely implored me to come, and it's to satisfy him I'm here, for I really can't imagine what's the good of it.'

No; Mrs. Delafield had grasped her own security and her own danger. It had not been in remorse or tenderness that Rhoda's eyes had fixed themselves upon her child, it had been in anxiety, lest Jane Amoret's presence should be the signal of some final verdict against her. She had come because she hoped to be taken back; and if there was all the needed justification in Rhoda's calousness, there was an undreamed-of danger in her expectation.

'Well, we must see,' Mrs. Delafield remarked; and already she was measur-

ing the necessities of Rhoda's pride against the urgencies of Rhoda's disenchantment. It was Rhoda's pride that she must hold to. Rhoda, even if she had come, had only come to make her own terms

'Did you motor over?' she asked. 'You are not very far from here, are you?'

No train could have brought her at that hour.

'Twenty miles or so away,' said Rhoda. 'I was able to hire a motor, a horrible, open affair with torn flaps that let in all the air, so that I'm frozen.'

Her loveliness did, indeed, look a little pinched and sharpened, and there was more than the cold drive to account for it. But she was still surpassingly lovely, with the loveliness that, once you were confronted with it, seemed to explain everything that might need explanation. That was Rhoda's strongest card. She left her appearance to speak for her and made no explanations, as now, when, indeed, she had all the air of expecting other people to make them. But her aunt only said, while Jane Amoret, from her rug, kept her grave gaze upon her mother, 'Won't you have some hot milk?'

'Thanks, yes, I should be glad of it,' said Rhoda. 'How lucky you are to have it. We are given only condensed for our coffee at the hotel. It's quite revolting.' And after Mrs. Delafield had rung, and since no initiative came from her, she was, in a manner, forced to open the conversation. 'Niel has only himself to thank,' she said. 'He's been making himself too impossible for a long time.'

'Really? In what way? Perhaps the hard life over there has affected his temper.'

Mrs. Delafield allowed herself the irony. Rhoda, indeed, must expect that special flavor from her.

'Something has certainly affected it,'

said Rhoda, drawing a chair to the fire and spreading her beautiful hands before it. 'I'm quite tired, I confess, — horrid as I'm perfectly aware it sounds to say it, — of hearing about the hard life. Life's hard enough for all of us just now, heaven knows; and I think they have n't had half a bad time over there, numbers of them — men like Niel, I mean, who've traveled comfortably about the world and never had the least little wound, nor been, ever, in any real danger, as far as I can make out; at least, not since he's had the staff work. It's very different from my poor Christopher, who rotted in the cold and mud until it nearly killed him. There would be some point in his talking of a hard life.'

This was all very illuminating, and the bold advance of Christopher won Mrs. Delafield's admiration for its manner; but she passed it over to inquire again, 'In what way has Niel been making himself impossible?' The more impossible Rhoda depicted him, the easier to leave her there, shut out by his impossibility.

'Why, his meanness,' said Rhoda, her cold, dark eyes, as she turned them upon her aunt, expressing, indeed, quite a righteous depth of reprobation. 'For months and months it's been the same wearisome cry. He's written about nothing but economy, fussing, fuming, and preaching. It's so ugly, at his time of life.'

'Have you been a little extravagant, perhaps? Everything is so much more costly, is n't it? He may well have been anxious about your future, and the child's.'

It was perfectly mild, and the irony Rhoda would expect from her.

'Oh, no, he was n't,' said Rhoda, now with her gloomy laugh. 'He was anxious about his hunting. I don't happen to care for that primitive form of amusement, and Niel does n't happen

to care about anything else; certainly he does n't care about beauty, and that's all I do care about. So in his view, since, precisely, life has become so costly, beauty had to go to the wall and I must n't dress decently or have a decently ordered house. I have n't been in the least extravagant,' said Rhoda. 'I've known what it is to be cold; I've known what it is to be hungry; it's been, at times, literally impossible to get food and coal in London. Oh, you don't know anything about it, Aunt Isabel, tucked away comfortably down here with logs and milk. And if Niel had had any appreciation of the position and had realized at all that I prefer being hungry to being ill-dressed, he would have turned his mind to cutting down his own extravagances and offered to allow me' — and now, for an instant, if velvet can show sharpness, Mrs. Delafield caught in the sliding velvet eye an evident edge of cogitation, even of calculation — 'at least two thousand a year for myself. Money buys absolutely nothing nowadays.'

So there it was, and it amounted to an offer. Or, rather, it amounted to saying that it was the sum for which she would be willing to consider any offer of Niel's. Mrs. Delafield, measuring still Rhoda's pride against Rhoda's urgency, mused on her velvet garments, the fur that broadly bordered her skirts, slipped from her shoulders, and framed her hands. Poor Tim had been able to give his daughter only a few hundred a year, and Niel's hunting must indeed have been in danger. Rhoda's pride, she knew, stood, as yet, between herself and any pressure from the urgency; she could safely leave the offer to lie and go on presently to question, 'And you'll be better off now?'

Inevitably unsuspecting as she was, Rhoda, all the same, must feel an

unexpectedness in her attitude, and at this it was with a full, frank sombreness that she turned her gaze upon her. Anything but a fool she had always been, and she answered, after the moment of gloomy scrutiny, 'Don't imagine, please, Aunt Isabel, that because I speak openly of practical matters I left Niel to get a better establishment. I left him because I did n't love him. I was willing to sacrifice anything rather than stay. Because it is a sacrifice. I took the step I've taken under no illusion. We are too uncivilized yet for things to be anything but difficult for a woman who takes the step, and the brave people have to pay for the cowards and hypocrites.'

This, somehow, was not at all Rhoda's own note. Mrs. Delafield felt sure she caught an echo of Mr. Darley's ministrations. She was glad that Rhoda should receive them: they would sustain her; and since she was determined — or almost — that Rhoda should stay with Mr. Darley, it was well that she should receive all the sustenance possible.

'It certainly must require great love and great courage,' she assented.

Rhoda's eyes still sombrely rested. 'I did n't expect you to see it, I confess, Aunt Isabel.'

'Oh, but I do,' said Mrs. Delafield.

The milk was now brought and Rhoda began to sip it.

'As for my being better off, since you are kind enough to take an interest in that aspect of my situation,' she went back, 'Christopher has n't, it's true, as much money as Niel. But our tastes are the same, so that I shall certainly be very much better off. We shall live in London — after Niel sets me free.' And here again she just glanced at her aunt who bowed assent, murmuring, 'Yes; yes; he is quite willing to set you free; at once.' — 'And until then,' Rhoda went on, as if she had n't needed the

assurance, — second-rate assurance as, Mrs. Delafield felt sure, she found it, — 'and until then I shall stay in the country. Christopher has his post still at the Censor's office, and won't, I'm afraid, get his demobilization for some time. He translates things, you know. So we are going to find a little old house, for me, — we are looking for one now, — and I shall see a few friends there, quite quietly, and Christopher can come up and down, until everything is settled. I think that's the best plan.'

Rhoda spoke with a dignity that had even a savor of conscious sweetness, and, as Mrs. Delafield reflected, was running herself very completely into her corner.

There was silence now for a little while. Rhoda finished her milk, and Jane Amoret, gently and unobtrusively moving among her blocks, succeeded, at last, in balancing the last one on her edifice and looked up at her great-aunt for approbation.

'Very good, darling. A beautiful house,' said Mrs. Delafield, leaning over her, but with a guarded tenderness. What a serpent she had become! There was Rhoda's jealousy to look out for. She might imagine herself fond of Jane Amoret, if she saw that someone else adored her.

'She's quite used to you already, is n't she?' said Rhoda, watching them. 'I wonder what you'll make of her. She strikes me as rather a dull little thing, though she's certainly very pretty. She's rather like Niel, is n't she? Though she certainly is n't as dull as Niel!' She laughed slightly. 'All the same,' — and Mrs. Delafield now, in Rhoda's voice, scented the close approach of danger, and was aware, though she did not look up to meet it, that Rhoda's eyes took on a new watchfulness, — 'All the same I must consider the poor little thing's future. That is, of course, my one real difficulty.'

'Was it? In going away? In having left her, you mean?' Mrs. Delafield prayed that her mildness might gloss, to Rhoda's ear, the transition to conscious combat that her instinctive change of tense revealed to her own. 'Oh, but you need not do that. Don't let that trouble you for a moment, Rhoda. I will take charge of her — complete charge. I can do it easily. My house is empty, and the child will be a companion to me. I don't find her dull. She is a dear little thing, so good and gentle. You need really have no anxiety.'

'Oh, I see.' Rhoda was gazing at her earnestly. 'Thanks. That's certainly a relief. Though all the same I don't suppose you'd claim that you could replace the child's mother.'

'Yes. I think so, Rhoda. A mother who had left her for a lover.'

Mrs. Delafield kept her eyes fixed on the fire. Rhoda stood up and leaned her back against the mantelpiece. She could no longer control the manifestations of her impatience and her perplexity.

'That would be your view, of course; and father's; and Niel's. It's not mine. I consider the responsibility to be Niel's.'

'Well, whosoever the responsibility, the deed is done, is n't it?' Mrs. Delafield observed. 'I'm not arraigning you, you know. I'm merely stating the fact. You have left her.'

Rhoda's impatience now visibly brushed past these definitions. 'You say that Niel is ready to set me free. I took that for granted, of course. It's only common decency. But that's hardly what father could have meant in imploring me to come to you. He told me nothing — only implored, and lamented. And, since I am here, I'd like some information, I confess.'

It was the first step away from pride, and it was a long one. And Mrs. Dela-

field knew that with it came her own final turning-point. Here, at this moment, she must be true to Tim and Niel, or betray their trust. And here no less — for so it seemed to her — she might, in betraying them, take the law into her own hands and promise herself, and them, that, in breaking it, she would make something better. Yet she did not feel these alternatives, now, at war within her mind. She knew that they were there, implicit, but she knew them already answered. Rhoda had answered for her; and Jane Amoret had answered. It took her, however, a moment to find her own answer, the verbal one, and, while she looked for it, she kept her eyes on the fire.

'Your father wants you to go back,' she said at last. 'Niel is willing to take you back. That is the information I had for you. Not for a moment because he would accept your interpretation of responsibility, and not for a moment because of any personal feeling for you; which must be a relief to you. Merely for your sake, and the child's. But I don't know how to plead such a cause with you, Rhoda. I understand you, I think, better than your father does. I've always seen your point of view as he could never see it, and I see it even now. So that I should feel that I asked you something outrageous in asking you to go back to your husband when you love another man. If you should want to go back, that would be a very different matter — if, by chance, you feel you've made a mistake and are tired, already, of Mr. Darley.'

She had time, in the pause that followed, the scales pulsing almost evenly — it was as if she saw them — between Rhoda's pride and Rhoda's urgency, to wonder at herself. And most of all to wonder that she regretted nothing. She kept her eyes on the fire, but she knew that Rhoda, very still, scrutinized her intently. The sharply drawn ten-

sion of the moment had resolved itself, to her imagination, into a series of tiny ticks, as if of the scales settling down to the choice, before Rhoda spoke. Then what she found to say was, 'that's hardly likely, is it?'

'I felt it impossible, you will be glad to hear,' said Mrs. Delafield. 'No one who understands you could suspect you, whatever your faults, of two infidelities in the space of a fortnight.'

And now again there was a long silence, broken only by the lapping of the flames up the chimney and the soft movements of Jane Amoret among her blocks.

Rhoda turned away at last, facing the fire and looking down at it, her hands on the edge of the mantelpiece, her foot on the fender; and she presently lifted the foot and dealt the logs a kick.

It was all clear to Mrs. Delafield. She was tired of her poet, or, at all events, did not, in the new life, find compensations enough. She had come, hoping to have her way made clear for a reëntry, dignified, if not triumphant, into the old life. And here she was, in her corner, her head fairly fixed to the wall.

Meanwhile, what had become of the mid-Victorian conscience? What had, indeed, become of any conscience at all, since she continued to regret nothing? She even found excuses, perfidious, no doubt, yet satisfactory. It had been the truth she had given Rhoda — the real truth, her own, if not the truth she owed her, not the truth as Tim and Niel had placed it, all confidently, in her hands. But since it was preëminently not the truth that Rhoda had come to seize, she was willing, now that she had fixed her so firmly, to give her something else, and she really rejoiced to find it ready, going on presently and with a note of relief that Rhoda's ear could not fail to catch, —

'Not only from the point of view of dignity one could n't suspect it of you, Rhoda, but — I want to say it to you, having had my glimpse of Mr. Darley — from the point of view of taste. If you were going to do anything of this sort, — and I don't need to tell you how deeply I deplore it nor how wrong I think you, — but if you were going to do it, you could n't have chosen better. He is gifted; he is charming; he is good. I saw it all at once.'

There was her further truth, and really it was due to Rhoda. Rhoda, at this, faced her again and, highly civilized creature that she was, it was with her genuine grim mirth.

'Upon my word, Aunt Isabel!' she commented. 'You are astonishing.'

'Am I? Why?' asked Mrs. Delafield, though she knew quite well.

'Why, my dear? Because you are over sixty years old and you wear caps. I expected to find dismay, reproach, and lamentations — all the strains of poor old father's harmonium; to have you down on your knees begging me to return to the paths of virtue. And here you are, cool and unperturbed and, positively, patting us on the back; positively giving us your blessing. Well, well, wonders will never cease! Yes, he *is* charming, no one can deny that; and good and gifted, too. But to think of your having spotted it so quickly! Why, you only saw him once, if I remember, and I don't remember that you talked at all.'

'We did n't. I only saw him once.'

'And it was enough! To make you understand! To make you condone! — Come, out with it, Aunt Isabel, you wicked old lady! I see now why I've always got on so well with you. You *are* wicked.'

'To make me understand. I won't say condone.'

'You need n't say it. You've said enough. And certainly it is a feather in

Christopher's cap. But he is the sort of person one falls in love with at first sight.'

'So I see.'

'And so do I,' said Rhoda, still laughing. But her slightly avenging gayety dropped from her after the last sally, and turning again to the fire, and again kicking her log, she said, almost sombrely, 'He absolutely worships me.'

Wasn't that, all round, the justification? Mrs. Delafield seized it, rising, as on a satisfying close.

'Will you stay to lunch?' she asked.

'Dear me, no!' Rhoda laughed. 'I must get back to Christopher. And the motor is there waiting. — So you'll write to father and tell him that I came here and that you advised me to stick to Christopher.'

'Advised? Have I seemed to advise, Rhoda? Do you mean' — it was, Mrs. Delafield knew, the final peril — 'that you had considered not sticking to him?'

Rhoda continued to laugh a little, drawing up her furs.

'Rather not! It could n't have entered my head, could it, either from the point of view of dignity or of taste — as you've been telling me? You have been very wonderful, you know! Tell father, then, if you like, that you gave us your blessing.'

'I'll tell him,' said Mrs. Delafield, 'that I'm convinced you ought not to go back to Niel.'

'I see,' — Rhoda nodded, and their eyes sounded each other, curiously, — 'though father thinks I ought.'

'Of course. That's why you're here.'

'Father would have gone down on his knees to beg me.'

'Yes. Down on his knees. Poor Tim!'

She was horribly frightened, but she faced it with a mirth that, with gravity for grimness, matched Rhoda's. But Rhoda, whatever she might have seen or guessed, accepted her defeat; accepted the dignity and taste thrust upon her.

'Father, in other words, is n't a wicked old gentleman as you are a wicked old lady. I see it all, and it's all a feather in Christopher's cap. Well, Aunt Isabel, good-bye. Shall I see you again? Will you come and call when I'm Mrs. Darley? I don't see how, with a clear conscience, you can chuck us, you know.'

'Nor do I,' Mrs. Delafield conceded, after only a pause. 'I don't often go to London, but, when I do, I shall look in upon you, if you want me to.'

'Rather!' Rhoda, now gloved and muffled, had fallen back on her normal rich economy of speech. 'You'll be useful as well as pleasant. And Christopher will adore you, I'm sure. I'll tell him that you think him charming.'

'Do,' said Mrs. Delafield, following her to the door.

She had forgotten even to kiss Jane Amoret good-bye.

(To be concluded)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: AN APPRECIATION

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

Of all the statesmen at the Peace Conference Mr. Lloyd George makes the most fascinating study. The other three of the Big Four are typical representatives of their countries; each stands for a clear, or at any rate a defined, political philosophy, and there are no chances of surprise in their future. But even now, after so long a career in politics, Mr. Lloyd George's position is uncertain. Any one of a number of developments is still possible for him, and the surprises of his future may be as great as those of his past.

Already he has been the hero and the villain of all three political parties. The statesman who more than anyone else kept the resolution of the country sternly tempered to victory throughout the war began his political life as leader of the pro-Boer guerrillas in the Liberal Party. The virulence of his attacks on the landed classes added a new verb — 'to limehouse' — to the dictionary of political slang; but within a few years the same squirearchy was nestling comfortably in his bosom. Alternately the bogey and the pet of the City, he has commanded both the left wing and the right of the Liberal Party; and even Conservatives now may occasionally be heard to complain that this ex-leader of the Liberal extremists has surrendered their hopes of reform to the Tory reactionaries.

But, in spite of this uncertainty in his political orientation, the charge of inconsistency is the one that is least

often brought against him. Perhaps it is that no one nowadays in English politics dares accuse anyone else of inconsistency; perhaps, in these days when people have had to cast so many of their principles into the melting-pot of war, the organic unity of a strong and attractive personality is felt to be a surer anchorage than purely intellectual or mechanical adjustments.

Mr. Lloyd George came of the lower middle class, which, much as it has contributed to business and learning, has played a smaller part in English politics than its numbers and ability would have led us to expect. Born in a mean street in Manchester, he went early in life to Carnarvon in North Wales, where he had an uncle who was a solicitor. He became a member of the firm and passed into politics through the law. But the Chapel did more for him than the study of the law or business. Welsh Nonconformity is of an entirely different temper from the English variety. The one attaches most importance to the clear and logical development of ideas, the other cultivates the *hwyl*, when the speaker, rapt away in the swing of his periods and the lyrical sing-song of his utterance, loses contact with pedestrian reality and soars into the upper regions of pure idea. The *hwyl* still vibrates in many a peroration of Georgian rhetoric about those Welsh hills of his, though latterly his style of oratory has become more conversational, and the idiom that of a familiar dialogue rather than that of a sermon or of a debating society.

If one would realize the difference between Welsh and English Nonconformity, one could not find more typical examples of either than Mr. Lloyd George and Sir John Simon. Simon — the son of a Congregational minister, also of Manchester — is in controversy cold and dry, his feet are never both off the ground at once, his argument is like brick-laying. Lloyd George is ecstatic and homely by turns. He leaps from point to point. His argument advances, not with the steady tramp of infantry, but with the burr of an aeroplane flight.

That Mr. Lloyd George is and always has been a genuine democrat, there is no possibility of doubt. No man ever worshiped rank and reputation less than he; no one was ever more ready to take a man on his own merits as he understood them and not as the world estimated them. He never forgot an old friend, and he is destitute of the pride of place. It is equally certain that he was and is a Radical. Whether he was ever a Liberal, too, is open to doubt. This distinction between Radical and Liberal runs through the whole of English politics in the nineteenth century. English Liberalism is not a body of doctrine but a state of mind, a way of judging things; it has firm moorings in the principle of human liberty, liberty that is common to all, and therefore postulates tolerance, order, and self-discipline; but for the rest it spreads a great expanse of sail to the four winds, ready to catch the breath of a new idea from any quarter. In the forms of politics, if not in its substance, tradition counts for more with it than it counts with conservatism. To be a typical Liberal leader, you must have entered by the straight gate and the narrow path, not necessarily of birth, but at any rate of education and upbringing.

The Radical mind, on the other hand, has broken completely with tradition

and is definitely iconoclastic. It is always asking, Why, why? with regard to all institutions and every reputation. It is instinctively skeptical. It questions even accepted principles, and it subjects everything to the remorseless tests of utility, logic, and, above all, of efficiency. It is free from the suspicion of social and intellectual snobbery which so often attaches itself to Liberalism, perhaps by reason of its descent through Whiggery. While the Liberal is always holding aloft the banner of an ideal of some sort, the Radical is before everything else a realist, though his methods may be romantic and his argumentation rise and fall in the cadence of the hwy!, or even cultivate an artificial cynicism. The Radical, in this respect like the Conservative, often thinks more of men than of measures, and makes up for his lack of the sense of continuity in history by closer study of human nature and a broader sympathy.

The difference is one of temperament and environment rather than of conviction, but it is impossible to understand English political history of the last hundred years without taking account of it. Normally in political alliance with the Liberals, Radicalism has always run in strong cross-currents and undercurrents against the main Whig tradition. In the heyday of the Manchester School there were the Molesworths and the Sir George Greys, who in home, and especially in labor politics, were more advanced than the Liberals, and in foreign and colonial affairs were already pronounced Imperialists.

Sir Charles Dilke was a type of this school of Radicalism, and W. E. Forster, the founder of the English system of Primary Education, another. Joseph Chamberlain was yet another. They had a very large following in the country, and it used frequently to be said that the Radicals won the elections and the Whigs took the offices.

They were as a rule badly treated by the Whig hierarchy. Gladstone in particular was never fair to Chamberlain, who on many questions, and notably on Ireland, saw much further than he.

But Mr. Lloyd George was the most remarkable deviation of all. When his reputation as a fighting lieutenant was at its height, he was still divergent in temperament from his leaders, and though content to act as a party megaphone, he remained mentally skeptical, always referring his judgment on current affairs to the test, not of principle, still less of Liberal principle, but of reality. The most loyal of men in his personal relationships, he was in the politics of the Liberal Party always a rebel at heart.

It is amazing, if we look back on English politics, to find with how little Liberal doctrine and formula Mr. Lloyd George ever identified himself. Home Rule for Ireland? He never believed in Gladstonian Home Rule, or in any sort of Home Rule for Ireland that would not apply equally well to Wales. Nowadays his Irish views approximate to those of Chamberlain, of which Gladstone was so bitterly and so unjustly contemptuous. Nor is Mr. Lloyd George a Free-trader, except with grave reservations. If he were to speak his mind quite freely, he would probably denounce the whole science of economics as a fraud and an unintelligible fraud at that. He has no economic beliefs except those which can be reduced to simple concrete instances and expressed in the Socratic idiom of the cobbler and the housewife. Peace and international concord? Why, yes, provided that they make for human progress; but as an end in themselves, decidedly no. He was never a pacifist, and he loves peace, not as a theorist, but only as a realist and a practical man, because he sees that it is the condition of Democratic progress. Retrench-

ment of national expenditures? In economy as such he was never interested; and if he wanted to save money on one object,—on Dreadnoughts for example,—it was only because he wanted to spend it on some other object that would bring a better return.

One may search Mr. Lloyd George's speeches in the past and find hardly a single passage which could fairly be construed as unconditional support, either of Liberal principles or of their particular application. And as it has turned out, the current of events has confirmed his Radical skepticism. Whatever measure of Home Rule is adopted in Ireland, it will not be Gladstonian Home Rule. The Manchester economics have been killed by the war, and there are not half a dozen men in England who would subscribe wholeheartedly to the Free-Trade theory of politics as expounded by Cobden and Bastiat. The old Liberalism, which would have restricted the sphere of state activities to its narrowest possible limit, is hopelessly out of date; and with an annual budget of a thousand millions those Liberals who used to shrink back horrified from the prospect of a budget of a hundred millions, look to be timid and low-spirited fellows.

As a state of mind, Liberalism is as strong as ever, and the world has never had more need of it. But as an association for the furtherance of specific measures identified with its fortunes in the last generation, it is obsolete. The skepticism of Mr. Lloyd George has been justified by events, and the war has made of English politics the *tabula rasa* beloved of the Radical mind.

II

In Mr. Lloyd George's measures as a member of the Liberal Government that came into power in 1906 there glowed the ardor of a true son of the

people. Old-age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance are both admirable examples of Radical legislation. Mr. Lloyd George, who up to 1906 had been known only as a caustic critic, now became known as the man who could get things done. Others — no one more than Gladstone — often decorated with fine words what after all were only excuses for doing nothing in particular. But Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric always meant that something was going to be done. His courage was indomitable, and his democratic ardor swept away all obstacles. Though no man ever had less patience with the details of the measures that he introduced, he had an unrivaled gift of putting them on the way to success. For this statesman, apparently an extremist, was really an arch-accommodator. He never challenged political opposition when he could get round it; already he was a past master in the art of managing men.

These unsuspected qualities came out in his management of the Port of London Bill as President of the Board of Trade, when, to everybody's surprise, the Welsh Radical showed that he understood English business conservatism better than it understood itself. In 1910 he was bitten for a time with the heresy that property in land was anti-social in a way that other forms of property were not, and ought to be subjected to special punitive taxation. He soon became palpably bored with the details of his land-legislation, and when the House of Lords rejected the Finance Bill of the year, he plunged with ardor into the new constitutional issue that its foolish action presented him with.

Yet even then, when it seemed as if the breach between this fiery Radical and the House of Lords could never be healed, he was, as a recent speech of Mr. Churchill's has revealed, advocating a scheme of settlement by forming

a new government from both parties. No authentic account of these negotiations has ever been published, but one suggestion that was put forward was that the Liberals should withdraw their opposition to Lord Roberts's scheme of compulsory national service, if the Conservatives induced the Lords to give way in their controversy with the Commons. At the very moment when he was stoking the fires of party strife in public, he was revealing himself to his associates as the future coalitionist.

The plain fact is that the same instinct which made Mr. Lloyd George so skeptical about what were called party principles also inclined him to disbelieve in the party machinery. He was too much of a realist to think, as the good party man should, that his opponent was not only wrong, but ugly and immoral, and, if the truth were known, probably a wife-beater too. He played the political game within the conventional limits with rare skill, but for all that, one suspects, with his tongue in his cheek. Party was useful in so far as it enabled him to accomplish the end which he desired; if it was useless for that, well, so much the worse for party. He was as ready to scrap a party or a programme as an American manufacturer is to scrap his machinery.

He disliked the restrictions of Parliamentary controversy, and preferred a public meeting to speaking in the Commons. He doubted the efficiency of Parliament as an instrument of reform, and believed in work done more quickly and promptly, even at the sacrifice of perfection in detail. Wonderful as he was in conference, he did not shine in Parliamentary committee work: he lacked the patience, the industry, and the mastery of detail. Nor as a Parliamentarian did he share the great reverence for the freedom which slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent; he knew too well that the

reforms of one generation become the abuses of the next. The lore of history and politics was lumber to him, the law often no more than an accumulation of snags in the way of enterprise and initiative; tradition and formalism were baggage which one who wanted to march rapidly was better without.

He was, indeed, French rather than British in his political temperament and in the complexion of his Radicalism. As French advanced thought is always colored by Napoleonic memories, Mr. Lloyd George's methods of reform were always influenced, both for good and evil, by the desire to find short cuts. He was a modern of the moderns. Restless, honorably ambitious both for himself and the people, he longed for new and more efficient instruments of progress. Not for him the tactics of the Parliamentary *hoplite* or the party phalanxes. The tactics he sympathized with were those of his early heroes, the Boers — of light mounted infantry, with vast extensions of a thinly held front, rapid changes in the point of attack, daring raids on communications. His real work was done neither in Parliament nor in his office, but at those famous breakfasts of his, when wits were keen with the morning and familiar illustration could interpret principle.

He had a wonderful knowledge of human nature and a quick eye both for the strength and for the weakness of anyone with whom he was conversing. His *flair* for a political idea was miraculous; he saw nothing steadily as a whole, but always in a kind of photographic flashlight; not even Disraeli so abounded in brilliant *aperçus*. As he understood a principle best in a concrete instance, so he liked to see a plan clothed in the flesh and blood of its author. He was a political anthropomorphist.

The reproach of trickiness so often brought against him is not deserved.

He had the Celtic desire to please, and a gift peculiarly his own of making everyone think that he agreed with him. It was due, not to any wish to deceive, but to the power of imagination which enabled him to project himself into the mind of the person with whom he was talking. People came away from interviews with him, believing that they had convinced him; and when they found that they had not, they sometimes reproached him with duplicity. But, in fact, what had happened was that Mr. Lloyd George had made them expound their views for his own benefit; and it would be as unjust, because he sympathized with and understood them, to ascribe these views to Mr. Lloyd George, as it would be to saddle Shakespeare with the opinions and sentiments expressed by all his characters. For Mr. Lloyd George is intensely dramatic and always conceives politics as a conflict, not of principles but of personalities. That is what has sometimes made him so hard in the few personal enmities that he made. But he is, for all that, a straight man in his aims, if sometimes a little cynical and unscrupulous in his methods.

He worked hard before the war for an accommodation with Germany. Antipathetic as his nature was to Kaiserism and all its works, he would probably have gone further than Lord Grey, Lord Haldane, or any of the Whigs, to avoid an actual breach with Germany. Indeed, it is said that he was opposed to entering into the war right up to that fateful Council on Monday; and that only the invasion of Belgium determined his resolution to support the war. But no man was less of an Imperialist than he. In fact, a thorough understanding of the motives of Mr. Lloyd George's reluctance to enter the war would be the best explanation of American delay. Every American citizen will understand his motives,

instinctively: for England too has her tradition of isolation from Continental politics, no less than the United States; and it appealed with special force to a Radical like Mr. Lloyd George, interested up to the beginning of the war mainly in domestic reform. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in one of his early speeches confessed that he was so parochially minded that he thought much more about the parish pump than the scientific frontier of Afghanistan; and there was no real inconsistency between that view and his later Imperialism. Neither was there between Mr. Lloyd George's reluctance to enter the war and the extreme energy with which, having entered it, he threw himself into the work of victory.

III

Mr. Lloyd George is not a systematic thinker, and it must not be supposed that he ever, consciously or unconsciously, formulated the heads of his dissent from the accepted methods of government in England, and still less that he ever worked out a scheme of substitution for them. Confirmed empiricist as he was and is, we must always, when we are endeavoring to understand him, think of tendencies of thought rather than of fixed creeds. With this proviso, one is perfectly justified in saying that even before the war Mr. Lloyd George was at heart a revolutionary with regard to the established method of parliamentary government. And the war confirmed his bias against the slow and cumbrous methods of representative government. The Radical mind has none of the Liberal's instinctive repugnance for autocratic methods, but on the contrary verges constantly toward a species of despotism. The two great autocrats in history, Cæsar and Napoleon, were both of them Radicals to the end of their days; and there was visible in Mr. Lloyd George's

career something of this same intellectual affinity. The Radical is first and foremost a root-and-branch reformer, and only secondly a believer in traditional political methods. But the Liberal of the Asquith type thinks more of the methods of reform than of the reform itself.

However that may be, the war brought to the surface in Mr. Lloyd George certain strata of political human nature which, though they may be very deeply buried, are never wholly lost. It might have been predicted beforehand that the Radical Lloyd George would be all in favor of a small inner War Cabinet, and would quarrel with Mr. Asquith, whose notion of government was to sit as arbitrator at a state council, hear as many opposing views as could be collected, and then ingeniously split the difference between them all. What Mr. Lloyd George wanted was not only a small War Cabinet but a Cabinet in which he should be supreme. And he was right. Mr. Asquith in a small or a large Cabinet could never have done what Mr. George did; and Mr. George, knowing his own power, and convinced, as he might well be, that Mr. Asquith's methods, if they were continued long enough, would ruin the country, was quite right to drive matters to a point at which Mr. Asquith had to go. The verdict of history will be that Mr. Lloyd George's premiership saved the country.

Mr. Lloyd George had the gift, invaluable in war, of concentration on one idea. Before he became Premier of the Coalition Government he was Minister of Munitions. It is the fashion in certain quarters to say that, when he went to the Munitions Department, he was only continuing the work that other people had begun. It is not true. He made the Department. Without his fiery energy, the industrial power of Great Britain would never have been

harnessed to the purposes of the war as it was; and nothing in his career is more admirable than his intense enthusiasm at this time. It is mere commonplace now to say that the men in the factories are as truly engaged in the war as the men in the trenches, and that, when a nation is at death-grips, there are no non-combatants, but only combatants of the first, second, and third lines. It is becoming a commonplace that the greater part of war is the exercise of civilian virtues applied to a specialized task. But it was Mr. Lloyd George who converted the paradoxes of three years ago into the truisms of to-day. But for him, the country would have gone on regarding war as the business of a small professional caste, not, in England, at all events, over-blessed with brains; and the trade-unionism of the War Office would have lost us the war. It was largely Mr. Lloyd George's doing that the whole industrial energy and professional ability of the country were enlisted in the winning of the war.

Mr. Lloyd George had strong views on the direction of our strategy in the war. He was an 'Easterner' in the sense that he thought it military folly to attack the enemy where he was strongest. But he was never identified, as was Mr. Churchill, with the Dardanelles Expedition. His idea was that Austria was the weak spot in the coalition of the Central Powers. He bitterly resented the folly of allowing Serbia to go under; and when Roumania went the same way, his indignation knew no bounds, and it was on the wave of popular anger with this second failure that he became Prime Minister. For a year he fought a hard battle with the military advisers who, after France had fallen back on the defensive owing to her losses in the first two years of the war, insisted on the British army's continuing the offensive alone.

Between Sir Douglas Haig and Mr. Lloyd George there was certainly no love lost. George thought him stubborn and uninspired; Haig thought George an amateur meddler in military matters which he did not understand. The writer has, in a previous article in the *Atlantic Monthly*,¹ tried to do justice to the Haig view of the operations of the British army in 1917; but on the merits the amateur was right, and the professional soldier was wrong. Passchendaele proved it. The energy wasted on the premature offensive at Loos in the autumn of 1915, if expended in Gallipoli, would have saved Serbia from her tragic misfortunes and prevented Bulgaria from coming into the war. Similarly, the energy wasted in the offensive against Passchendaele in the autumn of 1917 would, if it had been directed against Austria, have abridged the duration of the war by months.

Contempt of the amateur in war was certainly not justified by what happened in this war, for the principles of military strategy are so elementary that their application depends much more on temperament than on professional accomplishment. All the greatest soldiers of history have been men of a peculiar intellectual temper, with a taste for military affairs—never technicians. Mr. Lloyd George had that temper, and though his ideas on an offensive into Italy in 1917 were never worked out and would never have had a fair chance if they had been, they would have saved the Italians the disaster of Caporetto and the British army the losses of the Flanders offensive.

In fact, Mr. Lloyd George had in him the makings of a greater soldier than anyone engaged on either side, with the possible exceptions of Foch and Ludendorff. Born under other social conditions, he might well have been in the

¹ 'The Western Front,' printed in April, 1918.

army; and in that case the British Army would have thrown up another Marlborough.¹ Except for his impatience, which would have told against him in war as Napoleon's did against him, one is sometimes tempted to regard him as a great soldier mislaid in politics rather than as a masterful civilian meddling in military affairs which he did not understand.

Even now few people realize what a revolutionary Mr. George was in military matters. He had been brought up to regard conscription as the evil thing, yet he was not content until he had enlisted, not only the thews and sinews of the country, but its brains too, in the service of victory. He belonged to a party which was keenly non-interventionist in European affairs; yet he not only intervened, but surpassed all the Whigs, whose policy was far more anti-German than his ever was, in the degree to which he was prepared to let our destinies be bound up with those of France. While the dominant section in the War Office councils could think of nothing but the obsolete plans of a separate British campaign in Belgium, he rose to the conception of a single united command, not only in France, but on the whole of the Western Front, and finally succeeded in imposing it on his advisers. They were like the Dutchmen under Marlborough, who had to be cajoled into marching to Blenheim.

He had the gift of strategic second-sight. They were the provincially minded; he, the provincial, was the true cosmopolitan, who saw in the war, not a dozen campaigns, but one; divined the causes of our failures; and fought for the conditions of success. How much of his policy was his own invention, and how much was borrowed from others, is not yet known, nor does it greatly matter. It is nearly as great and as rare a

gift to recognize the truth as soon as it is presented as to discover it. But undoubtedly, when every deduction has been made for Mr. Lloyd George's faults, he will go down in history as perhaps the greatest of British war premiers. Chatham had dominated British strategy for more than a century and a half, and Mr. Lloyd George was the first since his time who could draw his bow.

IV

Mr. Lloyd George took to the Peace Conference a plentiful lack of knowledge of European politics and two or three very firm convictions. He realized that new conceptions of democratic government were in the air, and that the people would not be content in the future with the catchwords of liberty, but would insist on the substance, alike in their political and in their economic life. He saw that Imperialism in every form had begun to stink in the nostrils of the people, and that the future greatness of the country lay in the paths of peace. War Radical during the war, when it ended he became in all his instincts the old Peace Radical again. And, lastly, he firmly believed that Great Britain and the United States together had a great duty to the world to perform, which depended on the establishment of a firm friendship between them.

The history of the Conference has still to be written, but it will be found that all of Mr. Lloyd George's action there was determined by his attempt to apply these few convictions. Their application was far more difficult than he had expected. He had hoped that France would be satisfied with the guaranties for her future security given by the new League of Nations, and he had great difficulty in adjusting her demands for material guaranties and compensation for her losses with her new

¹ The reader will remember that the author is a military critic of distinction. — THE EDITOR.

philosophy of international peace within the League of Nations.

Eastern Europe gave him even more trouble. He feared that Polish Imperialism would bring Russia and Germany together, and he got himself into serious trouble resisting its claims to Danzig. With regard to Russia, he had no faith in the ability of the 'loyalists' to overthrow the Bolsheviki; and the alternative policies that presented themselves to his mind were war with Russia or an active policy of peace. The alternative of war he rejected, and he characteristically swung over to the other extreme and made the Prinkipo proposals. He did not know the people with whom he was dealing, and the rejection of his proposals by the Bolsheviki was a severe blow to his policy.

Sound as his general principles were, his lack of precise knowledge, the distrust of the 'experts' which always marked his actions, and the policy of secrecy unwisely adopted at Paris, which in the circumstances inevitably meant intrigue, hampered and distorted his policy. For all these reasons the Paris Conference was in some respects a period of anti-climax in the Prime Minister's career. The actual treaty was on the whole satisfactory, but it took too long in the making, and the absence of any clear current exposition of the principles that were being worked out did an injury to the reputation of Mr. Lloyd George, and perhaps of others.

v

But the troubles in Paris were less serious than those at home. The end of the war found Mr. Lloyd George without very clear ideas about the new political world that was shaping itself. Who had, or could have, clear ideas before the issues were formed, and after four years of terrible war in which every consideration of domestic policy had

had to be sacrificed to the one supreme end of victory? It was natural that he should wish to gain time for the consideration of new problems. The peace had come a year sooner than he expected, and the No-Man's Land between peace and war was a dangerous and unexplored region. The boldest British statesman might well be forgiven for walking warily across it.

There were two alternatives before him. One was, to continue the existing government and existing Parliament until the new problems had shaped themselves and an appeal on a real issue could be made to the country. He had nothing to fear, for his reputation stood at a great height and a government that would have had to do for the purposes of the war had it continued, would surely do for the period of the armistice. The other alternative was an election, and unfortunately the Prime Minister chose it.

It was the most unreal general election in British Parliamentary history, and it produced the most unreal result. Had the Prime Minister been ready with a policy, there was much to be said for an election. Had he been prepared to commit himself either to one of the existing parties or to an entirely new party, such a step would have had its uses in clarifying the issues. But he was not. All that the election did was to prolong into the peace a political organization invented for the special purpose of carrying on the war. Instead of strengthening the Prime Minister, it weakened him. His enormous Parliamentary majority was useless to him, because it stood for nothing in particular. Nay, it was worse than useless, for it compromised him, diminished his freedom of choice, and tarnished his prestige with the mistakes of his colleagues.

It soon became evident that the new House of Commons did not represent the mind of the country except on the

winning of the war, which was no longer an issue. A ramshackle programme of social reform had indeed been dangled before the electors; but though its generalities were approved, the country gave about as little thought to the means of executing it as the government itself had done. The national temper was highly uncertain. Nerves were irritable, and the blessings of peace had, during the war, presented themselves in such vivid colors, that people chafed angrily at the delay and blamed the government for their disappointment.

At the same time, to many the war had brought prosperity such as had never been known before. It is literally true that thousands of poor people in Great Britain never knew what it was to be well fed until the unrestricted U-boat campaign; and those who have once tasted comfort have had new desires awakened which will ever after cry out for satisfaction. You cannot have a people's war without a people's peace. In the field there had been a partnership in the sufferings of war, and class prestige had been broken down in the squalor of the trenches. Should not there be a partnership also in the rewards of peace? If the workmen were good enough to help to win a war, might they not also be good enough to help to run a business? A new doctrine of equality sprang up, no longer confined as heretofore to the exercise of the political privilege of voting, but transferred to the economic sphere. A few there are who preach Bolshevik theory to the workmen; but there is nowhere any disposition in Great Britain to deny to other classes than the workers their rights. But everywhere the theory of labor as a chattel, a commodity to be bought and sold in the highest market is dying. 'Persist in treating it as that,' they say, 'and I will give you as little as I can for my money. I can

buy my labor in the cheapest market and sell it in the dearest, as you can your commodities. But admit labor to equal partnership with capital, and my measure of work shall be given without stint.' Some such train of thought as this is at the bottom of the miners' insistent demand for nationalization of the coal industry.

Here, one would think, is a situation after the Prime Minister's own heart. No single party is powerful enough to solve it; only a coalition can avert a period of strife which may inflict incalculable and permanent injury on Britain. Only Mr. Lloyd George, who has filled the political stage for more than ten years since the death of Campbell-Bannerman, has a personality powerful enough to restore discipline and avert anarchy.

That he means to essay the task is certain, but how? Will he go right or will he go left? The present Coalition is useless as an instrument of government; it exists only by smothering its differences of opinion; but any coalition, to be effectual in peace, must have one mind, one policy.

There are two alternatives before the Prime Minister. He may, as Mr. Winston Churchill would have him do, don the mantle of Lord Randolph Churchill, and found a new Tory Democracy. This party might or might not call itself a Centre party. It would include about half the Liberals, an equal number of Tories, and a fraction of the Labor Party. Outside it would be the Labor Socialists, the Asquithites, and the old Tories. If such a party could agree on a common policy, it would hold power for a very long time, and do an immense service to the country. Such a party might have been formed before the election if Mr. Lloyd George, who made the mistake of underestimating his power in the country, had had the courage to shake himself free of the

Conservative party organization, which was as powerless to hurt him as the Liberal organization. Now it may be too late.

The other alternative is for Mr. Lloyd George to swing to the left. He can capture the Labor Party as the old Socialist Independent Labor Party did before him; for the only reason why the Socialists gained such an influence in the Labor Party (which is itself a coalition of Liberal and Conservative work-

ingmen) was that they had most of the ability and the only definite policy. This is the real coalition for Mr. Lloyd George, and he will carry into it a great number of Liberals and an appreciable fraction of the Conservatives who have worked with him. And this creation of a new Labor Party, capable of taking office and striking out a genuine national policy, will be the greatest service that his genius could render to the country.

THE AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

I

ON July 1, 1919, the appropriation of funds for the support of American relief of countries liberated from enemy domination in Europe expired by Congressional limitation. Thereafter the work that continued was concerned with the liquidating of the field-missions of the administration, and with the organization of national commissions among the nations themselves for the carrying on of the programme inaugurated by the American Relief Administration. Though deliveries on programmes already outlined were expected to continue for some months after July 1, this date may be accepted as an appropriate vantage-point from which to view the whole programme of American relief.

In its large political and humanitarian aspects, the relief of peoples liberated from German domination by the supply of fundamental foodstuffs and

by the support of their financial, industrial, and transportation life, is a matter which interests equally all the Allies. All benefits would be shared by them, and all burdens should be equally at their charge. The Allied nations of Europe have been explicit in adhering to this principle. They have insisted that there should be no appearance that this great political and humanitarian enterprise was not to be undertaken equally by all the Allied and Associated nations. And yet many circumstances conspired to place the larger share of the responsibility for administering the programme, as well as the burden of providing for it, on the United States. The United States was naturally the greatest producing nation. It had multiplied in some cases by five hundred per cent its facilities for food-export. Its financial condition was unimpaired by the war. While the war had forced it to economize its resources, it had not enfeebled its energies. The signing of

the armistice saw the United States approaching the peak of power rather than using the last gasp of its second wind. In every important resource — men, shipping, food — the war programme for 1919 promised to be greater than that for the preceding year.

This relative position as to resources is in fact represented in the amount of the service rendered to relief. Out of a total Allied relief tonnage of 3,192,834 up to July 1, the United States had supplied eighty per cent of foodstuffs. The figures of foodstuffs supplied for relief by the Associated nations stand as follows: United States, 2,486,360; British Empire, 417,315; France, 106,081; Italy, 81,365; and other countries, 101,713. In addition to carrying the lion's share of direct relief, the United States extended to Italy, France, and England the credits with which they purchased 243,122 tons of food delivered to German Austria and included in their totals given above.

The figures are more impressive when considered in terms of finance. Out of a total combined relief supplied by all the Allied nations of \$797,525,000, cash and credit, the United States alone furnished on credit 55 per cent. Of her own deliveries to relief nations, the United States supplied 69.7 per cent on credit. The credit operations for relief of no Allied nation approached this percentage, even though a part of these credit operations was supported by advances from the United States.

On the side of shipping, the United States took as preponderant a part. With a considerably smaller shipping resource than Great Britain, the United States took more than one half the total burden of tonnage. The remainder was divided, in about the ratio of two to one, between British shipping and the German tonnage turned over under the Brussels Agreement for the feeding of Germany.

It will be seen that the total value of foodstuffs supplied by the United States on credit far outran the hundred million dollars that had been provided by Congress as a revolving fund. So vast was the undertaking, that it was soon manifest that no private organization, and no single governmental fund, would be adequate to supply the money necessary to deliver foodstuffs to half a continent. Particularly was this true when a large proportion of the buying countries were unprepared to pay in cash. Before Congress had provided the hundred million dollars as a revolving fund, President Wilson, acting upon the emergency, had set aside five million dollars from his war funds. The Relief Administration also had available for facilitating its operations the resources of the United States Grain Corporation, with its capitalization of \$150,000,000.

Even with these resources, it would have been impossible to undertake on any adequate scale the relief of Europe if America had not had another resource temporarily available. Among the war powers of the government was the power to make advances to those governments engaged in hostilities against Germany. This power continued up to the signing of peace. It was the part of good warfare as well as of the wise statesmanship of peace to continue its exercise until a wise peace had been secured. Certain small nations had come into being in the act of defeating Germany; others by this defeat had been thrown upon their own resources. To all we owed the same support we were still giving to our allies. Their relief from famine was equally fundamental to the preservation of their government and the upbuilding of peace. Under these provisions the United States Treasury has made advances to European countries, covering the period from the signing of the armistice to the

autumn harvest of 1919, of \$278,000,000. This does not include monthly credits of \$50,000,000 for food purposes allowed to Italy, and large advances to France and England. These credits have been distributed approximately as follows:—

Belgium.....	\$140,000,000
Czecho-Slovakia.....	50,000,000
Roumania.....	25,000,000
Serbia.....	15,000,000
England } France } Italy }	for Austria..... 48,000,000
\$278,000,000	

Besides this total contribution for relief on the part of the United States, the Allies provided together about \$78,000,000 of credits, including those to Austria.

How America rose to meet the emergency of increased demand and decreased production in foodstuffs has often been told. This process, which was necessarily of slow growth, had just about reached its crest when the armistice was signed. A country which before the war had exported about 6,000,000 tons of food a year was prepared to export, in the year 1919, 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons. Without a moment's hesitation, this vast fund of the necessities of life was turned from the purposes of war to the purposes of peace. The only difference that was made in the distribution was that, when peace came, the funds of food were transferred to the weakest members among the family of nations. The Allies, who had been supported as war-making agencies against Germany were now called upon to support themselves from the surpluses left on hand with the signing of the armistice, and from such stocks as they could secure with their released shipping from their distant colonies. Food which before had been delivered to the Allies was now turned to the support of countries

which had been the innocent bystanders or victims of the war, or countries which had broken loose from generations of domination.

The armistice found these countries still economically helpless. In order to get food to their peoples, the United States had to repair transportation systems, create protocols between suspicious neighbors, bolster up weak governments, and accept paper whose best security lay in the promise of an orderly prosperity for the future, which itself could be guaranteed only by food and the raw materials of industry. It had to create a system of remittances whereby the difficulty of getting dollars might be obviated. It had to use the facilities of the army and navy to protect its shipments and deliveries and to provide the elementary conveniences of transport and communication. When the United States entered into European relief, it placed all the resources of America at the disposal of the administration charged with the task. It was not a separate function assigned to a single organization. It was a general dedication of the resources of the army, the navy, the Treasury, and of the American food-surplus to a great programme of world-rehabilitation.

II

Why did the United States enter upon this programme of European relief? What principles lay behind the breaking of our traditions and the venturing forth upon a project of combined benevolence and commerce in Europe? The answer by reference to principles would be that relief work logically followed, and was involved in the principles we had followed, both as neutrals and as participants in the war. Before the war, President Wilson had defined the principles of our neutrality to be

'to seek to serve mankind by reserving our strength and our resources for the anxious and difficult days of restoration and healing which must follow, when peace will have to build its house anew.' And the same idea was reiterated as one of the cardinal principles of our participation in the war, when he set down as the third of his fourteen items in the programme of the world's peace 'the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.'

No statement with regard to the purposes of the United States in contributing to European relief would be adequate which did not render due respect to these abstract principles. Having given the abstract answer, there remains the simple answer based upon the bare necessities of the situation. The United States entered upon the programme of European relief because there was no other possible course to pursue. Given, on the one side, the need of Europe, a need which was daily emphasized by evidences of starvation, of disorganization of social bonds, and of the collapse of governments, and given, on the other side, our surplus as a result of our three years of intensive increase in production and reduction in waste consumption, no room is left for doubt as to what we had to do. We were compelled to render aid by the combined commands of humanity and common sense. There was no alternative; the situation left no room for choice, and any discussion of abstract principles, interesting as it may be, and any weighing of motives only confuses an imperative which for an American statesman in charge of American resources was very simple and very categorical. There was never any question as to whether

the task should be done. The only question was as to how it was to be done.

Here we come to a crossroads of choice. Food as a national fund could be considered in one of two ways — either as a source of moral power and influence or as a stock for trading. The choice made by the United States had certain important effects, not only abroad, but at home. The United States took the position from the start that food-relief should be administered in accordance with the principles upon which the United States had entered the war. It refused to admit the possibility of commercial motives in its official relationships with the Allied nations. As in the war all the force of the nation had been placed without reserve at the service of the enemies of Germany, so in the time of the armistice all our resources were at the service of a Europe which needed to 'build its house anew.' The United States refused to be confused by the fact that it was selling its goods. As long as it was selling them at a fair margin between the producer and the buyer, as long as it was producing them in an ever-increasing stream in response to the call of the world's need, it would grant no man the right to question motives. Furthermore, it would insist upon its prerogative to dictate the use to which the supplies should be put.

This uncompromising attitude taken up by the United States, by which our resources were interpreted in terms of moral force rather than of commercial trades, had its influence in two directions in our relationships with the Allies. The time came when we had to hold certain of the Allies to moral contracts. From the vantage-ground of six months' later, we can see that the pressure to make the Allies forgetful of these contracts was very strong. Their contracts with us had been built upon

the presumption of continued war. When the war ceased, the contracts seemed to be nothing but a burden. Release from them might have been a simple thing, merely a bit of book-keeping between two treasuries, had it not been that the contracts between the United States and the Allies were balanced on the side of the United States by an infinitely distributed series of contracts with our own farmers, cattle-raisers, and laborers. Behind such contracts as these lay the economic prosperity of the country and of the world. Such contracts as these had an extra-commercial, in other words a moral character, which the Allies were compelled to recognize.

At another point the attitude taken by the United States aided greatly in clarifying a conflict of opinion between the United States and the Allies as to the manner in which food-relief should be administered. The Allies desired administration by international council; the United States desired unity of command. The difference between the two methods of administration is not altogether superficial. The United States desired to treat food simply. It desired only that men should be fed; that no man should starve. It desired to administer its funds for the preservation of human life and the support of orderly institutions, without regard to local quarrels, ambitions, and designs. This would have been very difficult to do if food were to be handled by an inter-Allied council, a kind of adjunct to the Peace Conference, where rival claims were weighed against each other and the resources of human life were made a factor in international strategy. The result was a compromise, by which unity of command was accorded to the American Director-General of Relief, he to report his operations to a section of the Supreme Economic Council, of which he was

one of the ministerial members and one of the chairmen.

Having gained unity of command, it was left for the Director-General of Relief to administer food-distribution by the simplest and most fundamental of rules. The Peace Conference itself existed at the background of relief. The need of food-relief was the single necessity upon which all governments and all peoples were agreed. Through it new governments and old, allies and former enemy, were joined by fundamental bonds, the sources of which are anterior to the sources of the war, and of which the ends lie beyond temporary divergences, however deep and bitter. In the handling of such a resource as this, one cannot go into fine-spun differentiations. If one had begun to weigh the merits of the different governments which were in need of food, the task would have been an impossible and interminable one. The simplest rule was to keep the eye on the human need and to attempt to fill that. As far as could conceivably be done under limitations of embargoes, blockades, financial systems, and transportation, the effort has been to look behind the government to the needs of the people. There are good governments and bad governments, honest executives and those who are not so honest. It would have been impossible to make these considerations govern the succor that was to be extended to a hungry and needy people. Such a policy would have been inconsistent with our expressed principles.

There was, however, one limitation that had to be reserved. Food could be used to support the people of a bad government, and food could even be used to uphold the hands of a good government. But food could not be used to support a bad government against its own people, or to support a government which failed to respect its con-

tracts. Here we find the principles upon which food could be sold to Germany for the support of starving people, while it could neither be sold nor delivered on credit to Hungary or to Russia, to support a government which was not respecting its international obligations and of which the form was unrepresentative of the will of the large mass of the citizenship. In delivering food to Germany for the German people, no opinion was implied of the present German Government except the tacit one that it was expected to hold to its obligations. We were always ready and anxious to deliver food on advantageous terms to Russia and Hungary, as soon as the people had created a representative government and were ready to enforce from it a respect for international obligations.

Through the administration of food-resources under the abnormal conditions of recent years, one truth has come to light. This is that food is rapidly passing out of the status in which it can be handled as an item in a commercial or diplomatic transaction, like so many nails or locomotives. Food is developing a moral priority that transcends the demands of either commercial or national advantage. Consequently, the time has passed when the possession of foodstuffs can be considered an embarrassment in the one case or a weapon in the other. As a basal necessity of life, food generates a power stronger than blockades and embargoes. In a period when great areas are famine-swept, it is out of the question to break the market from under a nation which has surplus stocks of food. And it is out of the question for that nation to use its surplus as a club to enforce exorbitant demands. Even if morality does not intervene, the economic hunger pressure will work its will. While there is a potential market anywhere in the world, adequate

supplies will break their way through blockades and high prices, across difficult transport routes, and over obstacles of credit and finance.

As these considerations necessarily governed in the administration of food-relief in Europe, they had their place in the winding up of America's intimate participation in European affairs. A task which remained after the armistice was so to arrange our withdrawal from European affairs as to leave the widest sense of security after our departure. During four years we had been informally, and during two years we had been admittedly, supporting a large portion of Europe with our resources. Under the necessities of war this support had outrun and in some respects contravened economic principles. It could be kept up only at increased expense and by governmental force. It could not be kept up indefinitely. American relief in Europe had to be managed in such a way that, instead of being a further extension of American participation, it was a prelude to American withdrawal. It had to provide the solid resources of subsistence and at the same time turn the activities of the assisted nations back toward economic channels and independent self-support.

This change of emphasis from war to armistice could nowhere else have been as effectively accomplished as in an organization that dealt in the life-giving factors of a nation's life. In providing the food for Europe, America was able to shape the traffic in such a way as to be an impetus to and a support of industrial local autonomy. The purpose changed from the formal support of war to the support of the bases of peace. The destination of American foodstuffs changed from Western to Eastern and Central Europe. The Allies were compelled to keep their contracts, but soon their own

interests demanded that they search out other more distant markets which were more related to their economic existence. Belgium, which had been the first to be supported, was the first to take over the reins of its own independence. Only Italy was left with a certain monthly advance from the Treasury, and a part of this was used to finance foodstuffs for the countries of Central Europe.

There were left the states of Central Europe, the Baltic states, and the states of Southeast Europe. Under varying local conditions, all these showed the same general conditions — a complete change of political life as a result of the break-up of old nations, economic destruction, labor unrest, violation of transportation, mutual suspicion, absence of stable financial and credit systems, and a strong tendency toward radicalism and revolution, as a result of from five to seven years of war, and the dislocated conditions after the war. So confused were conditions as to all political and economic institutions that few stable structures were left. Here lay the field of American relief.

The missions of the Administration were strategically set so as to be at the best points of service to famine spots. If the problem had been solely one of shipping, the chief missions would have been at the seaports — Trieste on the Adriatic, Danzig on the Baltic, Rotterdam or Hamburg, or Constantinople on the Black Sea. But shipping was one of the least of the difficulties. So the chief

missions were moved inland to Vienna, Warsaw, Prague, and Bucharest, from which points could be handled the many details of transportation, of interstate agreement, of finance and credits, and exchange of produce and raw materials. As particular problems came up, new missions were established at Reval and Libau and Tiflis for special treatment, while the food was routed through from seaboard by directions from Paris.

The food-problems of the world are involved not only in the substance of food itself. Quite as important as the stocks of cereals and fats are the facilities by which these stocks are made available to famished populations in time to be of service. Some of the hardest and most useful work done by American relief in Europe was done in places which were not more than a hundred miles from plenty. A large factor of the work of American administrators and engineers was done with the rehabilitation of transportation lines, with the increase of production and the more equitable distribution of coal, with the exchange of commodities between states whereby products might be made available where needed, and with the opening up of great waterways to international traffic. All these look toward political stability and social order. And these, with the generous work in children's relief which has distributed food for under-nourished children over half the Continent of Europe, are the benefits that promise to remain after the Americans have withdrawn.

AN UNPOPULAR VIEW OF THE SHANTUNG QUESTION

BY KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

I

ON one point in the much-debated peace treaty there seems to be general agreement among liberals in this country and Europe: German properties in Shantung should be returned to China. The territory controlled is indisputably Chinese in population and in geographic and historic connections. The leases and concessions involved were originally extorted by force, and when Japan wrested them from Germany, the world was distinctly given to understand that they would eventually be restored to the original grantor. To the conviction that this restitution should be made, all lovers of justice the world over have steadfastly adhered, and they have felt that any secret or public conventions to the contrary have, at the least, been dangerous, and have, at the most, perpetrated a serious wrong and threatened the future peace of the world.

As to the method by which restitution should be made, however, there has been, as all the world knows, a sharp divergence of opinion. The Chinese, the great majority of Americans, and a fair proportion of the thinking people on the Continent and in Great Britain have believed that the peace treaty should immediately turn over to China all former German possessions in that country, with, possibly, compensation to Japan for her expenditures and a guaranty that no portion of Shantung should ever again be alienated and that the province should be kept open to international trade. The other method, the one adopted by President Wilson

and so much decried in this country, is to leave the properties in question in the possession of Japan and to trust her to restore them to China.

It is obvious that, whatever means are employed, certain definite objects should be sought. The first and chief of these is justice. Justice implies the ultimate restitution of all leased territories to China and the undoing of any impairment of the sovereignty and independence of that republic. It also implies due consideration of Japan's expenditures of life and money, and ample securities to her for economic opportunities in Shantung equal to those of any other power and unprejudiced by special agreements. The well-known facts of Japan's limited resources and growing population, and her natural and legitimate belief that the neighboring continent furnishes her a field for commercial expansion, render the maintenance of the open door in China essential to the life of the island empire and to the peace of the world.

A second object, and one closely allied to the first, is the peace of the Far East. This depends in turn upon a number of objectives which any fair settlement must seek to attain. Perhaps the most obvious of all is the strengthening of China internally, so that as quickly as possible she may be able to manage her own affairs and rid herself of the tutelage of the powers, a tutelage which humiliates her, provokes her to militarism, and is conducive to international jealousy and strife. Another and equally necessary objective is the promotion of true friendliness between

Japan and China — a sentiment which is now conspicuous by its absence, and which can exist only when there exist mutual trust and respect between the two peoples. Partly ignored by the West for the time, but ever present in the mind of the Japanese, is the necessity — equal in its urgency to the other two means of peace — that no other power or powers be allowed to encroach further on Chinese economic or political independence. Supervision of Peking must be increasingly international in its nature. A last prerequisite, and one usually misunderstood in this country, is a safe solution of the internal problems of Japan. Are the militaristic or the liberal elements of that people to control its future destinies? Is Japan to join heartily with the democracies of the world, and become a prosperous, therefore an earnest member of a league of free peoples, or is she to seek her salvation in the Prussian manner? The question is by no means so nearly closed as many in this country seem to think, and the world has it in its power to strengthen greatly, or to give a fatal blow to, the growing liberal sentiment in the island power.

These, then, are the objects which must be sought, whatever method is chosen of returning the former German holdings to China. For direct action by the Paris Conference, the first of these methods and the one favored by the majority in this country, both progressives and conservatives, cogent reasons can be advanced. The concessions in Shantung ensure to their holder the economic control of that province and seriously threaten the political integrity of the north of China. Since the Japanese are virtually masters of Manchuria and Mongolia, and since the former Russian counterweight is gone, to give to the islanders the dominant position in Shantung would be the equivalent of surrendering to them all China

north of the Yangtze Valley. Japan's promises, so far as published, are either indefinite or only semi-official, and contemplate at the best the retention of economic control. To cancel the concessions at once was then, it would seem, the only safe way of maintaining the independence of China. If this was not done, nothing but Japan's fear of the consequences, or her forbearance, or a determination to be better than her word — a quality which is rare among nations — could save the great Asiatic republic from partition or virtual annexation. Few powers placed in a similar position have proved able long to resist temptation, and the record of Japan's dealings with the Chinese offers but little encouragement to those who believe that she will be able to do so.

Such an act, which unquestionably would have called for no small degree of moral heroism, would seemingly, moreover, have helped to launch the League of Nations with a tradition for courageous fair dealing, and would have made inconsistent, and hence more difficult, imperialistic designs in China and other parts of the world. It would have condemned once for all the German procedure of 1898, and by implication it would have discredited the retention of other special privileges and spheres of influence in China and the exploitation of the disorganized peoples of the globe by their stronger neighbors. No other one act of the Paris Conference would probably have called forth more cordial approbation among the liberals of America and Europe, or have given more heart to Chinese patriots and dependent peoples the world over. Sooner or later Young China would unquestionably have followed up her advantage by other demands, and Koreans, Indians, Egyptians, and Persians might well have had courage given to their nationalistic programmes. An important setback would also have been

given to secret arrangements similar to the inter-Allied agreements of 1917 concerning Shantung, and to the high-handed procedure which has too often marked Japan's actions toward China since 1914. It would, for example, have vitiated in spirit the famous concessions of 1915, and might well have led to their further amendment.

This unconditional restoration of the Shantung properties to China, drastic though it would have proved, had in addition the approval of a large, perhaps the major, portion of America's experts on the Far East. Sober-minded men who had given the best years of their lives to the study of China and Japan felt that this action was the only just one, and that the method which President Wilson chose would entail for the world a much larger aftermath of difficulties. Direct retrocession to China would unquestionably have cut the Gordian knot, and its simplicity could not but prove tempting. It may, indeed, still prove to have been the right course.

There are, however, some other considerations which Americans would do well to remember. We must recall, in the first place, that as a nation we possess a distinctly anti-Japanese bias, and that any solution which at first appears to us right is very apt to prove unfair to Japan. The reasons for this prejudice, and the question whether it is justified, need not here detain us; but it is undeniable that, as a people, we cannot view at this time the relations between China and Japan without distinct sympathy for the former and antipathy to the latter. This attitude is particularly characteristic of those Americans who have lived in China. Whether they are merchants, diplomats, or missionaries, they practically all unite in denouncing Japan and in proclaiming her programme in China a menace to the United States and a dark and iniquitous plot against a defenseless neighbor. That there is just

foundation for much of their censure, no one who knows the situation can doubt; but we would do well to remember that most of them have never given more than passing attention to Japanese domestic affairs, and that they have looked so long on one side of the question that they have become partisans and advocates rather than fair-minded judges. They have the ear of our nation, however. Most of the few Americans who know Japan and attempt to present her position are either accused of being employed by Japan or have taken an equally biased pro-Japanese position, — a natural reaction from the extreme statements of their opponents, — and so are discounted by the public. Americans come to the Chino-Japanese question deeply prejudiced and should distrust any solution which at first thought seems to them just.

We need also to consider what would have been the effect upon Japan had the German holdings been taken from her outright and given to China. Her national pride, which is unusually sensitive, would have suffered a deep wound, for she would have been branded as untrustworthy, she would have been deprived of her most outstanding gain in the war, and in view of the refusal to grant her request for race-equality, whatever motive we may ascribe to that demand, and of the territorial gains made by her European allies, it is entirely improbable that public opinion would have allowed her to sign the peace treaty or to join in the League. Just what would then have happened to the internal political situation of the Empire is, of course, uncertain; but some who have intimate knowledge believe that the growing liberal movement would have experienced a serious reverse, and that the country would have been driven into the arms of the extreme militarists. It seems impossible that the present Cabinet could have

survived the shock, and it is likely that, as in 1895, the country would have set diligently to work to perfect alliances, to strengthen the army and navy, and so to prepare for a future stern reckoning by arms like that which placed Japan in Manchuria in 1905. The people as a whole would naturally have felt that no dependence could be put on the generosity or good faith of the West, — for Europe had annexed territory while Japan had been denied even the temporary retention of it, — and they would have given ready heed to the powerful and blatant militarists.

The immediate and compulsory surrender of the Shantung holdings would, moreover, not have been just to Japan unless it had carried with it guaranties of reasonable commercial opportunities in China. Were China able, she would, if her present frame of mind were to continue, unquestionably discriminate against Japanese enterprise, and perhaps exclude her trade entirely. Against such a contingency Japan has a right to ask for safeguards, and machinery is not yet perfected to make these secure.

□

The other method of returning the Shantung concessions, and the one chosen by President Wilson, is to give them to Japan, to obtain from her assurances more or less definite that she will restore them to China, and then to trust to her good faith. This course, it must be frankly recognized, is extremely hazardous. The Japanese government has not an untarnished record for honest dealing, although it compares favorably in this respect with most Western powers. It is, moreover, easy to find excuses for delaying or modifying the fulfillment of a promise, especially when that is as indefinite as to time and details as is the one which the Japanese have so far made public.

Then, too, such action seems to be the desertion of a friend who entered the war largely because of American example and influence. It has aroused opposition in the United States and has placed in jeopardy the already dubious outcome of the Senate's discussion of the peace treaty. It has proved, too, to be a grievous disappointment to liberals who had pinned their faith on President Wilson, for it appears to be a surrender of some of his most cherished principles. On the surface, Italy does not seem to have been treated quite fairly, for, after having borne much of the brunt of the war, she is denied a single city, — Fiume, — and Japan, who sacrificed but little, is granted the control of an entire province.

There is, however, much more to be said for President Wilson's action than is immediately evident. In the first place, it was obviously difficult to annul agreements made between Japan and the Allies under the stress of war and before we had entered the conflict. To have done so would probably not only have driven Japan from the incipient League, but would, if consistently followed, have denied to Great Britain and France their imperialistic hopes in various quarters of the globe, and so have led to the break-up of the Conference and the indefinite postponement of even an imperfect international organization. The risk might have been worth taking had this been the only consideration, for supposedly we would have preserved a clear conscience and could have trusted economic pressure and the liberals in these countries to bring the world to time.

But there are other and more forceful considerations. We need, in the first place, to remember that liberal opinion in Japan was vastly strengthened during the war, and that it has already modified and may eventually supplant the military tradition which has so

long been dominant. For the past five years there have not been lacking influential Japanese who have condemned the government's aggressive policies in China. Could this sentiment prevail, Japan would probably adopt toward China a far more conciliatory policy, and might even of her own free will restore the concessions in Shantung, and in such a way as to placate and gain the confidence of her huge neighbor and to cement a peace built upon good-will rather than force. This would be far preferable to a restitution forced by the powers, for it would save Japan the humiliation involved by the latter course, it would increase the possibility of the victory in Tokyo of liberal sentiment, and it would go far to cement a real friendship between the two great peoples of the Far East.

The hope that this consummation will be reached is not so chimerical as most Americans are inclined to believe. Japan is extremely sensitive to the opinion of the world. To this quality she owes much of the rapidity of her westernization in the nineteenth century. To it are also due in part her imperialistic ambitions, for these are merely the reproduction of what she found prevalent in Europe when she emerged from seclusion. Should the sentiment of the West condemn her actions in China, the hands of her liberals would unquestionably be strengthened. That, moreover, is exactly what is taking place. The American outcry against the Shantung settlement was inevitable, given our prejudices, and is having its effect, an effect which may well be accentuated as the months pass; and it may be that Japan's Chinese policy will be altered more than we have dared hope.

To this same end is also tending the bitter opposition aroused in China by the peace treaty. The antagonism and the anti-Japanese boycott have been providing the liberals with peculiarly

strong arguments against the measures of the militarists, for Japan's commerce and industry are suffering, and the prosperity of these has been one of the chief objects of the aggressive groups. Should the boycott continue, Tokyo will almost certainly be forced to make concessions. While it is highly unfortunate that these could not have been granted earlier, and while they may be too late to restore good-will, it is better that they be made in this way rather than through the coercion of the Occident.

The anti-Japanese movement in China is, moreover, uniting that unhappy land as has no other event of recent years. The action of the Paris Conference was a severe disappointment, but it is possible that out of the humiliation there will be born a national consciousness and a patriotic impulse which would not have appeared for years had the Shantung properties been handed back by the powers without vigorous action by the Chinese themselves. In the last analysis, China's salvation must come from within; and if this blow cannot rouse her, other and more serious ones are certain. She has too long trusted to international jealousies to save her, and some such shock seemed to be needed to make her stand on her own feet.

We need also to recall that Japan has made certain promises, even though these as yet are not entirely satisfactory. If the League, the organized conscience of mankind, is worth anything, it will hold her to them, and will insist, if necessary, upon better ones being made and kept. If it cannot do so, it would not have been able to prevent her from defying the Paris diplomats and retaining the Shantung properties; nor could it prevent her seizing more territory whenever it suits her convenience to do so. The League is certainly much more apt to hold her within bounds if she is inside rather than outside it. If Japan should fail to keep her

word, and if the League should not succeed in obtaining justice peaceably, force could still be used by individual powers. The experiment of trusting to Japan and, if she proves false, of trying the machinery of the League, would seem to be preferable to telling her bluntly that she cannot be depended upon, and thereby wrecking the League before it is formed and making almost certain early hostilities in the Far East.

That the League will be able to hold Japan to her word, and to aid China effectively in her struggle to complete and competent self-government, is as yet uncertain, but it is certain that it is by some sort of international organization that this can best be done. It is also encouraging that the first steps have been taken toward the construction of an international *consortium* to finance China. It is through finance that the powers most adequately control the Republic; and if an efficient and inclusive international body can once gain an effective monopoly of all foreign loans, the importance of the spheres of influence and leased territories will be greatly lessened and the excuse for them obviated. All well-wishers of China must hope ardently for the success of such a reorganized group. It may yet lead the way to the complete substitution of international supervision in China for conflicting and special concessions. Indeed, proposals have already been made for placing all foreign-owned railways, mines, and leased territories under international commissions.

If Japan is wise, she will return the Shantung properties at an early date, and without asking even for special financial reservations. Her best interests demand that she have the cordial friendship of the Chinese and the approval of the world. Any grudging or partial restoration will only add to the rancor of China and strengthen the suspicions of the United States and Europe.

If she fails to convince China and the world of her good faith, there will be a cause of unrest which will threaten the peace of the world, and the League will have its strength tested to the utmost.

It is to be hoped that the Senate will permit the President's plan to be tried. The policy of trusting Japan is certainly worth testing. It is also to be hoped that our State Department will continue to bring pressure to bear on Tokyo, either directly or through the League, to publish definite assurances of an early and complete restoration of the Shantung properties to China, and will not allow itself to be diverted until these promises are fulfilled. If we can do this firmly but tactfully, we shall prove ourselves to be true friends, not only of China, but of Japan.

However, while we do this we must guard ourselves against vilifying our neighbors of the trans-Pacific islands. We are too prone to substitute abuse for argument, and those of our newspapers and people who aid in the campaign of slander are doing far more harm than good. We ought, moreover, to see that Japan's legitimate interests in China are fully protected. Some sort of international control must be established over that great but disorganized nation which will hasten the restoration of order, the realization of a good and stable government, the development of natural resources, and the maintenance of an open door. If this is not done, Japan will be continually impelled to step in. If it is done, Japan's strategic geographical position will give her the commercial advantage which in the past she has too frequently sought to obtain by doubtful and devious methods. Upon some sort of effective and fair international supervision of China and the gradual abolition of spheres of influence and special privileges depends the peace of the Far East and of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE REACTION OF A RADICAL

I HAVE always classed myself as a radical. I have been ever mindful of the wise man's advice to the student, to be radical while he was young, for then his chance of seeing the world grow up to him before he died would be good; whereas, if he was not radical in youth, he would spend the rest of his life seeing the world grow away from him. I have always felt confident that I was abreast of my time, possibly a step or two in advance, and I have looked with a certain gentle condescension upon those who have ignored wisdom and accepted their birthright of conservatism without struggle or protest. I have always belonged to radical organizations and contributed to radical causes. I have argued the beauties of socialism; I have been complaisant about anarchism, philosophically administered, the dynamite carefully left out; I have made scathing remarks about Capital; I have felt a warm distaste for the selfish rich who grind the faces of the poor. I have pointed morals, using as my text the possession of great country estates and many automobiles, always excepting the Ford. I have fought for the down-trodden servant-class; I have made 'waiting on yourself' a tenet of my democracy; I have been with those who scorned palliatives, who would strike at the root of society's ills, who would not hesitate to tear the world to pieces and build it anew. I envisaged this world we radicals could construct, the true *internationale*, with race-hatreds obliterated, economic inequalities forever adjusted, love and peace assured to all mankind. It was a happy life of

blithe denunciation, clear-cut theories, a pleasant sense of moral if not actual leadership, and no undue upheaval to upset my equilibrium.

And now what has happened? The new order is upon us, but where is my eager, welcoming spirit? I feel as if there were a pistol at my head and I were asked to stand and deliver. I fumble feverishly for my remembered treasures, but everywhere find only emptiness. The walls of my faith are falling in upon me, like a house built of cards.

Who am I that called himself a radical? Do I embrace Bolshevism? Not at all! My moral nature sees it as cruelty and selfishness, the old rule of force in new hands. My intelligence says that the scheme is too simple for the complexities of human nature. To take from him that hath and give to him that hath not may be all very well as far as it goes; but when you have done that, how much further along are you? I do not see, as in happier days I might, a new truth obscured by the present bloodshed and misery. I see only a great people led astray, the return to just living a path of tragic expiation.

When I turn from that picture of suffering to the easy assurance of the suffragettes of England, who are endeavoring to introduce a soviet form of government into their native land, I have a feeling of consternation. I do not say it aloud, but I wonder whether a thing, just because it is new, is better than that which is old. If we could give the old a new name, it might help. Advertisers do it with breakfast foods and cigars, to the satisfaction of the

consumer. He gets the novelty of a new expectation, with all the excellent qualities of the original article, and the world is happier thereby. Like a coward, I also wonder if it is necessary for all the changes to be made at once. Replacing old parts with new might be easier to bear than installing an entire new engine, especially when we are navigating through air which is full of holes.

I like to have the workingman receive as large wages as the industry can bear, but I am not so harsh in my judgment of Capital as I once was. During the war I saved what I could and bought bonds, Liberty and otherwise, and I find I do not regard the money-power entirely in the abstract as I once did. I cannot help wondering about my own little dividends, surely innocently enough acquired through long practice in self-denial, and hoping that they will not be jeopardized by all the labor upheaval. I even find myself thinking that violence and lawlessness are not the perquisites of Capital alone; that Labor is sometimes selfish and unreasonable; that sympathetic strikes are not necessarily altruism, but may sometimes be shocking breaches of faith; and — concession fatal to the spirit of the reformer — that there are two sides to every question. I have always believed in organized labor, as must the mildest of radicals, but I cannot quite reconcile myself to the police joining the national group. Of course, class loyalties are good and necessary, just as are family loyalties, but I wonder apologetically whether there are not impersonal loyalties which are of a still higher order. Our police are men of dignity and worth, but should we be justified in expecting that many human beings, in the presence of divided loyalties, could be like that Brutus of old who unflinchingly condemned his own son to death?

The idea of railroad ownership of the government (I started to write it the other way round, but perhaps this does fuller justice to the plan) I have applauded in my younger days. But now, baldly demanded, a threat attached to the proposal, no coating of idealism to sweeten the bolus, its very advocates hardly troubling to veil the crudity of its selfishness, the whole scheme leaves me cold. Not many years ago I should have said lightheartedly, 'On with the great experiment; let joy be unconfined.' But not now.

Is it age, or the weariness produced by the anxious years of the war? or is it that, when it comes to the real test, I am afraid of the new, of the untried? Am I, after all, only a conservator of the past, one of those obstructionists who are the despair of the young reformer? Am I a stand-patter — a creature who has always figured in my imagination as a donkey with his ears back and his feet firmly embedded in the earth?

It is a painful thought to me to contemplate changing sides and sitting on the benches of the opposition. There is cold comfort in being the tail of the kite, even though recognizing that the tail is as essential as the kite. I try to stiffen my faith in myself by saying that not every change is progress, and that restlessness is not necessarily aspiration. But why should I not frankly acknowledge that I am middle-aged, and that my reaction is a biological necessity? Youth is always for change for its own sake; and is not age, with diminishing vision, halting step, and blunted hearing, reluctant to stumble to its eternal rest in a world whose furniture has been hastily rearranged by restless youth? Or must I agree with the unflinching extremist, — whom neither life nor experience changes, — that I was never anything but a parlor radical?

A BEING DARKLY WISE

Mr. Gorch, in that delightful, forgotten book, *The Pedagogues*, reproaches his fiancée with having lost 'that air of faith and admiration.' Had it been his pleasant fate to be engaged to J—— or to me, he could never have taxed us thus, or lodged a legitimate complaint of any such description against us. With more justice he might have reproved a tendency in us to dispense our admiration too widely among mankind — might have repeated, with a different meaning, the words of the great mystic: 'But what have *I* to do with genera and species?' Because it is not the particular eminences, but the general level, of manly genius, which we more than daily celebrate in our well-neighbored house. It is the average man's clairvoyant understanding of any and all contraptions; his insight into those cryptographs known as 'Directions,' and his ability always to answer the question, 'How in the name of sense does this thing work?'

Raying out from the house of our neighbor, Mr. Darling, as if placed on the spokes of an invisible wheel, are a number of residences besides ours, of unmanned women. We try to observe a tacit convention to take turn and turn about with burst pipes, peculiar-sounding boilers, mysterious leaks on ceilings, and the like, so that only one head at a time, hooded in shawl or apron, shall project itself ahead of its flying galoshes, as we 'run over to get Mr. Darling.'

'O Mr. Darling, that dining-room shutter's off again, and I can't get both the spikes in at once — I've tried and tried. I did hate so to bother you.'

'O Mr. Darling, the bung's jumped out of the vinegar barrel, and I can't find the spigot — it's running all over the cellar.'

'Mr. Darling, the clothes-line's down, and none of us can reach the hook!'

'O Mr. Darling! Mr. Darling! Can you just step over and see if you smell smoke anywhere about the house?'

His interest is immediate, though his calmness is unperturbed. Unhasting, unresting is his stride across the dandelions. Without one backward look he lays his hose down on the lawn, leaves his pruning-knife hanging in the tree. He is three minutes on our premises and the clothes-line is taut, the spigot in, vinegar-tight, and the smell of burning exorcised.

Mr. Darling in the autumn often goes away on business — a ticklish time for us, and one when it almost seems that he is inconsiderate to leave us. J —— and I, during one of these intervals, undertook the purchase of a hanging lamp. It was foolhardy of us to think of such a thing while Mr. Darling was away! The directions were models of their kind for ambiguity. In tipsy and topheavy fashion we got the complicated chains and framework suspended, but it was plainly an innovation on the original design. It had an indescribably menacing look. J —— returned to the formula of those precarious days when the Darling house had been still untenanted: 'Go and look up and down the road and see if there's a man in sight.'

One of our windows commands a stretch of sidewalk toward the village. Slowly advancing from that quarter I saw the aged Town Clerk. It is true that he has spent all his life among deeds, licenses, and books of record. But mechanical directions, which are written exclusively by men and for men, all men, by some faculty higher than reason or experience, understand. The Town Clerk in the course of time entered our living-room, examined the evidence and said gently, —

'You ladies have hung it, in a way, kind of upside down.'

Men possess knowledge, exact knowledge, of conditions they have never

seen. Farmers who never invest understand clearly the difference between stocks and bonds. Men bred in cities know growing wheat from rye, and both from oats.

Men have an innate knowledge of geography, which every teacher will certify has not been learned in school. Before the war they knew where and which the Balkans were, and now they know the location of Esthonia and Livonia. Something is conveyed to their minds by the Cameroons. They can put their finger on Persia.

But these are not the highest grounds of our well-tested faith and admiration. It is not masculine intuitions, but masculine deportment, which must for ever be the envy and the rest of every woman's heart. Men are unmoved by embarrassing situations; by sudden prominence given them when they are ill-dressed and untidy; by the unsoftened protuberances of their figures; by attacks upon them in editorials, or badgering upon the witness-stand. They are not even aware of the non-receipt of an invitation. They can argue, argue hotly, and not weep.

They receive with equanimity the frankest, most devastating comment on their extravagances. If satisfied before the attack, they remain satisfied still — all Briggs's cartoons to the contrary. Those smiles so Olympian that they cannot be demeaned by calling them grins remain upon their faces, and are, to those wives who have jointly experienced the attack, like the twelve wells and the seventy palms of Elim. But even when secretly regretful, they show no ponderable disgust, when they are told how surely it was the act of one without wits to purchase so poor an article at so high a price. They drive off, calmly ruminating, 'P'raps, I *have* been stung.' They will tell indiscriminately, and that without perceptible wincing, what they paid.

Men must be very sure of immortality, thus calmly to move through the changes and chances of this mortal life. Or else they are all, in some degree, Emersons: they trust themselves; their firm hearts 'vibrate to that iron string.'

SEED-VESSEL TIME

This is seed-vessel time, and the garden is a great refuge from politics.

Do I believe in a league of nations? In Wilson's League? Should we ratify with reservations? Ratify with explanations? Not ratify at all? — What are my views on the Gulick scheme for restricting immigration? — Do I approve of the Plumb Plan? — So far as I know, my opinion on such topics is of no earthly importance. I am an obscure woman without influence, and it would seem that I might be excused from racking my brains. But no: suffrage is imminent, and I must be in training. Bitterly I reflect on the folly of people who suppose self-government to be a synonym for freedom: ardently I covet the irresponsibility of the slave. How I would hug my chains, play with my mind, read the classics, if I did not have to help run the universe!

But the universe is there, and oh! what a mess it is in! I think and think, I read and read. The *New Republic* is my bedside companion, in competition with the *Nation*, the *World Tomorrow*, the *Liberator* (carefully concealed beneath the *Imitation of Christ*), the *Survey*, the *Manchester Guardian*, two religious weeklies, not to speak of the *Atlantic*, — blessings be on it! — three other monthlies, and the relentless *Transcript*. Friends in England, France, and Italy, send me periodicals. Associations, new every morning, invite attention to prospectuses; pamphleteers with panaceas pursue my dreams.

Dreams? — I toss and meditate. How escape the thought of starving

babies in Austria, murdered Jews in Poland, restless miners in England? Fourteen points, however thoroughly buried, can haunt a person. I wake unrefreshed. I need my garden, badly.

All is cool and dewy there, and adventure waits. Precious garden! It is about as big as a giant's pocket-handkerchief, but there is no limit to its marvels. I shall not envy the excitements of the aviator if I may gather seeds.

Seeds are, presumably, useful. They have something to do, more directly than flowers, with the continuance of life on the globe. Ruskin puts well — apropos of cherries, I think — the searching question whether the seed is the object of the flower or the flower of the seed; and Nippon, with its cherry-blossom festival, would agree with him in scorning the people who claim that the white radiance of the orchard is to the end of rosy succulence. The pleasant controversy will never be settled; but for my part I deny that the Goddess Utilitaria had her dull way in the making of seeds. Nature did not delegate the job, but attended to it herself, and, lady of excellent taste that she is, she refuses to make useful things ugly, just as she refrains from making them conspicuous. She arranges for her seeds a beauty of their own; not the obvious beauty of flowers, with their charms of color and fragrance, showy curve, and mass. Seed-vessels shall have another delightsomeness: the more recondite, more intellectual beauty of sheer design. The ingenuity and diversity of her patterns passes belief; to investigate them is to forget politics altogether. Here, as in her work on the backs of lizards or the wings of butterflies, but with more evident mathematical exactness, she shows triumphantly that she can beat us mortals at our own game of conventional forms, and hints in myriad shy silences at

the deep geometrical laws which underlie the seeming helter-skelter opulence of creation.

Consider *Fraxinella*, for instance. Not an especially beautiful blossom, I think, though agreeable from its nice lemony smell, and its quaint trick of burning like a torch, without being consumed, if touched by a match. Its seed-vessel is perfect in symmetry: a shaggy, aromatic, five-pointed star, which opens to disclose a curled translucent pod with a kink at the end like a shell. At the proper moment — I have caught it — this pod explodes, and pops out the seeds, black pear-shaped seeds, polished like jewels; then, its work done, it curls itself up in an enchanting spiral, a sort of mystic ladder of bliss, while the containing vessel spreads wide and flat its graceful points, suggestive of snowflakes.

Campanula seeds, a fine mist, repose in a Greek-vase effect, exquisite in line and angle, with most delicately modeled sides. I thought I had learned all there was to know about these tiny six-sided urns; but just now, strolling in the garden, I picked one at a late stage; and behold! on every other side of the urn, placed exactly half-way down, a minute puncture, through which the seed escapes — an entertaining variant on the method of the poppy. Everybody knows the poppy pepperpot, with its little lid so neatly crimped at the edges, lifting to reveal a circle of pinpoint holes, through which the seed is shaken; though how it gets itself up and out has never been clear to me. Poppy, like *campanula*, conforms to the vase-model: and this model is one of Nature's favorites. Chunky or slender, rounded or planned in perfectly proportioned segments, sometimes recently touched with color, sometimes richly embossed, these small containing vessels would afford suggestions

for all the potters in the world. Surely, Greeks and Etruscans had studied them. In these sculptured tombs of rare design, the seeds, little miracles of life-in-death, await their resurrection at the appointed hour.

Sometimes, however, the suggestion of the seed-vessel is decidedly frivolous. That is the way with mallow. Mallow dies into a five-pointed cup which rests in or on another pedestal-cup, three-lobed, dried to a fibrous weave like Filipino cloth. This cup has a cover, — pistil, the impertinent botanist might call it, — a black concave disk like a mushroom, etched in drying with a very pretty design; and beneath the cover cling the fat kidney-shaped seeds. The cup is too small for any but the littlest dolls — best fitted for a fairy ice-cream party. With its pedestal, it exactly reproduces a bit of Tiffany glass on my mantel, which we like to call the Holy Grail.

Nigella, or love-in-a-mist, has one of the most striking of these vase-containers — a large balloon or gourd-shaped vase, rather like the copper pots Italian women carry on their heads. It is flushed with crimson, and more showy by far than the flower. This balloon, again, falls into five sections, each tipped with something like the antennæ of an insect; each, when dissected, shows a partition down the middle marked by a groove outside, up the central pillar of which the seeds are grouped. Nigella is a strange plant. It is the wild passion-flower of Italy, growing freely through the wheat-fields there: here, I have heard it called the flower of the Resurrection. It is hard to understand just why these religious associations should gather round its misty green foliage and faint blue-white stars. But it is a flower more beautiful in death than in its life.

There are plenty of designs besides those that suggest vases. Hollyhock

seeds are packed tight, edge to edge, in a round, an amazing number to each flower-heart. Bachelors' buttons have wings, for Shelley's West Wind to chariot to their wintry bed. Argemone — we call it popple, because its blue, prickly thistle-foliage bears a poppy-like blossom, of crumpled silk, white or yellow — has a big irregular seed-vessel all over spines: I have not yet found what is within. In a big golden daisy that riots through my garden, the clumsy lump which survives the flower hides a cone of scales arranged like an artichoke — each scale a pinky wing-cradle in which nestles the round black seed.

One could go on describing for pages; but not all seed-vessels are interesting. I do not care for phlox-seed, which is entirely unimaginative. The three-pointed larkspur pod is rather obvious, though pretty; Escholtzia has expended all its invention on its dainty foliage and glowing blooms, and can do no better than die into a tediously elongated point. By and large, however, seeds are original creations, in which the lavish and exquisite detail inevitably suggests conscious art on the part of the designer.

I cannot close without talking of the most wonderful of all — the sunflower. Let one who desires mystic contemplation sit cross-legged beneath it for an hour; the majesty of it will overwhelm him like the majesty of an Alp, and the mystery of the world may be made plain.

In most of the *compositæ*, one feels the crowd: seeds are tight-packed in a plebeian fashion; and although the question of housing a large community has been cleverly solved, quite too much attention has been given to efficiency. But the sunflower has solved the democratic problem. It has achieved distinction, which depends on the perfect union of order with freedom. As

the insignificant flowers fall off from the great disk, and the yellow fringe outside withers, there is disclosed a — civilization — of large, firm seeds, placed edgewise; enough, it would seem, in each enormous circle to supply the gardens of the world or feed a starving peasantry. They are arranged in interwoven curves, concentric, which, viewed from any angle or in any relation, present a perfect harmony. Vedder or Blake never invented such whorls and spirals; they comfort as a symphony comforts, they satisfy our deep demand for symmetry untrammelled and alive. There is something final about the marvelous pattern; the plant looks as if it had attained eternity. But eternity will break before long, and the seeds be scattered. Each is a completed individual, a fruitful entity which has fulfilled its being and holds rich promise of future life; yet each is a happy part of a larger whole, and every sunflower is a universe.

Well, why not? Nobody knows the arrangement of the starry systems as a whole. Why may they not conform to sunflower pattern as well as to any other? There might be worse thoughts than that of creation as a vast sunflower, forever growing new disks of starry planet-seeds for ever new, expanding

eternal gardens. Fantasy apart, the ultimate fascination in studying seed-vessels, as all other natural forms, is in gaining fresh recognition of the lovely laws which govern nature.

In all God's works, as Plato cries
He doth, He should geometrize,

says Browning. Plato is right; and Pythagoras. There are not only laws of process, which govern change, but laws of abiding form; defy the first if you will — you can never break the second, which are basic to plant, to planet, and to soul. No one can observe in a garden and fear lest we insignificant mortals succeed in imposing chaos on the world. The sepulchres of death hold the secrets of life, and are themselves sweetly modeled by its profoundest laws; we escape nowhere the hidden, intimate rhythms, shaping each minutest created atom, which are the pulsing of the breath of God. I return indoors from my flower-beds refreshed, enlarged, and reassured. I feel sufficient mental energy and self-confidence to tackle the Plumb Plan. The sunflower has given me a lot of hints about it which I will spare the reader; but if he is bewildered about politics, I do strongly recommend him to study seeds.